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# The Sorosis

ALUMNAE NUMBER



October, 1907



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# THE SOROSIS

VOL. XIV.

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No. 1

## Dr. Lindsay's Inaugural Address, as President of Pennsylvania College for Women.

My business is education, and like every other business man of Pittsburgh I am disposed to magnify my own business. I count it the best business in which one can be engaged, for the educator is a manufacturer of men and women of the highest grade of efficiency, and if we have the right kind of men and women in this world the millenium is not far off. The trouble in this world is with people, and when they are right, the world will be right.

There are three great educational institutions in the world to-day, the Church, the School, the Home. These institutions do not conflict, they supplement.

From the viewpoint of the school what is education? It is not summarily comprehended in the word instruction. It is not the satisfaction of that unbridled lust for knowledge of which Goethe speaks, "which seeks to explore the hidden source of that power which made the world and guides its course." To know language and science and philosophy is not, in the true sense,

to be educated. Much that is best in a girl's education is acquired outside the class room. In Bunson's phrase, "education is the application of thought to life." Dr. Butler gives the same answer in other words: "It is the gradual adjustment of the individual to the spiritual possessions of the race." When the boy and girl look out with conscious eyes upon life they face an inheritance out of which they may be cheated by ignorance and the want of opportunity, but which is rightly theirs, for God is saying to every child of his, as he said to Israel of old, "go out and possess the land which I will give thee for an inheritance." The process by which the child is led into a realization of its possessions is education.

There is the world of nature. It is ours to go out into it and to understand it—not to personify it and worship it as did the ancients, but to see that the heavens do declare the glory of God, that rock and plant and animal unfold the story of the past and speak to us of intelligence and order. Longfellow said of Agazziz—



"And Nature, the old nurse, took  
the child upon her knee,  
Saying, 'here is a story book thy  
father has written for thee—  
Come wander with me,' she said, 'into  
regions yet untrod  
And read what is yet unread in the  
manuscript of God.'"

There is no true understanding  
of the natural world save through  
the study of science and the breadth  
of vision which such study gives.

**There is the world of literature.**  
How it captivates the imagination,  
these winged words and thoughts  
that burn. They come down to us  
from past milleniums, the struggles  
of men to solve the riddle of the uni-  
verse and give expression to that  
which was unveiled to their be-  
secching, that others too, might see  
and rejoice. Emerson tells us he  
was overwhelmed by the vastness of  
the great library of Paris and he  
made a little caluculation and found  
that if a man would read for 60  
years every day from six in the  
morning until six at night he would  
die in the first alcove, but he was  
comforted by the thought that the  
best of it all was at home on the  
shelves of his study. Yes. but that  
study of Emerson's would have  
been indeed a dull place to one who  
had not been led into the apprecia-  
tion of good literature and enabled  
to find a real joy in these treas-  
ures from the great storehouse of

the past. So must we study lan-  
guages and know people, and meas-  
ure values that we may grasp the  
good everywhere, and build upon  
enduring foundation. Anybody can  
buy books; only those to whom they  
have opened their heart possess  
them.

**There is the world of beauty.**  
Surely this is the heritage of every  
true woman into which she has a  
right to be led by that education  
which will enable her to enjoy and  
possess. The beautiful is in our-  
selves. "It is in the spiritual  
eyes with which we see, that  
feeling for the beautiful, the  
picturesque, the sublime which  
makes so large a part of the pleas-  
ure of life, and of its pain as well—  
without this we do not live in any  
true sense but are simply hewers of  
stone and drawers of water. In the  
school, which is truly an educational  
institution, the cultivation of the  
aesthetic sense is as much a part of  
the curriculum as is the study of  
science or language. It is not nec-  
essary that a girl should dabble in  
music or painting when she has no  
talent for either of these arts, but  
she should know good music when  
she hears it, and understand why it  
is good and appreciate its excellence.  
She should be able to give some rea-  
son for the faith that is in her when  
she says "I like that picture," even  
if she cannot always understand why  
the "Jury of Awards" in the Carne-



gie Institute has given the first prize to a particular painting.

Education leads one into an appreciation and understanding of the institutional world and is the great conservative force through which the best things will be perpetuated and perfected. An individual, yes, but unless a girl understands that she is a member of a body politic as well, she has not been properly educated. When false socialistic ideas are dominant, when divorce threatens the home, and graft is abroad in the State and the world is striving for an alliance with the church, I hold it true that educated men and women who understand and value our institutions will be the salvation of this 20th century.

I am sometimes asked what real use has a girl for a liberal education. Does it make her a better wife or mother, or a more valuable member of society? Well, if I could give no other answer—and I can give forty others—this is sufficient: The college girl has not lived for four years a cloistered life, shut out from the world and its affairs; filling her mind with chunks of knowledge which she will never use. She has spent four years in broadening and deepening culture, in the quiet study of life and its meaning and as a member of a democracy where money and social position have but little meaning. Surely she is a more useful member of the home,

society and the church, for she has learned to accent life according to its higher values and to measure it by finer standards.

**The world of religion.** I do not hold it the duty of the school to teach religion in the same way that the church does, but in that way which will make it a dependable factor in the work the church is trying to do to save the world, to save it I mean, not from punishment in a future world, for society has its judgment in this life, but to save it from greed, and lust, and license—to save it to order and honor and cleanness and mercy and peace and truth and God. In every college the Bible should be taught, not as in the Sunday School, but with that method and scholarly mastery which has not yet been attained in the Sunday School. Not as literature merely, but as the foundation of that religion of Christ Jesus which is the most profound factor in our national, commercial and individual life to-day. There should be taught in every college a system of Ethics which takes cognizance of all philosophical truth, which knows the thought of the past and its value, but which is more than speculation and theory, which is practical as well, and furnishes the student so that she may face the problems of life and apply to them those great moral principles which find their best exposition in the Sermon on the



Mount. These are among the spiritual possessions into which education should lead the child. In a word, education is that training which enables the individual to respond to the magnificent summary of the Apostle Paul, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

**Should our girls have the higher education?** This has been the subject of intense and long continued debate. Very gradually woman has herself forced an answer in the affirmative. It has been proved beyond the possibility of controversy, first, that woman can receive the same education in which men are trained, and second, that in getting it she loses nothing of her essential womanliness. To even the ordinary common school education woman has had to fight her way. Old Thomas Fuller, writing 300 years ago in England, pointed with grave misgivings to the establishment of what he calls "she colleges," where the girls were taught to read, to sew, and a little Latin, but where he feared they would also learn insubordination to their fathers and husbands, and that a little learning would make them a dangerous element in the community. In 1684 the trustees of the

New Haven school decreed that all girls be excluded as improper and inconsistent with such a school. Boston did not permit girls to attend the public schools until 1790, and the girls of Northampton, where is now located the largest woman's college in the world, did not admit girls to the public schools until 1792. It is now generally admitted that Vassar was the first woman's college in the world, where the requisites for admission into the freshman class compared favorably with those of men's colleges. During the last 30 years the movement has mightily spread for the establishment of women's colleges. In these 30 years the number of men in college has doubled, but the number of women has multiplied 16 times.

Could there be a better time for an advance movement in a higher education of women than just now, or a better place for it than Pittsburgh? Surely we love our girls. Surely we know that the home is in their keeping and that the home is the foundation of both church and state. It is sometimes said that it is better for our girls to go away for their education, to get a change of environment and see a new life. It broadens them and is educational in itself. That may be true for the exceptional girl, but for the majority of girls in this community it is safe to say that if they do not have their college training here, they



will not have it at all. Statistics prove that with very few exceptions 50 per cent. of the students of colleges come from within 50 miles. In other words the college is a local institution.

I am persuaded that Pittsburgh has so much civic pride, so much ability to take care of its own, that it will be slow to ask some other part of the country to educate our girls for us.

This Pennsylvania College for Women has many needs. It needs money, much of it for endowments and for buildings. It needs the interest and pride of the community. It needs a more definite and aggressive loyalty on the part of its alumnae. It needs more students. I am

persuaded that these needs will be met and that we will have here an institution which will be an honor to this large and cultured community, an institution whose power for good cannot be calculated as it educates the women who are to be themselves the educators of the race. Let us have faith in our work and seek to interest the community and make this college the peer of any in the land, and there will be no trouble either about support or about students.

In accepting from you this charge, Mr. President, I pledge to this work all the ability which is mine, and an abiding faith in the future of the college and in the value of the work it is set to do.

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### Some Recent Developments in College Education.

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It is as true of the intellectual as it is of the physical world that change is the order of the day. Development is the law of life, and the present state of a healthy organism is only one stage in its career,—a record of what it has become, a foreshadowing of what it is to be. This being the case, my subject is of great interest to all cultured people, and especially to college men and women; for the study of present-day tendencies in Higher Education supplies important material

for both the history and the prophecy of our age.

In America we are still in the experimental stage, educationally. True, Harvard College was founded in 1642; yet its hoary age sinks into comparative youth when we remember that Oxford and Cambridge date their existence from the twelfth century, while the University of Bologna claims 1088 as its birth year. The vast majority of our American institutions, however, are products of the Nineteenth Century;



our colleges for women have grown up within the last fifty years.

Starting naturally upon the basis of the English University system of education, the first centers of learning in the New World established themselves and served as models for later ones; and the English collegiate ideal became our own,—not that of securing professional education, of developing specialists in varying lines of research, but of training the mental faculties of students by four years of broad, general culture, which should fit its recipients for usefulness in their day and generation in society, in the business world, in the Church, in the Nation. As a recent writer has put it, "To shape a human being rather than to outfit an investigating machine constituted—a large factor in the college ideal."

After the middle of the century, however, the influence of the German University upon our American system was plainly noticeable by reason of the number of professors and instructors who had enjoyed the advantages of Continental training and study. The German ideal was not the training of faculties for general usefulness, but the imparting of a specialist's knowledge of some particular subject, and a mastery of its methods of application; and the working out of this ideal was possible in Germany because so much of the preliminary training

had been taken up by their finely developed secondary schools. The transplanting of the German idea to American shores led to two great changes in our system of Higher Education,—the expansion of the undergraduate curriculum by the rapid enlarging of the elective system, and the addition of graduate courses or entire graduate departments to the work offered by every institution claiming high educational rank. But the want of such secondary schools in America as are found on the Continent of Europe, and the different conditions of life in the western world have created difficulties in the path of the changing system; and the wisdom of its wide application here has been seriously questioned by scholars who freely admit the admirable character of the German plan in itself. A professor in the University of Michigan, in writing for the May number of the *Educational Review*, makes some witty and rather severe strictures upon our use of the elective system for undergraduates. He says:

"Thanks to supposed German example, backed by obliviousness of America's peculiar needs, courses have been thrust pellmell before the undergraduate without the slightest reference to their possible value in general education. . . . I find upon analyzing the *Arts Bulletin* of a great University that during the current year no less than 666 courses



are offered in the two semesters." Then he quotes gravely, leaving his readers to make their own application:

" 'Herein is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred and threescore and six! ' "

There can be no question, however, that elective work is to be a permanent feature of our educational system, and that the evils resulting from its over-exercise in the undergraduate schedule are by no means necessary accompaniments of its use. Its amount and its character are now engaging the very serious attention of all prominent educators, and a possible solution of difficulties seems to be offered by an increased use of the group method which secures a more thorough and more symmetrical development in the student. The general features of the question we all understand. We all know that English has secured a greatly increased fraction of the total number of hours required for graduation and is clamoring loudly for more; that science has made the most astonishing rise into prominence, with modern languages as close seconds; that Greek is fighting for its very life, and its speedy disappearance from the curriculum or its drop into comparative obscurity is confidently predicted; and

that Latin has received some crushing blows in the struggle for a share of the assignments. Pennsylvania College for Women is proud to feel that she stands with her sister colleges of the East in the conservative ranks, and that in proportion to her number of students she has been able to show more elections for Latin and Greek courses than can be found on the lists of most of the colleges for men.

Those of the many changes in educational methods devised to meet the apparent needs of the time are specially noteworthy,—in themselves, and because they are so recent in their application that we may follow with vivid interest their workings and expect to see results in the near future. Two of these new developments I can mention only, in passing. One of them is the formation of the Cecil Rhodes Trust, under the provisions of which American students by means of competitive examinations are appointed to scholarships at Oxford, and have the broadening opportunities of life in the famous old English University. The second is an international movement toward educational reciprocity, as a result of which there is now established an interchange of professors each year between our American Universities of Harvard, Columbia, Chicago and Pennsylvania, and the chief universities of France, Germany and



Italy. "Such a movement," says Professor Beach, of the chair of American Law in the University of Paris, "is not only something quite new in education, but it means so much for the better mutual understanding of the nations concerned—as to do more for peace than a dozen Hague Conferences, or five and twenty Pan-American Congresses."

The third experiment in education may receive a larger mention, since it is not so far removed from our own field of vision. It is the introduction at Princeton upon a large scale of the tutorial system. Dean West has this year published a book in which he gives a history of the movement and speaks words of warm praise for its practical workings.

Princeton University has come into a clear recognition of the priceless advantages which the small college holds over the greater one in the way of definite, concentrated work, and the close, personal touch of professor with student. Dean West records his own firm conviction that without this close, personal touch "the best education cannot be obtained and never is obtained, all the way from the child at his mother's knee to the highest graduate student in the most advanced subject."

Filled with desire to secure this advantage to Princeton in spite of her numbers, President Wilson ap-

pealed to his Alumni to give him two and a half millions of dollars to be used "not for bricks and mortar, not for stained windows or massive gateways or base-ball fields, but for men to help in this teaching." In a short time he received enough money to carry on the experiment for five years, and a part of the sum necessary to put the plan upon a permanent basis.

With the funds so secured fifty men were added to the force of instruction, with the rank of assistant professor but the function of individual teaching. I cannot now give you the details of the system which has been put into practice, but its essence is as follows: Each college class is divided into sections of twenty-five and these sections again into groups of four men, a preceptor being assigned to each group in each subject for one hour a week of conference. The groups are made on the basis of ability, the highest, as Dean West says, being composed "of men who need the rein, not the spur," and the classification running down "through high mediocrity, dull mediocrity, deadlly mediocrity, hopeless mediocrity, and at last—the abyss!" The closest personal attention is given to each man, and just the kind of attention which his needs demand. The results of the experiment have been rather striking. First, a very hearty liking for the new method developed



on the part of the students,—something which was not at all a necessary consequence of its introduction; second, a remarkable increase was found in the lower ranks who were eligible for examinations; third, an improvement was noticeable in the whole tone of the university life.

This new system is deeply interesting, because it is so practical, because it is as applicable to women's colleges as to men's, and because even the small colleges may learn from it a lesson in the way of making the most of their own special advantages.

Some general conclusions may be drawn from a survey of recent

changes along educational lines. Scholars are apparently wide awake to intellectual needs as they have never been before; they are seeking with peculiar earnestness to remedy faults and to round out deficiencies; and they are making the whole world one in their effort to reach the highest and best development for individuals and for the race. The Brotherhood of Man may be far distant from us in the commercial world; it seems very near at hand in the world of letters. Perhaps,—who knows?—the Millenium may be stealing in upon us from this new and unexpected quarter.

Mary W. Brownson.

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### Liza Ann's Bread-Raisin'.

---

The sun had barely risen above the crest of the misty mountain haze and was just beginning to light up the shimmering blades of dewy grass when the kitchen door of the farmhouse opened and Liza Ann appeared. Poor old Liza Ann! the cool breeze blew against her spare skirts and bare calloused feet and tried to sweep away the hard look in her old wrinkled face. But to no avail. This morning the mountain breeze meant only disaster to Liza Ann, for had she not just looked into the large bread pan expecting to see her sponge risen as usual in a bubbly mass to the very brim of the pan, and instead had found only a dead

lump of bluish cold dough. The cool breeze had chilled her bread. Liza Ann shook her fist vindictively at the great blue mountains. Why couldn't they let an old hard-working woman alone? Had they not given her trouble enough last night as she plodded barefoot over their stones and though their brambles, hunting for the old red cow which, when found, was so weary that she would give scarcely two quarts of milk; then last week one of the hens had got caught in the underbrush and been drowned in the flood which swept from the mountains; the hawks had killed two others. The hawks, whose nesting place was in



the same ill-omened mountains, and now the cold mountain wind had spoiled her bread risin'.

Milk, eggs and flour, and to-day must come the reckoning! Obadiah McBurney was a hard master, and although Liza Ann had worked for him for thirty years and had long cared for his motherless children, he had never let a day pass that he had not himself given out the needed supplies of meat and groceries and demanded a strict account of all milk, eggs and "garden truck" used. He did not mean to be penurious and harsh. O no, but he had always been a "careful manager". He had been blessed, too, with a poor donsie wife, who had allowed him to take a too vigorous grasp on the reins of household affairs. Gradually things had become worse and worse, until after the wife's death Liza Ann had been left to bear the blunt alone.

Her crooked old hand twitched and her lips trembled at the thought of the reckoning ahead. Milk, eggs, butter and flour—all to be accounted for. The loss of the first she could not help. But—the bread. It was the mountain breeze, of couse, yet her conscience told her that she should have remembered that autumn winds were near, and have wrapped the old blanket more carefully about the pan.

Conscience hurt and the old woman quivered under its twinges.

She would confess it all and take the consequences. Even as she decided there came the sound of rattling on an iron chain lifted from its nails, the creak of a gate and Liza Ann knew that Obadiah had returned from the stable. Quick as instinct, in spite of conscience, the pan of worthless dough was thrust out of sight under the cretonne-covered settee.

Liza Ann trembled as she received her supplies for the day and was called to account for the scarcity of milk and eggs. Gathering strength and boldness from her resolution she told with defiance in her tones of the stray cow and the dead chickens; as she was about to confess the disastrous result of the bread raisin' Obadiah interrupted harshly. Why had she let the cow stray so far? Why were the chickens allowed to roam all over the place, scratching up the garden and eating the fruit that fell in the orchard? "He 'lowed that it was her place to watch the critters, but it 'peared like she wasn't able to do much of anything no longer. As for the mountain bein' to blame—"

Here the tirade stopped. Through the open door. Obadiah saw the blue mist shaping itself into the ridges and deep valleys. His eyes brightened into a steel-like glitter and the lines of his face relaxed almost into a smile. The



mountain! To him the slowly lifting haze was but the foreshadowing of the smoke which would some day rise from the coke ovens covering the mountain slopes—the distant streams were the promises of future oil flowing back to him in dollars, and the bright gleam of the dewy valleys was the reflection cast by the natural gas which, piped far and near, would bring warmth and light to thousands and wealth and independence to him. All night he had pondered over the words of the letter which told of the possible wealth beneath his farm, and now even milk and eggs lost their importance. Oil and coal and gas spelled wealth and with wealth at his command.

His daughter entered the kitchen and he turned to her brusquely. (He had loved her in his own peculiar way, but she must never know, not even suspect it.)

"What would you do if you had a heap of money? I'll guarantee somethin' nonsensical."

The girl looked up with a queer glint in her eyes—a shadowed likeness of her father's expression and answered slowly and decidedly.

"I'd pretty quick buy a piano."

The old man gave her a scornful look—"And learn to play it in meetin', too, I low, and break the Sabbath day dancing your fingers up and down over a jingling machine. You'll never get that con-

traption into this house unless—" and once more his eyes swept dreamily over the hilly fields where oil and coal and gas had too long lain passively concealed, "unless the earth swells up and bursts open of its own accord."

The girl's lip trembled. Breakfast was eaten in silence and haste, for there was much work to be done that day. The men left at once for the fields. No one but old Liza Ann noticed that in the confusion of tirades and dreams Obadiah had forgotten to withdraw the key of the pantry from its lock.

In the pantry the flour barrel was kept and every few minutes Liza Ann looked longingly at the closed door. A turn of the key and the flour would be hers. Bread could be baked and the fault of last night hidden from all knowledge. Her faithful conscience rebuked the thought, but rebellion stirred in her and anger at the long years of surveillance and repression. Why, indeed, had she let the cow stray and the chickens rove the fields? Was it her fault that Obadiah was too stingy to feed the critters and they had to go far off for food? It was unjust. Why had he spoken so harshly to the girl? Liza Ann had seen the trembling lip and her heart hardened against the father. It was the only bread she had spoiled in years. With the thought the key turned in the lock. In a short time Liza Ann was put-



ting a new pan of sponge behind the stove to rise.

That night any one looking over the valley toward the McBurney farm might have seen an old bent woman carrying a large bundle creep down the steps of the back porch and out into the garden. There she stopped and, laying the bundle aside, began to dig a shallow grave with a spade which she took from the garden fence. The earth was soft and loose. At last the task was finished, the bundle carefully buried and the earth raked until no trace of the grave was noticeable.

The next two days were warm and fair. The mountains sparkled in the sunlight and dazzled by their brightness. Obadiah's eyes looked carelessly into the flour barrel and he ate the fresh bread without a question. Late on the evening of the second day while the family was sitting on the back porch and Obadiah was pondering on the exact amount which might be expected from so many acres of coal land on the yearly income if coked, and the percentage to be gained from western loans at high interest, his son

came in from the garden with a curious story.

The ground there in one spot was swelling up into a small round mound. He had been watching it all afternoon and now it was nearly as large as a small tub. The earth felt soft and spongy and the upper crust was beginning to break open into tiny fissures through which white bubbles were appearing.

The family was astonished and dismayed. Obadiah hastened out and found the story to be literally true. He gazed at the earth in wonder then his eye fell on the daughter. "When the earth swells up and bursts of its own accord," he had said; well, he was a man of his word. The phenomena might mean gas or it might be oil, but at any rate—

"It 'pears like you'll get your piano. I 'low to go to town to-morrow," and Obadiah turned away.

The others stayed to probe the mystery a little deeper, but soon all were gone unsatisfied. All, save Liza Ann and she knelt panic-stricken beside the mound.

"O suds, O suds," she groaned, "The sun has warmed it and it's riz."

Mary McKee, '07.

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#### A Sketch of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman.

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This is an age of great material prosperity, an age of enormous fortunes, high salaries, comfortable and even luxurious homes. But lest we

should be exalted above measure, various latter-day prophets have arisen to tell us in lugubrious tones how foolish and wicked and general-



ly good-for-nothing we are. And in the domestic sphere "Nature has ingeniously prepared a shrill, artificial voice, which speaks in season and out of season, enough and more than enough," destroying all our cherished illusions, reducing all our radiant visions to their chemical constituents, and proving beyond a peradventure that the home as at present constituted is "wearing to the nerves, chilling to the heart, a quiet, unnoticed whirlpool, that sucks down youth and beauty and enthusiasm, man's long labor and woman's longer love." This voice belongs to Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, the author of "Women and Economics," "The Home," "Concerning Children," etc.

The author of these books, under whatever name she writes (and she changes her name with bewildering frequency!) is always clever, original, entertaining to the last degree. We may dissent from all her conclusions, we may disapprove of all her theories, but we cannot fail to find "high intellectual refreshment in the crackle of her epigrams." She has keen insight, dauntless courage, wit like the flash of a rapier, a large experience of real life, no little knowledge of chemistry, biology, sociology, the slightest possible tincture of religion, and absolutely no sentiment. The Frenchman says, and I am inclined to agree with him—that a woman without sentiment

is like a flower without perfume. There is something lacking; we feel it in Mrs. Gilman's most brilliant passages. We miss the belief in something higher and better and more beautiful than the "beggarly elements" of our plain everyday life. Our feet are always on terra firma; our head is never allowed to be in the clouds. She would do away with all the pleasant fictions that make life endurable. She has even dared to attack Dan Cupid himself, and to declare pointblank that love is not enough for any one. Bernard Shaw would make of love the "life force"—something little better than an instinct, but still supreme. But Mrs. Gilman would dethrone him altogether, eliminate him from our hearts and from our literature. She is possessed by an inordinate fear of idealizing anything. Not even the babies are allowed to come "trailing clouds of glory," when Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman is around. We seem to hear the measured tread of the policeman in the uncompromising spondees of her name. "Away with all rose-colored fancies, all foolish idealism!" she seems to say. "Forget that ancient fable of your celestial origin, and acknowledge that you are only the upper class of the animal kingdom, and not related to the angels in any way."

Mrs. Gilman's main contention in all her books is, that women should have a broader, fuller, freer life, no



longer hampered by the limitations of the old-fashioned home. In "All the World to Her," she writes:

"He stands between her and the world, he has elected to represent it to her, to be all the world to her. Now, no man that ever lived, no series or combination of husbands that widowhood or polyandry ever achieved, can be equivalent to the world. The man needs the wife and has her—needs the world and has it. The woman needs the husband and has him; needs the world—and there is the husband instead. He stands between her and the world, with the best of intention, doubtless, but a poor substitute for full human life."

In her book on the "Home," Mrs. Gilman goes a step further, and declares that the home is a failure, not only for the wife and mother, but for husband, children, servants, and the world. "The father is so mercilessly overwhelmed in furnishing the amount of money needed to maintain a home that he scarce knows what a home is. The mother is so overwhelmed in her performance or supervision of all the minor workings of the place that she, too, has scant time for the real joys of family life."

Womans' work at home, Mrs. Gilman asserts, is not the best for her or anybody else. It is the poorest and worst done of any work we have. The home, as at present constituted, she declares, is a worn-out

institution, unchanged by progress or civilization, suited perhaps to the Stone Age, or the Bronze, but quite unworthy of the twentieth century. The present state of domestic service is an anachronism, an impossible condition of affairs. To find anything at all comparable to it, we must study the domestic relations of Jacob. There is an enormous waste of time, labor, money, utensils, ingenuity. The dweller in the home suffers inevitably from bad food, badly prepared food, and the pampering of his appetite which leads to gluttony, intemperance, disease, and death. And she concludes that there is no hope for us as long as the cooking remains in the hands of the average woman, "the deadly Average."

The only remedy for this sad state of things is the establishment of food laboratories. A thousand people, instead of having their "wastefully home-purchased food more wastefully home-cooked, should club together to employ thirty cooks, who, by working only six hours a day, could easily supply the thousand people with wholesome and palatable fare." The well known fact that hotel cooking, or indeed any cooking done en masse, is not the most nourishing, nor, in the long run, the most delectable, is not allowed by Mrs. Gilman to interfere with this Utopian dream. Nor does she make any—even the slightest—refer-



ence to that town in Southern California where the co-operative plan has been fully tested, and where it has been found quite as difficult and quite as discouraging to provide thirty cooks for a thousand people as to provide one for every separate household.

Her criticism is for the most part destructive, iconoclastic. She puts us quite out of conceit with existing institutions, but she does not show us very plainly how to better them.

It reminds me of the Captain in the "Hunting of the Shark."

"When he cries: 'Steer to lar-board! But keep her head star-board!' Pray what is the helmsman to do?"

As nearly as I can find out, Mrs. Gilman wishes the child to be brought up in a home, but a home from which have been eliminated all objectionable features, where there is no kitchen, no cook, no laundry, no dining room, and, best of all, no mother. Or, at least, where the mother is a business woman, who only comes home at night for rest and refreshment. Mrs. Gilman must have approved heartily of Upton Sinclair's recent experiment in communistic living, since there the mothers were allowed to work in the nursery, but forbidden to nurse their own children.

"Even mothers," she says,—as who should say, "Even the lowest and least enlightened of God's crea-

tures!" She declares that they have no general knowledge, no methods of association or comparison. And as for the maternal instinct, one of the gods of the domestic mythology; "You may observe mother instinct at its height in a fond hen sitting on china eggs."

Just here I take issue with Mrs. Gilman. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in "maternal instinct," or let me rather call it "mother love"—that absorbing affection which "Sleeping, slumbereth not," which watches day and night untiringly, which "carries a burden which is no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility." Such love as that sharpens our senses, and brightens our intellect—and gives us a certain intuition which takes the place even of experience. I believe in the "home-bound mother" and in the mother-nursed child. Just compare the different products of the two methods. Look at this baby, plump, rosy, full of life, mischievous, strong of limb, quick of intellect, tenacious of will—not very well behaved, perhaps, but with infinite possibilities of growth, with the power of indefinite development, with the making of a man in him. And look at this one—a poor little old man already, weak, rickety, colorless, dragged hour after hour at the heels of a stupid nurse, his tastes contradicted, his character



ignored—very quiet, very polite, perhaps, very willing to give you his limp little hand, and to say “Good morning” or “Good afternoon;” but as wanting in life, animation, individuality, as the pressed flower that flutters down from the pages of your half-opened book.

In reading Mrs. Gilman's articles we cannot help feeling that their author has never experienced the peace and happiness of a true home. It is rather mean to make use of the argumentum ad feminam; but dare we accept without questioning all the conclusions of a woman whose own private life has been as chequered as that of Mrs. Gilman? To marry a man, to tire of him, to decide that your own intimate friend is just the wife for him, to introduce her into the home and stay by her until husband and friend fall in love with each other; to send them as a wedding present your own only son, and then to step down and out and marry another man, and from the protection afforded by his name, to hurl your sharpest invectives against the state of matrimony and the institution of the home—all this proves no doubt great freedom from prejudice, a very liberal mind, a very progressive character, but does it entitle you to speak with authority upon the very duties and privileges which you have cast aside? Is the mother who has cheerfully given up her only son, the one to tell us how

to guard our sons against temptation and defeat? Is the priestess who flits so lightly and easily from one altar to another, the one to tell us how best to care for our Lares and Penates? I feel as if it were hardly fair to argue in this way against Mrs. Gilman; for how often our own scrappy and imperfect lives contradict our more noble principles! But surely her own home has not been a brilliant success. And if, as philosophers tell us, our moments of greatest exaltation are our moments of clearest vision—if the one who loves most is the one who knows most about love,—then, by the same token, we must go, not to the cynic, nor to the critic, however keen-sighted, but to the successful home-mother, the home-maker, the center of the happy family group, in order to find out the true significance of the home. All its defects may be very apparent to the disinterested passer-by. But only those who sit close around its cheerful hearth can ever know what a sheltered, happy, blessed place it is.

Mrs. Gilman is a frank materialist. In her philosophy everything can be weighed, counted, measured, like to so many pounds of scrap-iron, so many yards of calico. She shows us life and all its conflicting elements in the terrible, uncompromising glare of a Welsbach burner. She knows nothing of the “light that never was on



sea or land," "the glory and the freshness of a dream."

We do not altogether deny the truth of her criticisms; but we affirm that there is something,—vague, spiritual, indefinable, but none the less very real—above the reach of her cavilling, untouched and unimpaired by even her keenest sarcasms. The twentieth century home may be, as she says that it is, "in a position of arrested development — primitive industry, and crippled womanhood." But after all there is more in the home than meat and drink and clothing—something

that defies chemical analysis—something that may even consist with badly cooked meals and unattractive wall paper,—something that renders even a very humble dwelling-place infinitely better than the most luxurious hotel — something that makes us willing to struggle with all the perplexing problems of modern housekeeping, with weariness, with poverty, with discouragement —if by so doing, we may keep intact and holy this same old-fashioned, well-nigh obsolete home.

Elizabeth C. McKnight, '80.





Lilla A. Green, '08.....	Editor-in-Chief
Virginia G. Marshall, '08.....	Business Manager

### Assistant Editors.

Irma Beard, '09.....	Literary
Ethel Tassey, '10.....	Personals, Alumnae, College Notes
Margaret Greene, '11.....	Exchange
Eva Cohen, '09.....	Assistant Business Manager

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## EDITORIALS.

### Welcome.

The Sorosis extends to all, to faculty and students, to old and new, a most cordial greeting. You are welcomed to our college life, to the pleasures it affords in social growth and intellectual development. It is the earnest wish of the editors that you may enjoy a most successful and happy college year.

There are numerous ways of becoming acquainted, many opportunities to meet and know the members of the different classes. One of these ways has a peculiar interest for us as editors. We mean your championing of the college monthly, The Sorosis. Such a fellowship in effort and interest means a deepened and broadened humaneness and friendship.

The editors desire, then, that you take a deep and abiding interest in The Sorosis, an interest which shall mount into enthusiasm and active obligation. We want your ideas, your criticisms, your appreciation, finally we want your material support. We want your ideas because the college paper attempts to maintain a high standard of literary work and needs your compositions and your best labors to succeed. We want your criticism to make corrections and to inspire higher excellence. We want your appreciation. Do not be luke-warm, be ardent and zealous friends of The Sorosis. If you do not approve what is done, then criticize, but at the same time appreciate the effort put forth to make the paper a success. Appreciate it for it begets college unity: it



stimulates college patriotism. The Sorosis not only arouses this "college spirit" but it gives outsiders a chance to know and to appreciate what is going on within our walls.

Finally the editors want your support in the contribution of articles and in the financing of the paper. Subscribe for The Sorosis and get others to subscribe so as to widen our field of influence and to interest an increasingly larger public in what we are doing. The purpose of The Sorosis is to keep in touch with college life. This cannot be done without the support of all the college students, faculty, and alumnæ.

Perhaps in the past the alumnæ have not been sufficiently recognized by the college paper. To show them that we appreciate any assistance they may give we have made this month's issue entirely an alumnæ number. We trust that it may be the beginning of a larger interest among them and of a closer intimacy between the college and its former students. There will be an opportunity for alumnæ articles in each issue of The Sorosis and these are earnestly solicited.

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### Citizenship.

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The summer vacation is over. The college year has begun, a year of work along all lines social, athletic, religious, and academic. Perhaps at

this time the Freshmen as well as the other students will find a heart-to-heart talk of value.

College is a state, a community, of which each student is a citizen. Since all are citizens of this state there are certain duties devolving upon each one. Each student owes a duty to her college, and a second duty to herself. In all cases the success of college life and value of college opportunities to each student depends upon her own individual effort.

You are personally responsible for the welfare of this college: its prosperity rests on you far more than on Faculty or Trustees. They are important but they can do little without your personal response. This personal responsibility is the key-note of success in college life. If you feel this responsibility you know that you are under obligation to do your best, not only in the class-room, but in the Y. W. C. A., in the Glee Club, in the Athletic Association, on the basketball team, and even in your social duties.

This active and responsiveness to the many opportunities of college life is even more reasonable and less avoidable upon a consideration of your second obligation, your duty to yourself. You are to a great extent left to govern yourselves. You are not bound by rules or looked after by the Faculty as you were in your preparatory schools. You are



free to a great extent to mould your own lives. This free citizenship puts you under further obligation, to develop the best habits, to show the best that is in you. You are measured by what you yourself do, not in one thing, but in everything. You must show that you are capable of ruling, able to master your hardest

problem, namely yourself. So a properous college course demands that you be personally responsible for every college interest, and since you are free that you develop high ideals, a wholesome activity, and lasting fellowship as a permanent benefit in your own growth and development.

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### ALUMNÆ NOTES.

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The Editors of The Sorosis have written to different Alumnæ for articles. Some have responded willingly while from others we have had no reply. The letter, copied below, is one which has given us an inspiration to continue in this work of uniting the Alumnæ and undergraduates through The Sorosis:

"I have read your letter several times and have wished that I could comply with your request for an article for 'Sorosis.'

"I must confess, however, that I am not very literary, and also, not at all poetical. But if you would kindly suggest some subject that would be of interest to the readers of 'Sorosis', I would be glad to do what I could to help you.

"Only don't expect anything very brilliant. When one has been out of school for fifteen years, and has had nearly all that time given over to domestic affairs, it is a little difficult to keep the literary fire burn-

ing very brightly. In my case it is down now to a few smoldering embers, but if you would suggest to me a little more specifically the nature of the article wanted, I would do my very best to fan up a little blaze. I appreciate your desire to bring the students of the college and the Alumnæ into closer touch with each other by means of the college paper, and I would gladly do all in my power to aid you in this undertaking."

The annual Alumnæ Dinner was held at the college on June seventh. A most interesting program was enjoyed.

Toasts.

"Pour the full tide of eloquence  
along,  
Serenely pure, and yet divinely  
strong."—Pope.

Welcome to 1907—Miss Eleanor  
Fitzgibbon, '03.



"You are wisely silent  
In your own worth, and therefore  
'Twere a sin  
For others to be so."—Randolph.

Response—Miss Bessie D. Johnson, '07.

"We taste the joy that springs  
from labor."—Longfellow.

Some Recent Tendencies in College Education—Miss Mary W. Brownson.

"Education alone can conduct us  
to the enjoyment which is, at once,  
best in quality and infinite in quantity."—Horace Mann.

Our President—Miss Elizabeth McCreery, '87.

"He is most wise who can instruct  
us and assist us in the business of  
daily virtuous living."—Carlyle.

Response—H. D. Lindsay, D.D.  
"'Tis education forms the common  
mind,

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."—Pope.

On July 16th the class of 1907 met  
for a picnic on the College grounds.  
They "went up without a single  
book, to visit the class rooms without  
preparing a lesson."

Announcement has been made of  
the engagement of Miss Hilda Ridley  
Sadler, '03, to Mr. Charles A.  
Schauers, of Allegheny.

A little daughter, Jane, has been  
born to Mrs. John M. Irwin (nee  
Petty).

Notice has been received of the  
deaths of the little daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. Everett Jones and also of  
the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs.  
Frank Leggett.

Anne Houston, Rosetta Moore,  
and Edith Stanton, who spent the  
summer in Europe, have returned.

Miss Jennie E. McSherry will visit  
in Chicago during October and November.

Miss Mary Wilson, '03, has again  
taken up her duties as assistant in  
English at Woman's College of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Phillips  
have announced the birth of their  
daughter, Anna Jane.

Miss Nancy Blair, '04, has returned  
from Boulder, Colorado, where  
she spent the summer with her sister,  
Miss Mary of '02.

Miss Sproull, '07, taught her second  
term in the Summer Playground  
Schools, being one of the head  
teachers this year.

Mrs. John C. Tassey (nee Jones)  
died at her home in Sherman, Texas,  
after an illness of a few weeks.



Miss Mary McKee, '07, left October first for Bryn Mawr where she will take up post-graduate work in chemistry.

Miss Jane Addams of the Hull House Settlement, Chicago, will lecture at the college early in November. This will be the first of a series of lectures to be given to the student body during the year under the auspices of the Alumnæ Association. Students will be expected to attend and friends and members of the Alumnæ will be welcomed.

Miss Elizabeth Roe Carpenter and Mr. Richard Jewell Dearborn were married September twelfth.

Miss Rebecca Eggers' is one of the teachers at Miss Fulton's school on Murray Hill avenue this year.

The Misses Jessie and Edith Gray who were abroad this summer returned on the steamer Lusitania which attempted to break the speed-record of ocean liners.

The Decade II Club will hold its first meeting October eleventh.

Miss Bess Johnson and Miss Clara Niebaum of '07 are among the new teachers at Dilworth Hall.

Miss Anna Willson, '06, is attending the Carnegie Technical Schools.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

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#### College Calendar.

October 4th—Dance for the "New Girls" given by the "Old Girls."

11th—Musical Recital by College Musical Department.

17th—Regular Omega Meeting.

18th—Senior Dance for the Freshmen.

25th—Reception.

31st—Hallowe'en Party.

#### Vesper Leaders.

September 22nd—Dr. Lindsay.

29th—Miss Coolidge.

October 10th—Miss Brownson.

13th—Mr. Putnam.

20th—Musical Program under direction of Miss Few.

27th—Dr. Lindsay.

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#### Our Classes.

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The Seniors:

President—Lilla A. Greene.

Vice President—Virginia Marshall.



Secretary—Myrtle Grow.  
Treasurer—Mary Mellon.  
Honorary Member—Miss Laura  
C. Green.  
Colors—Blue and Gold.  
Flower—Pansy.

#### The Juniors:

President—Eva Cohen.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Grace  
Tatnal.  
Honorary Member—  
Colors—Brown and Gold.  
Flower—Brown-eyed Susan.

#### The Sophomores:

President—Frances Neel.  
Vice President—Elma McKibben.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Ethel  
Tassey.  
Honorary Member—Miss Marion  
K. Knapp.  
Colors—White and Gold.  
Flower—Daisy.

#### The Freshmen:

President—Minerva Hamilton.  
Vice President—Clarissa Blakes-  
lee.  
Secretary—May McCullough.  
Treasurer—Helen Duff.  
Colors—Green and White.  
Flower—Lilly of the Valley.

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#### 1907 Commencement Notes.

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To those of us who attended them, the commencement exercises of last June gave the greatest pleasure and

more than fulfilled our expectations. The Class Day exercises were particularly enjoyable. Dilworth Hall was crowded, and we thought that the Seniors were to be congratulated for the success of their play, "Guinevere." This was an adaptation, arranged by Misses Bessie Johnson, Ellen McKee and Clara Niebaum. The material for it was drawn from the "Idylls of the King" and "Morte d'Arthur." Following the play was the presentation of the spade by Mary McKee of the graduating class, and the response by Louise Foster of the class of '10. This took place on the campus, and concluded the Class Day exercises.

Commencement was held in Carnegie Music Hall. The address, given by the Reverend Hugh Black, D.D., was interesting, and particularly enjoyable, on account of the enthusiastic manner of the speaker. This, along with a certain quaint humor, gave him an attentive and appreciative audience. The general subject, "Books", was treated in two ways, "How to Read" and "What to read." He suggested that we do not read books merely passively, but that we take an active interest in them, even reading them critically. We were urged to get into the spirit of a book and of the author who wrote it. Under "What to read," he suggested Lowell's rule, to read what was the best, what was old, and what we liked. We felt



very proud of the fact that Miss Mary McKee received the graduate scholarship in chemistry at Bryn Mawr, and also the Annie Dickson Kearns medal, which is awarded to the person having the highest average standing during the Junior and Senior years.

The last of the festivities of commencement week was the dance,

given by the college girls in honor of the Seniors. Dilworth Hall was prettily decorated with pennants, and roses, for the occasion. The affair was chaperoned by Miss Skilton and Mrs. Davis. Dainty refreshments were served later in the evening. Everyone thought the dance a fitting close to a week of more than usual pleasure. I. B., '09.

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### Y. W. C. A.

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Officers of Y. W. C. A.:

President—Frances Neel.

Vice President—Carla Jarecki.

Secretary—Ruth Pepperday.

Treasurer—Marion Euwer.

The social life of the College began Friday evening, September 20, with the reception and salmagundi party given by the Young Women's Christian Association to the Faculty and new girls. Judging from the laughing and chattering heard in the drawing rooms everyone enjoyed themselves. Miss Skilton carried

off the first prize while Miss Noeline Hickson was consoled with the "booby" prize.

The first regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on the 25th of September. It was a "General Information" meeting and proved of especial interest to those who wished to know something about the Y. W. C. A. work.

Miss Frances Neel and Miss Carla Jarecki represented the college association at the convention which was held at Silver Bay in June.

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### Silver Bay-on-Lake George.

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Lake George is one of the most beautiful spots in the United States. Some people call it the Switzerland of America, while some Japanese girls said that it reminded them of some of the inland lakes in their own country. The lake is about thirty-seven miles long and two

miles in width at its widest point. It is dotted with beautiful little islands, some of them large enough for summer-homes, others merely a few rocks or trees surrounded by water. The lake is in the midst of the beautiful scenery of the Adirondack Mountains, some of which rise up



quite abruptly near the shore of the lake. It is here in this beautiful place the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. conferences are held every summer.

The spirit at Silver Bay is hard to define, but Miss Condé said that Silver Bay just like college may be defined as an opportunity plus an inspiration, for here you have the opportunity of coming in contact with people of large experience as well as the opportunity for study and of meeting girls from other countries, as for example from India, China and Japan. The words of the two disciples apply here, "Where two or three are gathered in my name there will I be also," for during the whole ten days of the conference you indeed feel that God is always very near and ever present to help and protect you.

Silver Bay is a little community in itself, for besides the large hotel and auditorium it has its own postoffice, store, and several cottages scattered along the hillside, some of which have very artistic names, such as Overlook, Forest Inn, Lake View and Sunnyside. The life at Silver Bay is much like that at College for you are awakened by the rising-bell, and have to put out your lights when the ten o'clock bell rings at night. At eight o'clock in the morning the Mission study classes are held. Here you have the privilege of deciding whether you want to study China,

India or Japan. The Bible Study classes are held at nine o'clock immediately after Mission Study and again you have a choice of the "Prophets of the Old Testament," "The Life of Christ," "The Acts and the Epistles" and "The Life and Teachings of Jesus." Ten o'clock is the time set for the Students' Session at which all the problems of the Y. W. C. A. are discussed. At eleven-thirty a platform meeting is held in the auditorium at which prominent speakers of the country, secretaries and missionaries give very interesting and helpful talks.

The afternoons are given over for recreation. Tennis tournaments, basketball games and mountain tramps are arranged while other girls find amusement by rowing and bathing. One delightful outing is the trip to Fort Ticonderoga. You take a launch up Lake George, the water of which is as clear as crystal, and have on either side of you beautiful and ever changing scenery. After you have gone ten miles you come to the head of the lake, land and then take carriages and drive for five miles to the majestic ruins of the old fort. From these historic ruins you have a splendid view of Lake Champlain and of the Green Mountains of Vermont in the distance.

In the evening another platform meeting is held in the auditorium where you again hear the helpful and



inspiring words of eminent speakers. At nine o'clock the delegation meetings are held. For these meetings the girls of your delegation meet together very informally on the veranda of some cottage, on the wharf or in the boat-house and talk over the events of the day. These little meetings are really the best part of each day, for you get to hear what thoughts of the day made the greatest impression upon or were of the greatest help to the other girls. Sometimes, perhaps, you will have some speaker or secretary address you very informally and leave with you a very helpful and inspiring thought.

One afternoon of the conference is given up for college day. Then the girls march in a body from the orchard to the lawn in front of the hotel, showing their college spirit by carrying large pennants and wearing their college colors. In front of the hotel each delegation gets up and sings their college or Silver Bay song and altogether the afternoon is very enjoyable.

Like all other beautiful and happy events the conference at Silver Bay only too quickly draws to a close. One enjoys every minute of the time spent there, and discovers how

sweet is the spirit of fellowship that

exists between people all striving for an earnest and true Christian life.

As we left Silver Bay we realized the great truth of the words of the Silver Bay song which the girls on the wharf were singing as the Steamer Horicon slowly glided from the shore.

"Silver Bay's the place to go  
To make the friendships rare;  
Jolly times and laughter chimes  
And girls from everywhere.  
Glad, oh, be glad, and sadly sail way  
Only don't forget to sail back to  
Silver Bay."

Carla Jarecki, '09.

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### The Omega Society.

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#### Officers:

President—Lilla A. Greene, '08.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mary Mellon, '08.

During the first semester the Omega Society will consider the modern novel, English and American.

Two new members have joined the Omegas. Miss Carla Jarecki, '09 and Miss Irma Beard, '09, are welcomed into the society.



## MUSIC NOTES.

Prof. Irwin J. Morgan, Mus. Bac., the new Director of Music at the Pennsylvania College for Women, is also the appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church of Pittsburg.

Prof. Morgan has held a number of important positions as director of music, among them, the University of Pennsylvania, and the Drexel Home of Philadelphia.

At the late St. Louis Exposition, his concert piano playing brought the highest award given by the jury, consisting of two gold medals, and his music has also been heard in the White House Concerts at Washington, D. C., by special request.

Prof. Morgan received his special training in Europe, in piano, grand organ, voice, theory and conducting, under the best masters. Several of his hymns are to be found in the new Presbyterian and Congregational Hymnals.

It is Prof. Morgan's intention to build up one of the strongest music departments in this section of the country. The Pennsylvania College for Women now offers one of the best courses in music to be found any where—not only to its own students in the College, but to outsiders, as well. Seventeen new pianos are at the disposal of the music students.

The music course consists of the following:

Grand Organ—(Three manuel Pipe Organ for lessons and practice.)

Pianos—Student and Concert Players Course.

Virgil Clavier and other Technical Training Courses.

Voice.

Harmony—Keyboard and Theoretical.

Counterpoint.

Composition.

Free advantages offered to all students in any of the above branches will be, Harmony; Keyboard and Theoretical, Music Memorizing, Musical Appreciation, Ensemble Classes, sight singing, Pupils' Concerts and other Concerts given at the College.

The last two attractions at the Exposition are especially interesting to music lovers. The celebrated Marine Band having just completed a series of concerts in Washington, D. C., begins its engagement Monday, September 30th. Following this comes Walter Damrosch and his orchestra, always a favorite with Pittsburghers.

The first concert of the season will be given by the Pennsylvania College for Women in Dilworth Hall



October 11th. Prof. Irwin J. Morgan, Director of Music, will be in charge assisted by Miss Few and Miss Drais with Miss Kerst as reader. An excellent programme has been arranged and a cordial invitation is extended to all the students, their friends, and friends of the College.

Miss Few has reorganized the Glee Club which was so popular last year. Many of the old members have returned and new recruits will be added until the membership reaches forty which has been fixed as the limit. The coming year promises to be even more successful than the last.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

#### Officers.

President—Virginia Marshall.

Vice President—Lilly Lindsay.

Secretary and Treasurer—Lois McCracken.

Two very interesting initiation meetings were held by the association, one on September 30th, the other on October 2d. A large num-

ber joined and were initiated by mysterious rites.

The tennis courts are in excellent condition and consequently are in constant use. Hockey has already begun on the new athletic field.

The gymnasium classes began the first of October. The girls are already learning all sorts of practical exercises and fancy dancing.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

It is the solemn duty of the Sorosis to inform its readers of the death of Cinder, for so long the faithful retainer of the Pennsylvania College for Women. He was the constant companion of Ed. who, since the departure of Cinder, feels that he has lost his best friend.

On account of the difficulty a fire department would have in reaching the college in case of fire, a company, with Mr. Wheeler as chief, has been organized among the members of the household. With the aid of the new hose and extinguishers Mr. Wheeler and his assistants expect to be equal to any emergency.



Quite a large party of admirers from among the students of the college went to see Miss Ethel Barrymore at the Nixon Saturday, September 28th.

Rumors have been heard of a Dilworth Hall paper. As yet The Sorosis has no rival for the paper is nameless.

The former Latin class room in Dilworth Hall has been fitted up as a den for the Freshmen. The Seniors, after beautifying their parlor with fresh paint, new curtains and new furniture, have invited the Juniors to share their new possession.

Among the many additions to the college this year are two new Wissner electric piano players, which are suffering from the effects of an attack of musicitis, which has spread among the house students.

A pleasing change has been made in the chapel services this year. The

pipe organ which has been thoroughly repaired, is played during the time between the first and second chapel bells. The order of services consists of the singing of Nicaea as a doxology, responsive reading, prayer, which is followed by a very effective response from the organ, a hymn and the reading of the usual notices. After this, as last year, Miss Few takes charge of the singing for a short period.

The old house girls entertained the new girls, faculty, and college students at a costume party in Dilworth Hall Friday, October 4th. Much originality was shown in the representation of well-known characters of History and fiction. The guessing of the characters and dancing were special features of the evening.

Miss Frances Neel has been elected by the students in the house as House President.

---

### PERSONALS.

---

#### Where the Faculty Spent Their Vacations.

---

During the early part of the summer Dr. Lindsay had a delightful fishing trip in Canada. After the last of July he was at the college.

Miss Skilton enjoyed her vacation among the mountains of New Hampshire.

During the summer Mrs. Armstrong remained at her home, "The Heights," Vandergrift, Pa.



Miss Coolidge spent most of the summer at her home in Fitchburg, Mass. She was at the Northfield convention during the first of August.

Miss Brownson returned from Europe in September. Together with Miss Brownlee she visited Italy, but during August she studied at Oxford University.

Madame De Vallay was in Pittsburg most of the summer, although she enjoyed many delightful trips into the suburbs.

Miss Green and Miss Lovejoy, accompanied by a party of friends, visited the principal points of interest in Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany, and England.

Miss McCreery had a pleasant vacation at North East, on Lake Erie.

Mr. Putnam has returned after a summer in England, during part of which he journeyed as a pedestrian.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler spent part of the summer in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Mr. Wheeler was also in New Brunswick for a time.

Miss Knapp remained at her home in Sewickley during the summer.

Miss Montgomery reports a very pleasant trip abroad.

Miss Few was in Kansas City and Chicago during the summer.

Miss Campbell studied for several weeks at the University of Chicago.

Miss Duff remained in Pittsburg during the vacation.

---

Mrs. Frank H. Main spent the first few days at the opening of the College with her daughter, Miss Leah, who is one of the new Dilworth Hall students in the house.

A Freshman's definition of a P. C. W. girl—"A fat girl with a big pompadour." Evidently the Sophomore class is as yet unexplored territory.

The Misses Cohrinne and Olive Gleason and Miss Elsie Forrester, all of McKeesport, took dinner Tuesday, October 8th, with friends at the college.

A vital question—"How soon can we have a man dance?"

Miss Blanche Dulany, a former student of the College, renewed old acquaintances Monday, September 23d.



Miss Kerst, formerly of Heidelberg University and lately of her own school, at Dayton, Ohio, has taken charge of the department of Expression. Although this is a new branch of study in our school, it has a promising outlook in private as well as class work and is to be encouraged on account of its practical benefits as well as its attractiveness. Under the supervision of Miss Kerst, that mythical "Dramatic Club" bids fair to become a reality.

V.—"I saw this summer where Edgar Allen Poe wrote the Raven."

A.—"Did you never know that before?"

A question—"Können sie Deutsch lesen?"

Miss G.—"Ach, I am not lazy."

A student at lunch—"It's such a task to separate the soup from the material."

Miss June Beyer, of Punxsutawney, a former student of the College, expects to study both Piano and Voice in Pittsburg during the coming winter.

Heard in the laboratory—"What is specific gravity?"

"It's a liquid, isn't it?"

---

### EXCHANGES.

---

At the beginning of the new year The Sorosis welcomes both her old and new exchanges. This year, in addition to criticising and to appreciating the work in other college magazines, we intend to print in our own magazine poetry and short articles which are particularly good. We wish all our exchanges a happy and prosperous year.

\* \* \*

The Cornell Era is decidedly up to date in its treatment of college news.

\* \* \*

The May number of the Lesbian Herald contains an article which

sets forth admirably the fact that "Music is Essential to Education."

\* \* \*

The Interlude shows plainly that the girls of Miss Mittleberger's school have literary ability. The paper is well conducted.

\* \* \*

An article on "The Ball Game" by President Russell, of Westminster College, was printed in the May number of "The Holcad." It will prove interesting both to those interested in athletics and to those who are not, since it treats of baseball in a most sane manner. Some students' "Donts," also in the Hol-



ead, are just what students ought to read.

\* \* \*

Among the "Sketches" in the Smith College Monthly, one finds many clever verses and articles. We print the following from the June number:

### Child Lost!

A little fleecy baby cloud  
Was in the sky one day;  
The other clouds were mischievous  
And hid themselves away.

The sky was all so big and blue  
He couldn't find his home;  
And when the others left him there  
The tears began to come.

They trickled down upon the earth  
(The people thought 'twas rain)  
Until he found Policeman Wind  
Who helped him home again.

Helen Bartlett Maxcy.

\* \* \*

"The Lost Expression" in the May "Blue and Gray" is an excellent word picture.

"Lots of men would leave their footprints

Time's eternal sand to grace,  
Had they gotten mother's slipper  
At the proper time and place."

\* \* \*

Bobbie—You know them preserves out in th' pantry wot you told me not to eat?

Mother—Yes.

Bobbie—You know you said they'd make me sick if I et 'em, didn't you?

Mother—Yes.

Bobbie—Well, they didn't.—Ohio State Journal.

\* \* \*

Malus puer, passing by,  
Vidit apple hanging high,  
Bulldog, autumn, videt lad,  
Canis chaseth puer bad.

O Tempora! O Mores!

Puer runs cum might et main,  
Fugit, tamen, all in vain;  
Tandem concedit on his chin,  
Et canis bites his trademark in.

O Tempora! O Mores.—Ex.

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### British Schoolboy Blunders.

The historical and other "facts" given here are taken from school-boys' examination papers.

My favorite character in English history is Henry VIII., because he had eight wives and killed them all.

Edward III. would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.

Alexander the Great was born in the absence of his parents.

The chief clause in Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent.

Where were the Kings of England crowned? On their heads.

What is Milton's chief work? Milton wrote a sensible poem called the "Canterbury Tails."

An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet.

A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optionist and the one who looks on the dull side is called a pianist.—St. James's Gazette.

\* \* \*

Make hay while the earthward propagation of ethereal undulations continues unabated.

\* \* \*

You can conduct an equine quadruped to an aquatic fountain but you cannot compel him to imbibe.

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Omnes laborunt sed patres  
 Sedent circum omnem diem  
 Tamen populi gigglunt  
 Tamen populi guy'em  
 Matres lavant togas  
 Quoque soror Len  
 Everybody works in Rome now  
 But the old men.—Ex.

\* \* \*

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 chased 17 Pianos from McCausland.  
 because McCausland gives best  
 value for the money.

The essay on "Shakespeare's  
 Quotable Passages" in the Lesbian  
 Herald shows great familiarity with  
 Shakespearian plays.

\* \* \*

The Landlady—"It pains me to  
 speak about your board bill.

The Boarder—Then don't do it,  
 my good woman; I can't bear to see  
 any one suffer.

\* \* \*

**Improbable.**

Miss Smith—I understand your  
 son is pursuing his studies at col-  
 lege.

Mr. Wiggins—Yes; but from  
 what I can ascertain, I don't believe  
 he will ever catch up with them.—  
 Judy.

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October 31, 1903  
\$6,459,255.72  
October 31, 1904  
\$7,431,738.71  
October 31, 1905  
\$7,924,583.70  
October 31, 1906  
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\$33,864,707.10  
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\$36,977,214.89  
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### COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF TOTAL DEPOSITS

May 29th, 1905	- - - -	\$1,835,951.81
May 26th, 1906	- - - -	3,802,817.03
May 28th, 1907	- - - -	5,388,504.98

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232 FOURTH AVENUE



# THE SOROSIS

VOL. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1907

No. 2

## NOVEMBER.

---

The ivy clings to the college wall,  
Its dry leaves blown by every  
wind,—  
With mournful music until they fall.

The air is misty—a foggy gray;  
The ground, nut-brown, and sear,  
and hard—  
All life suggests the November day.

The leaves have fallen from all the  
trees  
And make great heaps along the  
ground,  
Till tossed and rustled by every  
breeze.

The winds blow cold with a lonely  
sound,  
They sigh among the leafless  
trees,  
They long for rest that is never  
found.

The song of nature has come to be  
Not quiet and bounteous rest,  
But work and laborious activity.

L. A. G., '08.

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## THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.

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Much has been written concerning  
the splendid and attractive court of

Louis XIV., but perhaps we can obtain the best accounts of its magnificence and licentiousness through the Memoirs of one St. Simon who lived during the reign of Louis XIV., and was an actor to a certain extent in the intrigues he describes. His account furnishes a perfect picture of court life during the last years of Louis' reign, and his portrait of Louis' character is true in all particulars. The anecdote he sets down in his journal would have cost him his life or his liberty if he had ventured to publish them. Shortly after his death the manuscripts were seized by the government, and a little while after the French Revolution, extracts from the memoirs begun to appear.

Another valuable record is found in the brisk, vivacious letters of Madame the Princess Palatine, who was sister-in-law to Louis XIV. Living in the midst of court life, she writes letters to her friends giving a keen though frank and outspoken account of court events.

From a study of the manuscripts of these two authors, this material has been obtained:

Louis XIV. was king of France from sixteen hundred forty-three to seventeen hundred fifteen, he inherited the title and possessions of his



father at the age of five. The Queen mother held the regency, but the virtual control of affairs was in the hands of Mazarin, the chief minister, who cared more for the continuance of his own power than for the education of the young king. In 1660 Louis married the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain, a princess who lacked any attractive qualities of mind or person.

When Mazarin died in 1661, Louis surprised the court by the prompt assertion that he would be his own chief minister. Richelieu and Mazarin had given a good foundation for the development of France and Louis XIV. built a great structure of despotism on that beginning. He had a zest for work which was not hindered by the giddy, frivolous court about him. Louis was not possessed of a high order of intellectual qualities, yet he had the gift of recognizing talent in others, and he gathered about him a group of advisors of exceptional ability. Their brilliant services redounded to the king's own glory. His minister of finance, Colbert, restored the finances of the kingdom, and Louvois as Minister of War brought the army to a pitch of efficiency. Louis, handsome in person and stately in bearing, moved among a brilliant throng of soldiers, politicians, prelates and men of letters who rendered unrestrained adulation to him. His reign witnessed

an extraordinary development in letters and art. Among the men who adorned his court were Racine, Moliere, Fenelon, Corneille, La Fontaine and others who have contributed to make his reign glorious.

Louis' court was magnificent beyond anything that had been dreamed of in the West. It was barbaric in its splendor and rivaled the courts of Nero in the old Roman empire. It became the model for all European sovereigns. He had an enormous palace whose furnishings and decorations were rich and costly, constructed at Versailles, with endless halls and apartments and a vast garden stretching behind it. About this centre a town was laid out where those lived who were privileged to be near his majesty or supply the wants of the royal court.

The looseness or immorality of society to which the king gave the example was so obvious that a record of his court life would not be complete without it. Here the accounts of the lives of the court women are interesting. In France, women played as important a role as did the men. One could not imagine any plot being conceived without the advice or assistance of a woman. Intriguing, indeed, seemed to be the sphere in which women, even more than men, moved. St. Simon tells us of a Madame de Soubise who, while everyone else was at the balls and amusements, employ-



ed herself with more serious matters. She had bought the immense hotel of Guise, assisted by the king, and was now taking steps to make her son Canon of Straszburg; she intrigued so well that he was received into the chapter. Then she laid her plans for carrying out another and a higher step, nothing less than to make him Archbishop of Straszburg. She used bribes to obtain her end, but was not successful, and the design was abandoned until a more propitious moment. This is but one example of the intrigues of the women.

During the latter years of Louis' life, when Louis was not engaged with his ministers his time was spent with Madame de Maintenon who became his wife in 1685. She seemed to exert a strange fascination over Louis. The part she has taken in French affairs makes her worthy of careful study. She has perhaps been criticised unjustly, for when we come to study her life we find that she was wholly concerned for the salvation of the king, for his repose and for the relief of the people. Perhaps she was ambitious, but did she not have worthy aims? She was sincerely religious, and founded St. Cyr, an establishment intended for the education of two hundred and fifty girls, which did much good. Louis was greatly interested in this undertaking, and spent the majority of his time there.

At St. Cyr he appeared full of charm and nobleness, always. On his return from his hunting trips he would come to find Madame de Maintenon in this place of retreat. It was Madame de Maintenon who practically controlled the king's life and thought. She is described as having "a most agreeable tone of voice, an affectionate air, an open, smiling forehead, natural gestures with her beautiful hands, eyes of fire, and motions of an easy figure so graceful, so harmonious that she put into shade the great beauties of the court. At first glance she seemed imposing, as if veiled in severity, but the voice and the smile dispersed the cloud." We find also a contrasting view presented by Madame Princess Palatin for her one great antipathy was for Madame de Maintenon. All that is evil in Louis' reign, she imputes to her, whom she considers "an evil genius and the devil personified." She writes: "There is no longer a court of France, and it is the fault of the Maintenon who thinks there should now be no more great functions." She continues: "All that has been said of this diabolical woman is still below the truth." Perhaps this hatred is due to Madame's humiliation before the M. de Maintenon in one instance.

We get a vivid picture of the debauchery of the court from Madame's letters. Madame herself feels the wickedness of the life that is led



and expresses her deep disgust. She exposes the cupidity of everyone, the shameless traffic and cynical thirst for gold.

We find in the court life that ceremony had the important place. The king delighted in the forms of etiquette. Long, slow dances of the minuet variety are predominant. Even the meals are slow and tedious. If a court lady seated herself at the table a place or two higher than she had any right to do, the dignity of the king was so wounded that he could eat no dinner and burst out into a rage, which mingled with fits of sullenness lasting several days.

Yet on the other hand, he plays the sneaking courtier to a common financier whose money he wishes to borrow.

Ladies were dressed in most gorgeous gowns, and affected all the graces and languishings such a court life could produce. "The fashion, the fashion!" was the cry of the day. Everything was laudable provided it was the fashion, be it drinking, dancing, or what not. The king loved all kinds of sumptuousness, and St. Simon tells us that on the day of the marriage of the Duc de Bourgoyne, the people had to wear such elaborate dresses that workmen were wanting to make up so many rich costumes. The dress of Madame St. Simon and his own

outfit actually cost twenty thousand francs.

Numerous balls were arranged for, each grander than the preceding one. There were balls on Sundays and on week-days. Masquerades and cotillions were frequent even amid the darkest moments in war times.

When we view this splendor of Louis' court, we are led to ask why it declined so rapidly, and why this brilliancy passes into a period of revolution and discontent? The answer may be found in this: Underneath the superficial splendor could be discerned a discontented, feverish people, enraged by the haughtiness of the nobility, and maddened by the poverty endured by themselves to maintain the glory and extravagance of the court. They waited only for a chance to throw off the yoke and assert their claims to the inherent rights of a free people.

Virginia G. Marshall, '08.

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### FELICIA.

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Once upon a time a beautiful princess, whose name was Felicia, lived in a large old castle called "They Say." All her life she had lived there, happily enough, not knowing much about the outside world or its people, and caring less.

She was allowed to ramble only along certain streets, and to know



only a few people. Not that she was proud or haughty: she was kind of heart and gentle of tongue. Only she had never known these people and never would. So why should she notice them? They were "impossible." The few whom she knew lived as she did in old castles, and had just about the same things she did.

Sometimes Felicia was a little lonely but not unhappy. There was a large garden about the castle where she spent much of her time; even after she had grown too old to play with the poor children who lived just outside the high fence. To these she used to talk as they looked through the gate. They often gathered little pebbles and shells on the sands and gave them to her for her flowers which grew in the garden.

As she grew older and understood the rules of the castle better she saw this was not just right. She had known nothing else all her life but to obey, and after a while she found that she did not care so much for the pretty pebbles and shells they treasured up so carefully. The flowers were quite pretty enough for her; and only once in a while would she look out and sigh at the happy careless groups outside. After all they were only fishermen's children, while she was—something more.

But one day a happy light-hearted

youth went past the tall iron fence, singing as he went. Now that day the princess had been just a little lonely and was looking out at the children playing on the shore, and was saying over and over to herself how glad she was that she was not one of them.

She was very beautiful and just now very sad. The youth had never seen anything so fair in all his life. When the Princess heard his gay little song and saw how blue his eyes were and how blithe his smile, she could not go away from the gate even when he came and began to talk to her.

He told her just how wonderful she was and she smiled and gave him a flower. After that she would go to the gate every day and as he passed he stopped and talked. They grew to know each other quite well. It would have made no difference if he had not taken it into his head that he could never be happy until she would marry him. He was very poor and more than that his father sold fish in the little town near by. This was much worse than being poor. You see it was quite impossible for her to think of leaving her home and going to live in one of the tiny cottages down there by the sea. Not only would there be the unaccustomed toil all day, but she would never see any of her friends again. Probably not one of them would



continue to know her as they did now.

I don't know what she would have done if her father at this time had not felt that it was quite time for him to find a suitable husband for his daughter. He had chosen just the one best fitted, as he thought, to make her happy.

He lived in one of the neighboring castles, much like the one in which the princess lived. He was handsome enough, had a generous fortune and thought the Princess quite worthy to become his bride.

Her father had already heard of the youth with the sunny smile and tattered coat who came each day and sang to his daughter. One day he called Felicia to him and told her of the knight who had asked to make her his wife, and wished to know if she was not satisfied to go with him to his castle. The knight must be answered in a week.

Each day she saw the son of the fisherman, and each day she thought his song more gay and sweet and his coat a little more tattered.

On the last day, after he had sung his song and pleaded with his eyes for her to go with him, she said slowly,

"No, I cannot go with you. I am sorry, very sorry. I like to hear you sing, and I think your laugh is the gladdest and the gayest in the world."

"Yes, I am quite, quite sure," she added.

Mary Mellon, '08.

## A BATTLE.

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There was great excitement among the dolls. All the lady dolls looked from under their big hats in round-eyed admiration at the band of soldiers, brave with red and gold paint and tall tin hats. The tin soldiers were going out to fight the Teddy bears. There were eleven and a half men in the company (one had lost his head), and they were a fearful sight to see.

Cautiously they skirted around the table and tiptoed through a forest of chair legs. Slowly they crept around two footstools.

No Teddies yet. They advanced over the rug to the fireplace. Then a consultation was held and it was decided to explore under the sofa. Two scouts were sent out. They never came back. They had found the Teddies, indeed, and, frightened nearly to death, had run home.

The others, impatient at the delay, decided to go in a body to find the bears. They found them,—two of of them—prowling around in the dark cavern under the sofa, their sharp claws scratching horribly on the floor.

A bloody battle ensued. The bears' shoe-button eyes glared fiercely as they scratched the paint off the soldiers in shavings. They did not come out of it unharmed, however. The sawdust poured from great wounds in their sides, and



their red flannel tongues hung out as they panted for breath. It was a glorious fight! The enemies fought all over the room from the grate to the window seat.

Meanwhile, the two scouts were telling the dolls that the others had all been killed and chewed up by the Teddy bears. This caused great consternation, for none of the ladies had mourning clothes. They decided, however, to give the remains a decent burial behind the bookcase, should anyone have the courage to go for them.

No one volunteered to go alone, so they all set out together,—five dolls in pink dresses, one rubber dog, an elephant that squeaked when you pulled his trunk, a wooden farmer and his wife, and a little pig money bank that rattled.

Sorrowing and weeping sawdust tears, they slowly followed in the path of the tin soldiers.

"Alas!" they sighed.

One of the dolls saw the soldiers first and fainted away. There they were! Triumphant, dragging the bears among them. Oh, what a joyful sight! The dolls sang as they escorted their heroes home. The piggie rattled his pennies and buttons with delight. The elephant squeaked contentedly at every step. And what a fuss they made over these veterans, how they were nursed and painted!

As for the Teddies, they were re-

stuffed, and being fed better now than ever before, were quite content to stay with the dolls and pull bug-gies for them.

The bears were the only enemies the toys had ever had, so everyone was happy.

Irma J. Diescher, '11.

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#### A FOURTH OF JULY IN ROME.

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It was the Fourth of July, and as loyal Americans we had decorated the breakfast table with the Stars and Stripes and were wearing knots of red, white and blue. The city around us was swelling with the praises of Garibaldi, Italy's liberator. The red and green caps, red blouses and blue sashes of Garibaldi's veterans were rousing the excitable crowds to wild shouts of admiration. Free passes to public buildings and reduced railroad rates had filled the city to overflowing.

The inevitable happened. We realized fully that we were Americans. The glory of the old Rome and the new, the joy over the unification of Italy emphasized in our minds the picture of our own native land that had always stood for unity and liberty and made us eager to celebrate her birthday by the most delightful excursion possible.

We decided upon a visit to the Etruscan Tombs and then a long drive upon the Via Appia.

So it was that at 2.30 we turned



down the Via Aurora in search of a cab. On the shady side of the street stood a long line of them, with the patient horses laboriously eating their dinners from the bags tied around their necks and their drowsy drivers stretched upon the front seats stealing their afternoon naps.

The walk was short, but the sun was hot and it was a relief to sieze upon cab number one and roll over the pavement under the shade of the tall buildings, facing the pleasant breeze that makes bearable the hottest day in Rome.

"When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned." These were the maxims that spurred on our bargain with the driver by which we took our cab to the city limits at city rates then made new terms for our country drive.

There is a fascination in sitting on the front seat by the driver's side. The Italians are natural gentlemen. Though you have but one stock phrase, "Komme si gamma questo?" (What is the name of that?) they take delight in answering it over and over, considering it their privilege to give you all possible information. Such was Francesco's attitude. The horse was like his master, spirited and interesting. Soon Rome was left in the back-ground and we were in a world of ruins. Everywhere arches of aqueducts

met the eye. At the right in the distance on the Via Appia were the tombs of Caecilia Metella. Before us were the Etrusean tombs, our first halting place.

We passed through the vaults adorned with Etrusian frescoes, examined the rooms raised above them as banqueting halls for the funeral guests and then walked back to a ruined structure at some distance from the tombs.

We never knew exactly what happened during our absence, but when we returned we found a trembling horse, an excited driver, and a wreck of a carriage. The tugs and shafts were in the worst condition. We conjectured that our horse had decided to climb some rocks nearby to the detriment of the cab. In eloquent Italian we were persuaded that in a few minutes we could proceed safely to a banqueting hall—funerals, so nothing to eat—and gave ourselves over to letters and diaries, leaving a sentinel outside to report progress.

A half-hour passed. The sentinel appeared with the announcement "The horse has run away." Too true! Horse and driver were out of sight. Our guide through the tombs stood by the mended vehicle. We joined him and laughed, and laughed and laughed again. Bits of board, tacks, strings had all been utilized, but we shook our heads over the results and decided that



walking was better than driving. Our guide gave us directions as to the shortest route to the train and we set off down the dusty road. On the way we met horse and driver, expostulations and promises. In true Italian style we shrugged our shoulders, paid the sum agreed upon and continued our journey on foot. Another day, we thought, would be more propitious for a drive on the Appian way and another horse and carriage would be more to our liking.

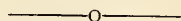
At the dinner table we listened to our friends glorying that they had seen the Garibaldi parade. We told them that even that could not compare with the delights of an afternoon's drive on the Via Appia. They heard with interest our accounts of the unseen catacombs, tombs and columbana. We told them of a party of poor Americans that had evidently had a run away whom we saw toiling on foot toward the city. Obtusely they listened and failed to draw conclusions.

That night we joined the throng on the Pincian, who were doing honor to the great Italian patriot. Two military bands kept the crowd huzzahing at the strains of the national airs. Beyond St. Peter's from the summit of Janiculum came showers of beautiful fireworks.

It was not hard to close our eyes

to the Italian faces, to dream the bands were playing the Star Spangled banner, and to think ourselves back into the dear home land. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" and separation causes the love of country to burst into flames.

'08.



### The Song of a Summer's Night.



The moon-spirits glide through the  
starlit sky,  
And ride on the moon's silv'ry  
beams;  
They silently gleam in the forest-  
glades  
And shine on the small sylvan  
streams.

The quivering beams kiss the sway-  
ing leaves  
And play with the misty light;  
The haze of the lowlands is touched  
with gray,—  
Above sails the Queen of the  
night.

The cool breathless silence of night  
is rest;  
The All-Father's hand with its  
care  
Has touched all the leaves and the  
silent streams,  
And life, hope, and love are most  
fair.

L. A. G., '08.



## POOR TWENTIETH CENTURY

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In the year 2007, in the small town of Hamilton, a company of actors appeared advertising themselves as about to produce a series of scenes from plays as they had been given a century before. There was much comment and excitement among the theater-goers. In that age there had come a time when there was no longer a striving after scenic effect, when the lesson of the play (and it always had a lesson) was presented not by the action but by the conversation of the actors.

Mr. Carson, a stolid, partly middle-aged man, the dignitary of the place, attended the first performance. Entering he sat down in his box. Soon there was a burst of loud music, rapid, inspiring, and he became conscious of the fact that he was beating time to it. He had never heard music like that before—he wondered if it would be right for him to applaud. He was still wondering when a man announced that that was what a century before had been called “rag-time,” and that the most cultured people of the age had enjoyed and cultivated it.

The curtain rose and Mr. Carson gasped. He almost imagined himself in the far west. There before him towered huge mountains, their tops gleaming red in the light of the setting sun. At the foot of one of them stood a small cabin. Sud-

denly around its side appeared a dark, evil looking face followed soon by the body of a man. He wore buckskin trousers with a row of fringe down the side, a loose blue shirt and a wide sombrero hat. In each hand he held a pistol. As he moved about the stage, he crouched low and glanced to right and left as though searching for some one.

“I will have the child,” he muttered. “No one has ever yet beaten Mexican Pete, and they shan’t begin now. Fred Foster, ‘The Preacher,’ as they call him,” and there was a sneer on his face, “will be sorry he interfered when I tried to oust the new school teacher. We don’t need no larnin’ here. The best way to injure Fred is through this child and I’ll get him.” He shook his fist at the cabin as he finished.

Suddenly the door opened and the Mexican hid behind a tree. A tall, handsome man with iron gray hair came out. He held himself upright and walked with a firm, fearless stride. In his arms he carried a boy about five years old. He sat down on the trunk of a tree and placed the boy on his lap. The little fellow, all unconscious of the dark, evil face peering at him, looked up at his father and smiled. It had grown dark now and the stars and moon were out.

“That’s where mother is, isn’t it,



daddy?" and the little finger pointed towards the sky.

"Yes, dear," and a pensive expression passed over the handsome countenance.

"I wish I could see her—but, then, she can't be nicer than my teacher, Miss Margaret," and the father's face beamed.

"How would you like Miss Margaret to come and live with us?" he said. The child threw both arms around his neck and said, "That would be nice, daddy," then, without lifting his head from his father's shoulder, he went to sleep. The man laid him gently down on the soft grass and went indoors. Instantly Mexican Pete rushed out and grabbed the child. There was a scream and the father appeared in the door, but Pete aimed one of his pistols at him and backed off the stage, calling to Fred, "Now, then, Preacher, you'll never see your boy again." Fred ran hastily inside and was just emerging from the house, gun in hand, when a shot rang out and there staggered on the stage a girl, small and slender, about nineteen years old, with the child safe in her arms.

"Pete's dead. I shot him," she gasped and fainted just in time for Fred to catch her. At his cry "Margaret," she opened her eyes and smiled at him. The curtain went down leaving them all happy, virtue rewarded and evil punished.

Again a man appeared before the curtain to announce that this was a condensed form of the play of the day. They would now give an imitation of the vaudeville.

Another burst of music was followed by a scene representing a magnificently furnished parlor. A woman entered dressed in an evening gown of white satin. She informed the audience that there were going to be private theatricals the next evening, and that she would rehearse her part. She began to sing very loudly and not always in tune. When she had finished a colored man, evidently a porter, entered and Mr. Carson was surprised to see this lady talk to him very familiarly and then take hands with him and begin to dance. He was thankful that he didn't live in those days if that was the way women treated servants. Then they stopped and began to talk again, but so rapidly that he could only hear a word now and then. The man remarked, "You ought to auto." She said, "Who ought to?" and he answered her, "You ought to." Then they seemed to quarrel, but Mr. Carson couldn't find out what was the matter. All he could understand was occasionally the expression "ought to." At length they seemed to be good friends again and they ended by singing,

"Won't you come for a ride in my automobile? You ought to, you



ought to," and he realized that they had been punning on the name of those horrid, noisy vehicles that people had used one hundred years before.

On the way home, as Mr. Carson sat comfortably in his air-ship, he pitied people who never went to see any other kind of acting and heaved a contented sigh to think how much more enlightened his own time was.

Eva M. Cohen, '09.

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### "DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."

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"Diana of the Crossways" is the study of a very beautiful young girl of Irish birth and Irish wit. She is very remarkable in combining unusual beauty and wit, and again and again are her admirers astonished to find such flashes of wit from a girl whose looks alone would have won for her share of attention.

As it is she is exceedingly popular everywhere she appears, and her stock of crisp little epigrams which she seems always to have at hand never fail her.

You make the acquaintance of this dashing heroine at a ball in Ireland in honor of a returned hero. Of course the hero as well as most of the men present fall willing victims to her charms. One of them, the slow honest Captain Redworth, remains her faithful knight errant for life.

By and by she marries. But that is not the end as you might reasonably expect. It is only the beginning.

Her husband is a nonentity and no one, not even she herself, knows why she has married him. Certainly it was not for love of him.

Then the plot thickens, as plots have a way of doing, when she does not love him. When her husband is away on business she becomes rather intimate with a friend of his, Lord Dannisburgh, a famous statesman. He discusses all his important business with her, asks her advice, goes out riding with her. In fact they become "such good friends." Her husband comes home, hears a great many rumors, loses his temper, and the end of it is, he applies for a divorce.

She goes to her old friend Lady Lukin and later takes a modest house in London and supports herself by writing.

A dinner party is described at which she gathers together half a dozen choice spirits. It is a feast of the most subtle humour. There are the cleverest cut and dried epigrams, constant repartée, and one flash of the keenest wit after another. In fact it requires several readings to make some of the jokes intelligible. However, they are English jokes and that may be the reason.

After a while she meets her "af-



finity." Now please mark this as it is a crisis in our young heroine's life. You see she has never loved yet. They say children's diseases go hard with older people. Though the analogy may be a little strained, it might have been because she put it off so long that love has such an unusual effect on her when it did come.

Sir Percy Dacur is the man. In spite of his name, he is a statesman of some ability. He, also, tells her all his affairs and though he begs her to go and live with him in Italy she refuses. Then she acts in the approved heroine fashion. Finally a secret of national importance is entrusted to him. He confides it to Diana, and she, in need of funds, and thinking it may be of some money value, to a friend of hers, an editor, goes that night, and tells him of it. The editor is a political enemy of Sir Percy's. The whole story appears in the morning papers, and Sir Percy is at white heat. He cannot believe that she could really have betrayed him. She insists that she did it in entire innocence, had no idea

but that all England would know it the next day, and that, that particular paper would be only one issue ahead of the others.

Sir Percy leaves the room without one backward glance, and within a month his nuptials with a well known heiress are celebrated. Apparently the heiress has been waiting for him, for they had been engaged before he met Diana.

Diana herself is stricken with fear, grief,—remorse. When her friend Emma, comes to see her she is all but dead. She has been for days in a cold, darkened room without food, allowing no one to come near her. Finally she is induced to take a little nourishment and slowly begins to recover.

Hear it ends. And would you ask why it was she was going to die by sheer force of will? You are told. It is because she was a woman who "had a soul in love". Just what this means the author does not explain, but, judging by the effects upon her, it is certainly to be hoped that there are not many heroines endowed with "a soul in love." M. M., '08.



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Irma Beard, '09..... Literary Editor  
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## EDITORIAL.

### COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

What is he but a brute  
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,  
Whose spirit works lest arms and  
legs want play?  
To man, propose this test,—  
Thy body at its best,  
How far can that project its soul on  
its lonely way?

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us not always say,  
"Spite of this flesh to-day  
I strove, made head, gained ground  
upon the whole!"  
As the bird winds and sings,  
Let us cry, "All good things  
Are ours; nor soul helps flesh more,  
now, than flesh helps soul."  
—Browning, Rabbi Ben Ezra.

What is the use of college athletics? Is it in Browning's words

not that "soul helps flesh more, now than flesh helps soul"? Neither the mind or the spirit can work to advantage without having a strong healthy body which will respond when called on to act. In studying Psychology much time is given to the physical development, for on that depends the higher intellectual growth. There is an article in The Mount Holyoke Monthly for October, 1905, in which the following statement is made: "Modern educators agree that a keen, alert mind in a vigorous and healthy body is the result which a good education should have upon the student." We might quote many authorities, all of whom agree that education consists in the harmonious development of mind and body.

College athletics do more than assist the mental activity. It also



has a broadening influence on the students and raises them above being mere grinds. It broadens their interest in life and opens the world of sports and out-door enjoyment to those who sometimes think college simply a place to study from books. In widening the students' interests, college spirit and enthusiasm for one's Alma Mater are awakened. It makes one feel more alive and eager in college interests. Each student desires her college to stand out prominently in high intellectual standards and also in athletic life.

Just at present in our college there has been a special interest in athletics on account of the tennis tournament between Dilworth Hall, Pennsylvania College for Women, and the Faculty of both institutions. Many very exciting games were played, inciting a general enthusiasm among those who played and those who watched the games.

One very exciting game was the final contest in Dilworth Hall when Miss Mary Foster and Miss Jean Hughes played against Miss Noeline Hickson and Miss Nell Parish. There were some hotly contested games and evenly-balanced playing but Miss Hickson and Miss Parish won out as champions of Dilworth Hall. The finals for the college championship were played by Miss Margaret Greene, '11, and Miss Minerva Hamilton, '11, against Miss Myrtle Grow, '08, and Miss Lilla

Greene, '08. For a short time on the second set it appeared as if the Freshmen were gaining, however the Seniors could not allow that so they took courage and won. When Miss Montgomery and Mr. Putnam played against Miss Knapp and Mr. Wheeler there was a long and hard contest. Miss Knapp and Miss Montgomery played well-sustained games. The faculty championship was won by Miss Knapp and Mr. Wheeler, mostly on account of the poor service of the losers.

On the afternoon of October twenty-fifth an excited and enthusiastic audience assembled on the Athletic Field to witness the finals. Amid the cheering of Dilworth Hall, P. C. W., and of the Faculty, the games were played, first Dilworth Hall against the College. The games were all very close and there were many splendid plays, but the outcome was that Dilworth Hall won.

Dilworth Hall.	College.
Miss Parish	Miss Grow
Miss Hickson	Miss Lilla Greene
Score first set	6 4
Second set	6 2

Although the Seniors felt bad that they lost the championship for the college, nevertheless, they took their defeat gracefully, because, as Dr. Lindsay remarked, they have been studying Psychology under his direction and know how to meet defeat with calmness. Beautiful white sweaters were presented to the win-



ners by Dr. Lindsay, while all the contestants received letters for their sweaters.

On the following day the finals were played between Dilworth Hall and the Faculty. The Dilworth Hall girls did not play quite as well as on the preceding day; however they put up a good game and made the Faculty work for their honor as champions.

Dilworth Hall.	Faculty.
Miss Hickson	Miss Knapp
Miss Parish	Mr. Wheeler
Score first set 3	6
Second set 2	6

When the Alumnæ heard of the enthusiasm aroused by the tennis tournament they did not wish to be left out so as their representatives they expect to send Miss Edna Mc-

Kee, '04, and Miss Madge Sproull, '07, to play against Miss Knapp and Mr. Wheeler.

—o—  
**NOTICE !!!**  
—

Short Story Contest!

Poetry Contest!

Subject to be chosen by contestants.

Suggested theme: Christmas.

Manuscripts must be in the hands of the Editor-in-chief of Sorosis by November twenty-first.

Prizes for each contest: two and one-half dollar gold pieces.

Judges: Miss Coolidge and Mr. Putnam.

Note: The judges reserve the right not to award the prizes if the work is not up to standard.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

#### Calendar.

- October 31st—Omega Meeting.
- November 1st—Hallowe'en Party.
- 5th—Address of Miss Jane Addams at the College.
- 8th—Junior Dance.
- 15th—Informal Musical by Mr. Morgan.
- 21st—Omega Meeting.
- 27th—Basket Ball game between P. C. W. and Dilworth Hall.

28-Dec. 2nd—Thanksgiving vacation.

#### Vespers.

- November 3rd—Musical program under the direction of Miss Few.
- 10th—Address of Miss Olcott on work in Children's Libraries in Pittsburgh.
- 17th—Miss Montgomery.
- 24th—Thanksgiving Service—Miss Coolidge.



ALUMNÆ NOTES.

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The Sorosis wishes to express its appreciation of the gratifying manner in which the Alumnæ have responded with subscriptions, and hopes that they will continue to show their interest in this manner.

Miss Mary Shrom is supervisor of music in the Stuart-Mitchell School and in the Public Schools of Allegheny.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Miller have returned home after a delightful European tour.

Mrs. Chas. Callery, en route to her winter home in Pasadena, Cal., is spending a few weeks with friends in Pittsburgh.

Miss Elizabeth Robinson of Parker, was a Pittsburgh visitor during the week of October twenty-first, and was delighted with the good reports from our College.

The Decade Club II held its first meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. Verne Shear. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Helen Sherrard; Vice President, Mrs. Shear; Treasurer, Anne Houston; Secretary, Clara Niebaum. At the second meeting to be held November 8th at the home of

Miss Sadler, extracts from the "Tempest" will be read and discussed while the members dress dolls for the charitable distribution at Christmas.

Lost—A beautiful cocker spaniel, answers to the name of Teddie. Finder will please return to Grace Stevenson, '07. Liberal reward offered.

Miss Mary Bruce, '01, has returned home after a summer in Chicago where she studied music.

Mrs. D. S. Wright, '86, of Pittsburgh enjoyed a summer outing on the Massachusetts coast with her small daughter, Jane.

The class of '07 will meet the first Wednesday of the month at the home of Miss Bess Johnson.

A little daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Fulton (nee Eva Bard, '94).

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Holding (nee May Krepps, '94) celebrated their fifth anniversary on October eighth. The entertainment was in the form of a musical, the soloists being Miss Ruth Hay, Mr. John Roberts and Mr. Zoller.



Miss Eleanor Stevenson, '86, spent the summer quietly in the British Isles.

Miss Clara May Littell and Mr. John Hood Glass were married October twenty-second. After December first Mr. and Mrs. Glass will be at home to their friends at 7323 Idlewild street, Pittsburgh.

The members of Decade Club II expect to give the play "David Garrick" in Dilworth Hall, December twelfth.

Miss Elizabeth Van Wagener, '02, is studying at Bryn Mawr College.

On October 11, a little daughter was born to Mrs. Stephen Stone, '98, (née McCandless).

Miss Carrie Eggers, '97, is attending Dr. White's Bible Training School in New York.

Mrs. Walter Irwin, '97, and small daughter Louise, have returned to their home in El Paso, Texas, after a visit to their Pittsburg friends.

Mrs. Grace Warmcastle has been spending ten days in Philadelphia and has for a guest Mrs. Needham of Melrose Park.

Mrs. Wm. S. Miller has been visiting in Cleveland.

## A SKETCH.

No, not Rome,—Venice! Let it be Venice. I would choose Venice of all the southern cities for a restful visit. There, it seems, one cannot take life seriously. Work is out of the question. Venetian life drifts along lightly and carelessly, and carries all humanity with it,—even the visitors. No, we couldn't hope to escape, even if we wished it,—and we wouldn't wish it. One may go there with the firm determination to study St. Marks,—yes, one may even hold to that resolve for two or three days; but where is the man who has ever done it longer. Perhaps one's main purpose in going is to view the great works of Titian, Tintoretto, or Paslo Veroncse under their native skies. Well, he will probably view them, but I dare say, he will do little more. He observes that they are beautiful, wonderful, and that the Venetian climate adds to their beauty;—but what are they, when by turning his head he can see that wondrous wealths of color and harmony in the tinted sky, and blue water.

Yes, I shall go to Venice. To be really lazy and luxuriously indolent for a whole month; to drift in a bright gondola; to lean back on the many cushions with my eyes resting on the beautiful blending horizon line; to see the dark picturesque Venetians in their many colored



costumes, and the innocent, indolent happiness on their brown faces; and to listen to the sweet melodious voice of the devoted gondolier. Ah, yes, I shall go to Venice. When I am traveling for study, then I shall go to Rome, Florence, London, or perhaps to Paris; but when I have time to be indolent, when I can afford to put aside all care and work, —then I shall spend that whole time in Venice.

Bessie D. Johnson, '07

Y. W. C. A.

- October 27th—Work That Wins,  
speaker, Rev. W. J.  
Reid.
- November 6th—Acquainted with  
God—Carla Jarecki.
- 13th—Week of Prayer  
Program — Mrs.  
Schuman.
- 20th—Student Life in  
Japan—Miss Green.

The posters announcing the meetings for every Wednesday night are quite an incentive to arousing interest in the Y. W. C. A.

Two Bible Study Classes have been organized to meet on Sunday evening after Vespers. In both classes the subject is to be "The Life of Christ." Miss Coolidge will have charge of the college class and Miss Campbell of the Dilworth Hall class.

## THE OMEGA SOCIETY.

On October eighth Carla Jarecki and Irma Beard were initiated as members of the Omega. Although they were much frightened they stood the tests exceedingly well on account of their "mental beauty,"—an expression coined for the occasion by Miss Jarecki.

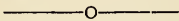
The first regular meeting of the Society was held on October tenth in the reception room. Miss Coolidge was a guest at the meeting. The following interesting program was enjoyed:

- Biographical and Critical Sketch  
of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy.....Edith Allison, '07
- Discussion....."The Egoist"  
Clara Niebaum, '07.
- Discussion,  
"Diana of the Crossways"  
Mary Mellon, '08.
- Discussion,  
"Tess of the D'Urbervilles"  
Lilla Greene, '08.
- Omega Song.

- A meeting was held on October thirty-first at which the Scotch novelists were discussed. Program:
- Paper.....Bessie Johnson, '07
- James Barrie, George Macdonald,  
John Watson.
- Sketch.....Eva Cohen, '09
- "Sentimental Tommy."
- Sketch.....Clara Niebaum '09
- "Robert Falconer."



Sketch.....Irma Beard, '09  
"Bonnie Brier Bush."  
Omega Song.



THE REST ASSOCIATION.

A wonderful society was organized in October by Miss Green, honorary member of the Senior Class. The by-laws may prove interesting to readers of the Sorosis:  
By-Laws of the Rest Association of the Senior Class of P. C. W.

Article I—Name.

This organization shall be called the Rest Association of the Senior Class of P. C. W.

Article II—Object.

The object of this organization shall be to link together more closely those whose hearts are already united and thus to make the tenderest and most hallowed memories cluster around our dear class.

Article III—Members.

No senior shall be admitted to this organization who will not admit that the Senior class is the most over-worked body in the College and that easy chairs, couches, and pillows are most conducive to the greatest intellectual vigor.

Article IV—Motto.

The motto of this organization shall be: Laissez Faire.

Article V—Attendance.

No obligation for attendance rests

on the members of said organization as thus the spirit of our motto would be broken.

Article VI—Meetings.

Regular meetings shall be held every first and third Wednesday of all months of the school year at 3:30 p. m. at the Greenery.

The Sophmores accepted a challenge of the Rest Association for a tennis tournament Wednesday afternoon, October sixteenth, and an exciting afternoon resulted with the score as follows:

First Set.	
1908	1910
6	3
Myrtle Grow	Ethel Tassey
Lilla Greene	Miss Knapp

Second Set.	
6	3
Virginia Marshall	Elma McKibben
Lilla Greene	Frances Neel

Third Set.	
6	3
Myrtle Grow	Frances Neel
Lilla Greene	Miss Knapp

Miss Green, the honorary member of '08, served sandwiches and hot cholate in the Senior parlor.

On October thirtieth the Rest Association together with some friends enjoyed an afternoon at the Phipp's Conservatory. The beautiful chrysanthemums were a most restful sight for the over-worked Seniors.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Lilla Greene, '08, gave a chafing dish party to her classmates, Miss Green, their honorary member, and Miss Coolidge, Wednesday, October second. A regular chafing dish menu was followed which brought forth no little admiration for the hostess' skill.

The Seniors, magnanimously overlooking class feeling, made the Juniors happy by means of a fancy-work party which they gave in the Senior parlor October fourth. Useful as well as ornamental work was displayed.

A party of house-girls under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler witnessed an exciting game of football between Marietta College and W. U. P. Saturday, October fifth. The girls were particularly interested since Lilla Greene's brother was on the Marietta team.

The day-collegiates were delightfully entertained at dinner by Miss Coolidge Friday evening, October eleventh.

The first of a series of Chapel lectures planned by Dr. Lindsay was given by Dr. Hunter of W. U. P., Friday morning, October eleventh. His subject was "Chestnuts."

A large number of the house-girls together with a number of the teachers went to see "Hamlet" Saturday, October twelfth. The performance was all that could be desired. Mr. Sothern, besides completely satisfying his old friends, made many new friends through his splendid work.

During Dr. Lindsay's absence Dr. Logan lectured to the psychology class on the "brain" the second week of October.

The psychology class, during the third week of October, took up the study of the psychological poems of Browning under the direction of Miss Coolidge.

Tuesday afternoon, October fifteenth, the Juniors wisely entertained the Freshmen with a delicious luncheon in the new Senior and Junior parlor. As a result the Freshmen have vowed a lasting and eternal friendship for their sister class.

Every Tuesday afternoon the Faculty has 5 o'clock tea in the reception room. Here it is that matters weighty and otherwise are discussed, and here it probably was that the "cut system" received its death blow.



Mrs. Armstrong entertained the class of '09 on the afternoon of October seventeenth, at "chocolate drinking", at which the class colors, gold and brown, were carried out in the refreshments and decorations. Mrs. Armstrong kindly presented the class with a 1909 banner.

One of the most enjoyable affairs that has been given was the entertainment given by the class of '08 to the class of '11 on October eighteenth. Dancing was one of the chief amusements while dainty refreshments, consisting of cakes, candy and punch, were served. Miss Drais furnished the music.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, October twenty-third, the Sophomores celebrated Skiddoo's birthday by giving the Seniors a Tally-ho ride along the beautiful drives through Sewickley. The day seemed to have been made for the event while the trees had donned a special beauty and brilliancy of color for the occasion. After a most glorious afternoon "Far from the Madding Crowds," Mrs. Charnley, a sister of Miss Knapp, served a most welcome lunch at her charming home in Sewickley.

The Seniors were delightfully entertained by Miss Green, their honorary member, at a dinner on the evening of the eighteenth of Oc-

tober. Miss Green who spent last summer in Europe was well prepared to entertain her class. The table was truly European. In the center were flags of seven different European countries. Hanging from the chandelier was a lantern from Switzerland, the place cards were also from that country. Suspended from the same center to the corners of the table were strands of red, white and blue ribbon and on each a picture postal from France.

Each member of the class received souvenirs from these seven countries whose flags were represented. Each also had samples of German cakes and odd candies brought from the "Old Country." At the close of the dinner all had a fair chance to win a prize by guessing the flags. The prize was awarded to Miss Mellon, who, by chance, guessed aright.

For an account of the tennis tournament see the editorial.

### —O— "EN TOUR."

Bacon has said that "Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience." These two uses he might have added a third; "to all, a part of enjoyment." At least so the evening's entertainment, which Miss Coolidge extended to the College on Friday, October twenty-fifth, confirmed us in believing. The En



Tour, a kind of travel by diary, or by proxy, thoroughly justified itself. It proved a successful and welcome variant from the traditional party.

Tickets for the tour, artistically decorated with the flags of the countries visited, were given each person on arrival. The route followed geographical order. Miss Drais with Italian melodies and Miss Lovejoy with a beautiful word-picture of the environs of Amalfi, their charm and quaintness, introduced the "personally conducted" party to Neapolitan Italy and the beginning of the tour. Thence they travelled northward with Miss Brownlee over the mist-ridden heights and beside the precipices of the Stelvio Pass of the Austrian frontier behind a sleep and refreshment-loving driver, and turned aside to Como to confirm Longfellow's judgment of the charm and beauty of its lake. Miss Few in the fancifulness of a romantic love tale conducted them beyond the Alps and northward to France. Thence Miss Green guided the party among the students of Heidelberg, their gruffnesses, their duellings, and their incarcerations within the University prison. Mr. Morgan played two German national songs. Miss Montgomery turned artist of the Dutch school long enough to paint the quaint simplicity and the medieval remoteness of the fisher folks about the Zuyder Zee.

After a brief interval, occupied by

the stage-mechanicians in preparing the setting for the chief scene, the touring party were converted into a school of historical research according to the most recent Oxford laboratory methods. Miss Brownson, supported by an admirably selected display of "new prints," lectured on the Art and Engrossment of Poster-gathering in Europe.

The death and dissolution of the tour was appropriately solemnized by a sermon, music, and a wake minus the fire-water. Mr. Putnam preached on the theme of Pietas, drawing his materials from the landmarks, traditions, and peoples of Iona, Argyllshire, Scotland. Miss Allison, of the class of 1907, sang two Scottish songs. And six peasant lasses served the refreshments prepared for the wake.

Such a hasty review of the program is wholly inadequate to its profitableness and pleasureableness. The inspiration which breathed through the experiences of foreign lands, the newness of the themes, and the strangeness of the pictures were quite ample for the interest and expectation of the many who attended. But Miss Coolidge deserves credit for a still deeper discernment. It is worth something to discover to the students and fellow workers new personalities in instructors. Europe does that. The En Tour made Europe alive to us in an intimate though snatchy way.



More than that it disclosed to all the unknown characteristics of some of our stranger-friends. It showed their nearness to human hobbies and to the interests of undeified mortals, their aloofness at times from the thin air of scholarship and the dense air of duty, in short their humanness and paganness. In this lay the chief interest and the unusual value of the entertainment.

In this connection a single closing

comment suggests itself. What was not told is as curiously interesting to one of our imaginative mind as what was told. Strangely enough no mention was made of the getting-there and the getting-back. Was that omission made with malice aforethought? Were the experiences of the great ocean too intensely tragic or too broadly burlesque for repetition? What would the wild waves report if they were cross-examined? X. Y. Z.

### MUSIC NOTES.

The Musical Faculty of the College gave us a delightful concert Friday evening, October eleventh. A large number of outside people were in attendance and enjoyed the following program:

Heinrich Adolph Wollenhaupt,  
(Pianist—b. Liepzig, 1827; d. 1863)  
Concert Etude  
Mr. Morgan.

Amy Woodforde-Finden,  
A Kashmiri Song  
Less Than the Dust  
Miss Few

Evard H. Grieg..Allegro Moderato  
(b. Bergen, 1843; d. 1907)  
(From Sonata, Op. 7)  
Miss Draiss.

Reading—The Lie,  
Annie Hamilton Donnell  
Miss Kerst

Francois Frederic Chopin...Prelude  
(Op. 28, No. 15)  
Mr. Morgan.  
Batten.....April Morn  
Miss Few.  
Franz Liszt.....Gondoliera  
(b. Raiding, Hun., 1811; d. 1886.)  
Miss Draiss.

The singing in our Chapel Services is inspiring—let it continue.

Prof. Morgan will begin lessons in the fall Harmony Class—open to all of our students at a near date. The day and hour for these lessons must be fixed to suit all students in music.

The ambitious work of the students in the music department is greatly pleasing to Prof. Morgan. Excellent progress has been made thus far and indications point to fine



results by the end of the season's work for all taking the music course.

Franz Kohler, second violin soloist of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, has been added to our teaching faculty. Violin lessons may be had at moderate rates at the Pennsylvania College for Women by applying to the Director of Music.

Albert D. Liefeld, teacher of mandolin and guitar, will coach the Mandolin Club now organized at our college. Arrangements may be made with the Director of Music for lessons on the mandolin or guitar.

Otto Kegel, solo cornetist of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, is another of our new music instructors. The Director of Music will be glad to make arrangements with any one for lessons on the cornet.

Music, expression and art may be taken at the Pennsylvania College for Women without other studies by those who wish to specialize in any one of these departments.

The Sorosis is sorry that through some oversight the following notice was neglected in the October number: Miss Drais, a graduate of the Musical College at Cincinnati, is assisting in the Music Departments.

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### PERSONALS.

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Roger Greene of Marietta College called on his sisters, Miss Lilla and Miss Margaret at the College October sixth.

Miss Anna Sargent of Whittier, Cal., has come to the College for special courses in music.

Mrs. Drais enjoyed a week's vacation at her old home in Washington Court House.

Miss Florence Wooley of Oil City called on Miss Virginia Siggins at the College Saturday, October twelfth.

Miss Lilla Greene, Miss Myrtle Grow and Miss Anna Sargent had a chafing-dish party in the reception room Saturday, October twenty-seventh, for some friends in the city.

Miss Henry of East Brady took dinner and spent the night of October twenty-fifth with the Misses Margaretta and Lucile Hill.

Miss Helen Rothrock has lately entered as a regular student of the College.

Mr. Oliver McClintock, President of the Board of Trustees, extended



a word of greeting and welcome to the girls in Chapel on the morning of Monday, October seventh.

Mr. Frank H. Main enjoyed a short visit with his daughter, Miss Leah, at the College.

Mr. and Mrs. Peck enjoyed a short visit with their daughter, Miss Margaret, at the College.

Miss Carla Jarecki was at her home in Sandusky, Ohio, for a few days the first of November.

Miss Graeper spent part of the first week of November with her sister in Warren, Ohio.

Pleasance Baker, ex-Dilworth Hall, has been elected president of the Junior class, Bryn Mawr College.

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### EXCHANGES.

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In looking over the exchanges for this month, we notice a general improvement in all departments of the college and preparatory papers. The editorials are especially good. In a great many of the magazines too much space is given to college events and athletics, and not enough to the literary department. It is difficult to strike a "happy medium" in such matters, but it seems as if the college magazine should stand for literary excellence as well as for the social and athletic sides of life. We know that The Sorosis needs the criticism of the exchange editors, and hope that they will criticize it as freely as we criticize others.

The following is from The Collegian of St. Mary's College, Oakland, California:

The Junior Orations in The Mercury of Gettysburg College are good on account of their clearness and logical development. This paper has some fine literary articles but is lacking in college news.

"The History of a Drama" in the Owl of Temple College is a fine estimate of this interesting subject.

A little more literary material would greatly improve The Mirror of Central High School, Philadelphia.

It would be well for all students to follow the advice in the editorial of The Courant in regard to college spirit.

The College Folio, although rather small, is strong in all departments.



## Virtue.

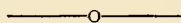
Within Life's spacious garden  
grows,  
With root deep fastened in the  
ground,  
A towering Tree  
Of perfect symmetry,  
Mid plants whence rarest perfume  
flows,  
As from a vase with scented roses  
crowned  
Steals pleasant fragrance silently  
around.

The Tree, gigantic, rising high,  
With wealth of verdure dressed,  
Heeds not the breath  
Of frantic winds or Death,  
But ever looks with ardent wish and  
sigh  
Upon the beauteous gardens of the  
sky.

ts leaves, gold-lined, of wondrous  
hue,  
Shine brilliant from the darkling  
sod,  
Named Virtue rare,  
A Tree celestial, fair,  
With light of peace and pleasure  
true  
Illumes the sin-enshrouded earth we  
trod;  
ts fruit? 'Tis gathered in the  
realms of God.

S. M. C.

The Smith College Monthly is particularly good because it considers so many aspects of college life.



Why, Frankie, what are you reading in that book about bringing up children?

I'm just looking to see whether I'm being properly brought up.

"I'm going to bleach my hair."  
"Keep it dark."

Higgins—I say, these trousers begin to look rusty already, and I haven't had them but about six months.

Tailor—That's all right. You know, I told you they'd wear like iron.

A minister, winding up a week's mission, said, "And if any spark of grace has been kindled by these exercises, oh, we pray Thee, water that spark."

Little Bobbie—Willie Smith wanted to fight me, maw, an' I wouldn't do it.

Proud mother—That was perfectly right, Bobbie.

Little Bobbie—You bet! I did fight with him wunct an' he licked me.



### After All.

Well, we've all come back to college,  
After all.

Yes, we've all come back to college,  
Great and small.

We vow we'll never do it,  
That we never can live through it,  
But we all come back to college  
In the Fall.

—Smith College Monthly.

### Cliptomania.

Miss Finch—Why, Mr. Moss,  
you've eaten all the birdseed!

Mr. Moss—Bless me! I thought  
it was a new breakfast food.

"What was the baby crying about  
just now?"

"Freddie was trying to make him  
smile with the glove-stretcher."

A parlor sofa holds the twain,  
Miranda and her love-sick swain,  
Heandshe.

But hark! a step upon the stair,  
And papa finds them sitting there.  
He—and—she.

—Ex.

### A Mineral Spring Worth While.

City Chap—"That's a wonderful  
mineral spring. It has iron in it,  
guess."

Farmer Wayback—"Indeed it has.  
Why, ole Sol Perkins's mare drank  
out of that there spring, and, by  
Jove, she hain't been shod since.  
Her shoes just grow out natchere  
from her hoofs."

### Retort Discourteous.

Miss A. (pointedly)—"None but  
the brave, Mr. B., deserve the fair."

Mr. B.—"None but the brave can  
live with some of them."

**NEW**

Cravenetted Cloth Top

**SHOES**

IN BLACK AND BROWN

**GEO. H. STOE BENER**

6227 Penn—6222 Frankstown



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for Rent

A mountaineer of one of the back counties of North Carolina was arraigned with several others for illicit distilling.

"Defendant," asked the court, "what is your name?"

"Joshua," was the reply.

"Are you the man who made the un stand still?"

Quick as a flash came the answer: No, sir; I am the man who made the moon-shine."—Harper's Weekly.

"Dis is a purty 'blogin' ol' worl'," said Uncle Eben, "an' if you let's it git giner'ly known dat you's looking foh trouble, its mighty li'ble to 'commodate you."

Mrs. Brown—"It be very kind of you, doctor, comin' so far to see my husband."

Doctor—"Not at all. I have a patient on the way, so I can kill two birds with one stone."—Ex.

## WISSNER PIANOS

Used in Pennsylvania College for Women combine

Artistic Design,

Beautiful tone-quality,

Unsurpassed workmanship in strictly modern mechanism.

For student and professional musician.

**T. B. McCausland, Sole Agent**

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Miss Co-ed (complaining)—He didn't lift his hat!

Miss X.—Are you sure he had one on?

Miss Co-ed—Well—one of those "Freshman inkspots."—Ex.

Stern Father—That young fellow stops every night till an unearthly hour, Dora. What does your mother say about it?

Daughter—She says men haven't altered a bit since she was young, pa.

Neighbor—The baby suffers from sleeplessness, does it?

Mr. Jeroloman (haggard and hollow-eyed)—I didn't say it suffered. It seems to enjoy it. I'm the one that suffers.

### The Proposal.

He (nervously)—Er—er, Margaret—er—er, there's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months.

She—Yes, so I see—why don't you shave it off?—Ex.

## KEYSTONE DEPARTMENT STORE

811-815 WOOD STREET, WILKINSBURG, PA.

You have no idea how well, and how cheaply we frame pictures or what handsome pictures we have for sale till you see.

Dry Goods, Ladies' Ready to Wear Goods. Gloves of every kind. China and Cut Glass for Wedding or Christmas Presents.



Question—"What saving feature can you find in the girls who bluff and the girls who grind?"

Answer—"The girls who bluff will live to be cured of it, while the girls who grind will die before they can transmit it to the next generation."—Smith College Monthly.

Old Lady—Oh, officer! I feel so funny!

Officer—Have you vertigo, ma'am?

Old Lady—Yes, about a mile.

He—So you won't kiss and make up?

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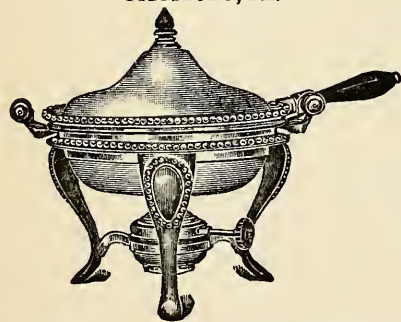
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VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 3



"HOMER" ~ CARLA ORRECKI  
AND LILLA GREEN.



"POCAHONTAS" JANE ROENICK, YERA LEWIS, CORINNE  
BRAY, EMMA COULTER ~



## POPULAR FEELING IN PARIS DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution is one of the most vivid periods in all history. It stands out in terrible distinctness. A time when men gave themselves over to their passions, to such an extent that later generations can only look breathlessly at the awful means they took to settle up the old score with the nobles; and to revenge themselves for the bitter injuries they and their fathers had borne so long. All France rose against the nobles, and, not satisfied with peaceably presenting their grievances, which they might have done with little or no bloodshed, they went further; their general hatred of the nobles driving them to unwarrantable excesses and deeds of violence.

They were filled with the idea of destruction. They tore down their government and all authority. They cast aside their religion for the empty creed of Reason, and almost all who stood for the old order of things perished.

Paris itself was a miniature France. The feeling of the French people we see intensified in the Parisians. Whatever of bloodshed and horror we find throughout France, we see increased ten-fold within the gates of Paris. The murmurings outside the city are but echoes of the thunderings within.

And yet the city was anything but gloomy during the years when the

whole country was in an upheaval. The sun was just as bright the people just as gay and the streets were thronged with merry makers as had always been the case. The people as a whole were well satisfied with themselves; for were they not destroying the old regime? For years they had longed for liberty, and now, were not the words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" over every door? The mass of the people had no fear of the guillotine. It was they who now sat in judgment, and who sent to his death regardless of innocence or guilt, everyone whom rank or fortune had marked as a favorite.

Besides many accounts of authentic history, we have the thrilling stories of many foreigners as well as Frenchmen who lived through that stormy time in Paris. For particularly vivid accounts we have the letters of an English traveller who saw all the developments which lead up to the Terror, and the time of recreating which followed, and the letters of an "English girl in Paris." There are the stories of several Frenchmen who were eye-witnesses to almost everything that took place. Especially interesting is the journal of a spy in Paris during the Terror. His name is given as "Hesdin," but although thorough research has been made to discover some trace of



anyone by that name in the employ of the English government, no record of him has been found. The name was probably given to avoid identification. He was a wood engraver who had often visited Paris in the old days and was perfectly familiar with the ancient order of things.

He describes Paris and the feeling of the people. Everywhere throughout the city there was evidence of the new spirit of liberty, or as it became through abuse—licence. Every householder was obliged to have the fateful words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" over his door, and everywhere the tri-colored flag was seen.

The royal family had already been taken prisoners, but lived in comparative comfort. It is told of Dronet that when he went to see if the Queen were really in prison, he found the little Prince playing draughts with his teacher and the Queen chatting pleasantly with her daughter and sister. Versailles was deserted, and there were many suggestions for making it useful to the people, one of which was to convert it into a great public school.

There were any number of political clubs throughout Paris: the most prominent being those known as the Jacobins and Cordeliers. Their object was to prevent conspiracies among the nobles and by agitating the people to keep the spirit of the

Revolution alive. Within these clubs many of the conspiracies of that time were begun. One of the best known was that lead by Dillon. He wanted to re-establish the monarchy, by seizing the Prince and proclaiming him king. The plan was to assemble and while one division took the Prince and carried him away, the others would enter the Convention and force the committee to declare him King, making Marie Antoinette, Regent. This was but one of the hundreds of plots which were being made all the time.

At one time when the Guillotine was receiving more than its usual number of victims, the women whose husbands and children were being led to the scaffold, entered the Convention weeping and pleading. They were turned out almost without being heard. That afternoon nine innocent men who had been condemned without trial, came into the Convention as assassins. Later they themselves were put to death, though not before several of the leaders in the Convention had been silenced forever.

The great Marat did not meet death thus while at his duties in the Convention, but was killed by a girl. She was a maid of Normandy, the Joan d'Arc of the Revolution, Charlotte Corday by name. Throughout France the people felt that Marat was the great instigator of the unlimited bloodshed which



was going on. She, in behalf of her people, came to put this enemy, the "Friend of the People," as he called himself, out of the way. She first went to his hotel to see him, where his wife told her he was ill and could see no one. Not to be outdone thus easily, she wrote him a note saying she had important news for him. At the appointed time she was admitted. She had written, some time before, an address justifying the deed she was about to commit. He was afflicted with the terrible disease of leprosy, and had to spend a great deal of his time in the water, and when she entered he was in the bath with a sheet thrown over it and a board in front of him serving as a desk. The details of his death are extremely gruesome. During the argument which took place, she plunged a knife into his side, and though he was rescued almost immediately he died very soon. She, a beautiful young girl in a large hat and simple white dress, sat in the midst of the turbulent mob, calm and less affected by the dreadful scene before her than any of the others. He was shown to the public, as he had died, "writing for the people," and feeling was very much against the young assassin. She was tried and sent to the scaffold. Now she is much revered and is one of the heroines of France. When her history and ancestry were looked up,

the French found they had killed a great-granddaughter of Corneille.

Under Robespierre conditions were worse if that could be: blood was shed more profusely than ever. His aim seemed to be "the steady elimination of parties and individuals, for his own benefit." Still the tri-color was worn everywhere. The adaptability of the French is shown by an observation made by the Spy. He says the ladies wore the tri-color as an ornament and their feelings were shown by the way they wore it. Extreme patriotism was expressed by a large tri-color between the breasts, and moderation of the colors were worn peeping out from under the curls.

In spite of this lightness of spirit want was becoming more prevalent. The fact that there was an announcement made to the citizens that one thousand loaves of sugar had been received shows the scarcity of supplies. They considered at one time starting public bake shops. One of the narrators says that Paris was literally on rations for a time. Each person received a baker's card at the maximum price for as much bread as the municipals considered sufficient. Great crowds went every day to the "queues," where bread was distributed, and patiently waited their turns. Bribery and injustice soon entered here, and for a little money those who came late could



take their places in front of those who had stood for hours.

The army was very poorly kept and sympathy for the soldiers was universal. Though the unpopularity of the government was increasing, those at the head of affairs had gone so far as to offer rewards to any who would hunt down aristocrats who were hiding in the city, thereby multiplying the hatred already felt for them.

The people were intensely interested in these opening scenes of the Revolution. The freedom which was given them in expressing their ideas is shown by a play called the "Madness of King George," which was given at this time. The coming Revolution was predicted in the most absurd manner, yet it drew enthusiastic audiences.

As the Spy was a wood engraver we get from his memoirs the point of view of the artist. The people had been taught to believe that the Republican was the form of government most favorable to art. But they did not remember that in Greece and Rome the work had all been done by slaves. And at this time the lower classes had a growing dislike for work of any kind. Whether they had a right to eat the bread of others did not occur to them. Licence, coarseness and ignorance had become the emblems of

democratic virtue, all reverence for the past seemed to have left the France of that day. The monuments of their past history were now held in derision everywhere, and as yet they had found nothing worthy to be put in their places. A popular actress representing Reason, was a poor substitute for religious ideals of the past.

Gradually the gayety in the streets disappeared. The "Tenth Day," which replaced Sunday, was "ten times more gloomy than any Sabbath under Cromwell could have been." Paris became a different place: the very people were not the same. "Only the eternal white dust of the streets" was as it had been. Men like Robespierre were the idols of the people and Versailles had become a den of thieves.

The real "Reign of Terror" followed with all its gruesome details. France emerged, blood stained, exhausted, with but few men capable of ruling left to her. But she was ready to begin to lay the foundation of a new government, and a new nation. It was not done in a day, but in years in which France worked out her own salvation in her own way. A new nation did arise, and though the Republic is still in an experimental stage we may say, we have indeed "The New France."

Mary Mellon, '08.



## FAIRY FORESTS.

(In the prize poem contests, the award of merit fell to Miss Lilla Greene. As the board of editors do not wish to be considered as competitors in this contest, the medal is withheld.)

It was in the forest lands, in the silent woodlands,

Where the mighty trees hid the sun;

It was there in the forest lands, in the shadowed places

Where I roamed when tasks were done.

On the moss I lay and dreamed in quiet twilight,

When the birds were cooing soft,

When the crickets and insects were humming lightly,

When the trees were sighing aloft.

Then the shadows lengthened; sleep overcame the birdlings,

And 'twas silent, silent and still;

But my eyes were misty, filled with a magic softness,

For my soul was lost to the wind's will.

Through the leaves the winds sighed softly, and called me away,—

And they called me far from the night

From the woodland's silence called the strong-voiced wind-spirits,  
And they sighed and sobbed in their flight:

Come away, come away, little child,  
Softly we caress thee;

Come away, come away, little child,  
Where the fairies bless thee.

In the silence then my soul understood the voices

Of the spirits of the clear air;

I was drawn by strains of music, most sweet and sad,

Of all sounds of song, the most rare.

And the fond and fairy spirits as they were dancing

Sang me tales, weird, charming things;

Told the strangest story of the fair wind-blown forests

Where the wind of love ever sings:

Stay with me, stay with me, little child,

Wooded by love far the purest;

Stay with me, stay with me, little child,

Blessed by love that endurest.

L. A. G., '08.



## THE GIFT OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve in a western city. The sleet was falling fast upon the pavements, making the streets almost impassable. It beat against the window panes of the houses with a dreary sound which ordinarily would have made those within shiver and draw closer to the fire. To-night, however, they were too happy thinking of the joyful morrow to care for the sleet and rain.

But in one house, the signs of Christmas cheer were few. In the little parlor where the blinds were drawn and the lights turned low, a woman sat before the fire. Margaret Everton was thinking deeply as a glance at her weary face would have shown. All alone on Christmas Eve she was thinking over the changes twenty years had brought. Everything seemed to come back to her that evening more clearly than ever before.

One summer day, twenty years ago, Margaret was standing looking across the fields, from the door of the farm house which was then her home. Suddenly a voice called, "Maggie! Maggie!" and she turned and entered the house. Her mother lay upon the couch waiting for her. "Did you want me, mamma?" said the girl.

"Yes, I must talk to you," her mother answered. "Maggie, are

you counting very much on going back to school again this fall?"

The girl caught her breath suddenly.

"I—I don't know," she said in a low voice.

She could say nothing more.

Her mother's face showed the pain that she felt.

"Oh, Maggie," she said, "if only you could go. But I don't see how you can. If I were well again, of course I wouldn't think of asking it. Perhaps next year"—and her voice broke.

"Mamma, mamma," said Margaret, hurriedly, "you know I can't go. I couldn't think of leaving you with the children and everything. Of course it's a little disappointment, but never mind, mamma, I don't really care so much."

But even as she spoke she felt the tears coming and hastily kissing her mother she left the room.

The mother's lips quivered. "If there only was some other way," she murmured. "Margie is so good, and it is dreadfully hard for her."

Meanwhile Margaret was standing at the door, fighting to gain control of herself. She dared not think of what she was giving up, for she well knew it meant that she could never go back to her college work again.



"But there is no one else," she said to herself.

Little Stella came running up the path to her sister but Margaret pushed her back.

"Run away, Stella, I don't want"——

But then regretting her sharpness, she lifted the little girl and carried her into the house. As she entered her mother's room, Mrs. Everton looked at her anxiously, but was satisfied with what she saw.

"I know I can trust Maggie," she thought.

The months dragged wearily by. The tasks which fell into Margaret's hands seemed countless. But still she struggled on, caring for her mother and the children. When the spring-time came, the mother's place was vacant, and Margaret was left alone to help her father and care for the little brothers and sisters.

Years passed by in this quiet life, little duties filling every moment. Gradually Margaret gave up the hope of ever being, as she said, "worth anything." The younger children were sent away to school and college, but the housekeeper could not be spared. She was too weary to study when her daily work was done, and all her girlhood's dreams seemed to have been useless.

"I might as well have never hoped for it," she sometimes thought a little bitterly. "I might have been happier than I am."

But it was only to herself she said it.

And now, after twenty years, she felt it worse than ever. The utter stillness of the house gave only too much opportunity for bitter thoughts to come. For Margaret's hands seemed so empty now, and her heart was more lonely still. They were all gone now. Father and mother were dead and so was Stella—little Stella with her bright sweet face and the loving impulsiveness that had so often comforted Margaret when she was weary. Clyde and Kittie were married and away, and at last even baby Marie had kissed her sister good-bye and gone.

Twenty years ago! The lovely woman beside the fire sighed again. Only last week Marie had gone away, and how desolate the place seemed! Margaret had not had the heart to make the rooms bright with holly and evergreen. It would seem like mockery. And though her brother and sisters had all urged her to come and spend Christmas with them, she preferred to stay alone and "realize things."

She was thinking of them all evening—of her boy, Clyde, of gentle Kittie, of gay, bright Stella, and last of all, of her baby Marie. She had been so proud of these, her children, and now they belonged to her no longer. And then the sister's mind returned to her earlier dreams of college training and college life.



"If I had only had that," she thought, "I might have been of some use now. But what I have loved all my life is gone, and I have nothing—nothing."

Suddenly the bell rang sharply—so sharply that Margaret started at the sound. As she rose to answer it she wondered vaguely who was coming so late on Christmas Eve.

"Is it you, Marge?" asked a voice breathlessly.

As Margaret opened the door wide she recognized the woman standing on the step. She was a former classmate, a friend whom she had not seen for several months. As the two entered the house together, Margaret noticed that the visitor was very carefully carrying a very large bundle. It was evidently heavy for Mrs. Carter sat down hurriedly on the nearest chair.

"You see I've brought her, Margaret," she said.

"Brought—whom? I don't understand."

"Don't understand? Didn't you get my letter?"

"Your letter—there was a letter. It must be mislaid. I remember seeing your writing but I put it aside for the time and forgot"——

A cry from the bundle interrupted them. Instantly Margaret was on her knees beside her friend.

"Grace Carter," she said almost indignantly.

"This a baby! Give her to me, Grace. What does this mean?"

"I wrote to you," said Mrs. Carter, utterly dismayed. "I said her people were dead and that there was no one to take her unless you did. I thought you might do it since all the children have left home. I told you that if you didn't answer I would bring her. My train was late and I had an awful time, and I lost my way, and the baby must be soaked, for I couldn't hold my umbrella"——

But Margaret did not hear, for she was already half way up stairs, with the child in her arms. Poor Mrs. Carter followed, explaining confusedly.

"Will you keep her, Margaret," she asked, pleadingly.

Margaret turned to face her.

"Keep her," she cried, "I wouldn't give her up for anything. You don't know what you did for me, Grace, when you brought her here to-night."

She said it again when half an hour later she said good-bye to Grace, who insisted that she must go at once to her sister, who, a few doors away, was anxiously expecting her. And she said it in her heart when she put her face against the soft cheek of the sleeping baby as she laid her down.

Then she went back again to the little parlor. The fire had almost burned out, but she sat down again



before it with bowed head. She could hardly understand the joy the child had brought. It was someone to love, someone to care for, someone who would depend upon her for guidance. But it seemed as if the baby sleeping up stairs so peacefully had done more for her than that. Everything seemed clear to Margaret now. Somehow she understood that though she had missed much in her girlhood, she had received much, and that perhaps even what she had lost—the training she had longed for—had been of help to her. It had made her sympathetic, tender for others' hopes and desires, made her ready to help others onward that they might win what she had never gained—just as she was ready

to help this little child who had come into her home. She could not see how the child had taught her all this, but it seemed as if she had.

"And she will be a year old tomorrow, Grace says," Margaret whispered. "She is a Christmas child, bless her."

And she added softly:

"God make me thankful for this Christmas gift."

Outside the storm had ceased. The streets were silent. The throngs of people had sought their homes. It was early morning—Christmas morning, and the peace and joy of the Christmastide had come to Margaret Everton.

Anna Willson, '06.

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### AMALFI, ITALY.

---

All the afternoon we had been driving along that road of beautiful views which skirt the Salernian Bay south of Naples, with the blue Mediterranean on our left and the mountains rising precipitously on our right. It was nearly sunset when our carriage stopped at the foot of the stone stairway which zig-zags up the face of the cliff, and men with chairs begged to be allowed to carry us up. We refused, although it did look like a wearisome climb, and we were anxious to reach the monastery far above where we were to spend the night. This old Capuchin mon-

astery has stood on the heights above Amalfi since the thirteenth century. Some years ago it was closed as a monastery by royal edict, but it was soon afterward opened as a hotel by a retired brigand. In such a strange place with such an unusual host we were seeking rest that night.

We started up the stairway but at every turn we stopped to gaze out over the blue waters of the bay or down at the little town which clung to the promontory at our left. The houses were built of plaster and were of different colors, pink, buff, and terra cotta. The slope was so



steep that they rose in tiers one above the other. Behind the village were bare rocks with here and there a patch of green and high up on the crags one lone pine tree, outlined against the sky.

As we neared the monastery we marvelled at the wealth of trees and shrubbery which care and perseverance had induced to grow on what would have seemed to us an impossible slope. There is a natural shelf in the cliff at this point and terraces have been made above and below so that on one level is an orange grove, on a lower level a vegetable garden and still lower, almost overhanging the precipice, the garden walk, over-arched with trellised vines, bordered with rose bushes and luxuriant ivy-geraniums, sweeping around the face of the cliff from the monastery to the opposite headland.

But we were now close under the white walls of the monastery itself. Another flight and we were at the entrance. Passing through the long white hall we were shown to our rooms, plain and white and bare, once the cells of monks. The few moments of daylight left were hardly sufficient to permit us to visit the old chapel, left just as it was in the days when the monks were there, with the quiet cloisters adjoining where they were wont to pace in deep meditation.

We dined in the old refectory and enjoyed especially the luscious oranges which had ripened in the monastery gardens. After dinner we hurried out on the little balcony on which our room opened. The moon had risen and the moonlight was streaming in a path of gold across the bay. From the town whose lights shone out far below the sound of music floated up to us. The glory of the night and the witchery of the place held us there for hours.

Our time of rest was short for at early dawn we were out again. Out under the trellised arbor, hurrying along the garden walk where the roses and the great bunches of ivy-geraniums were now wet with dew, up the steps, and then following the winding path which led through the grove, up and up from one height to another until finally we pass through a ruined gateway and stand on the summit in a garden of poppies, shaded by olive trees.

From the parapet we look down into a deep ravine where the rows of white houses lie in tiers and the green terraces wind in parallel rows far back into the heart of the ridge. We can hear the gentle splashing of water far below, the cathedral bells are chiming and around us birds are singing. Now the sun, long-risen, first shows his face from behind the next headland. It is time for us to descend for the carriages are already waiting at the foot of the stairway.



Longfellow has voiced the feelings  
of all those who have ever visited  
Amalfi in the words:

"Sweet the memory is to me  
Of a land beyond the sea  
Where the waves and mountains  
meet;  
Where, amid her mulberry trees,  
Sits Amalfi in the heat  
Bathing ever her white feet  
In the tideless summer seas.

"Lord of vineyards and of lands  
Far above, the convent stands,  
On its terraced walk, aloof  
Leans a monk with folded hands,  
Placed, satisfied, serene,

Looking down upon the scene  
Over wall and red-tiled roof.

"This is an enchanted land!  
Round the headland far away  
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay.  
Farther still and farthermost  
On the dim discovered coast,  
Pesturn with its ruins lies  
And the roses, all in bloom,  
Seem to tinge the fatal skies,  
Of that lovely land of doom.

"Comes this memory of delight  
Comes this vision unto me  
Of a long-lost Paradise  
In the land beyond the sea."  
—D. E. L.

—o—  
**CHRISTMAS TIME.**  
—

Hale winter in his frosty crown  
Is ruling o'er the earth,  
And with him comes gay Christmas  
time  
With jollity and mirth.

Old Santa Claus is busy now  
A counting up his toys,  
And packing up his sleigh with  
things  
For little girls and boys.

The lighted shops are decked with  
green,  
The holly-wreaths appear,  
And everyone is happy now  
For Christmas is so near.

The smell of pine is in the air;  
The smell of pine is sweet,  
But sweeter from the kitchen comes  
The smell of things to eat.

The mince pies and the pumpkin  
pies,  
And then, the fruit cake, too,  
From rows upon the pantry shelves  
Smile temptingly at you.

The house is full of secrets now  
And bundles large and small;  
For each one holds a mystery,  
Surprises for us all.



Yes, Christmas time is coming fast  
With lots of noise and fun,  
And may, indeed, be brought to each  
A very merry one.

M. M., '11.

—o—

It is gratifying to note that our  
new students are showing a loyal in-

terest in Sorosis. Most of the material presented for the prize contest came from our youngest class. While the main support of a college paper must always come from the older students and the ranks of the alumnae, the whole student body has an important part.

Sorosis welcomes 1911!

—o—

### HOLLY BERRY.

(Prize Story.)

Peggy sat on the rug stringing pink and white pop corn for the Christmas tree. The fire raced merrily up the chimney and the snow fell past the window like a white veil.

Peggy sniffed the delicious odor of pine, coming from the back parlor, with dreamy expectancy. All day odd-shaped packages had been smuggled into that room. Mamma and sister Phoebe had been hurrying back and forth with secrets hidden in their aprons. It was all certainly very mysterious and how little Peggy did long for just one peep into that enchanted room.

"Just think, Jerusalem, to-morrow is really Christmas!" She hugged poor Jerusalem until he meowed pitiously. Then she picked up her pink and white string and continued her monotonous counting. It took so long to string pop-corn and it took miles of it to trim a tree!

"Hello, Peggy! Is that you?" asked a queer little voice.

Peggy started and stared with all her might. There on the hearth was a little man, all in red with a holly wreath on his head. His countenance was beaming with fun behind the soot which covered it.

"Why, you're just the person I'm after," he clucked. "Wasn't that a fine guess? Just heard a cat squeeling and knew there must be a little girl around some where. Well, come along. He's waiting for you."

"Who? Where? Who are you?" gasped Peggy in amazement.

"I'm Holly Berry. Santa Claus sent me for you. So hurry along because he wants you upon a matter of great importance."

He gave her a roquish wink and pulled her by the arm into the open grate and up the wide chimney. She seemed no larger than her tiny guide. She could easily get into the wee sleigh waiting for them by the



library chimney. There were Donner and Blitzen, and Dasher and Pranser, too. Peggy clapped her hands with delight.

Away they whizzed through the air. She was frightened but would not have allowed Holly Berry to know it for the world. On they sped for miles, when suddenly they bumped right through a cloud and fell down, down, down!

Peggy struck something and scrambled to her feet. Holly Berry, sleigh, and all had disappeared. She was standing in a large room. There were shelves and shelves of beautiful toys all round the walls, and a work bench stood at a window. Before the cheerful fire lay a sled half finished. It was Santa's work-shop, just as it was in Peggy's little story book at home.

"Well, well, so here you are at last," and there stood Santa Claus, as little, round and jolly as ever, his eyes twinkling merrily under his heavy white eyebrows. "Now we'll get right to work. I've been too busy this year so I want you to choose something for each of your friends. Come over this way."

He led Peggy to one end of a large shelf and the work began. For the baby there was a Noah's Ark all complete with Mr. Noah, Mrs. Noah and all the animals, deporting themselves with becoming gravity. A lovely go-to-sleep doll for Miriam. (Her last year's doll, Johanna, must

always look straight ahead, poor dear.)

It was glorious choosing among all those splendid toys. The gayest of gay dollies, and little white lambs and piggies nodded their heads at Peggy quite friendly. A tiny little black doggie on wheels seemed to bark playfully at her as she passed. Surely she was dreaming. But no, there were the toys on all sides, sparkling in the fire light, and there was Santa Claus, too, beside her.

Too soon the time came to go home. The tiny sleigh and its driver were called and Peggy was tucked snugly in again. As they darted away she heard Santa's voice dying away in the distance, "Merry Christmas." Over snowy housetops and high church spires they flew until they stopped suddenly by Peggy's own library chimney. Holly Berry seized Peggy by the arm and down the chimney they dropped and out onto the rug.

"Merry Christmas, Peggy, Merry Christmas!" Holly Berry stood bobbing her farewell upon the hearth. But as she looked he seemed to melt slowly away. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. She was gazing at a red coal that had tumbled out of the grate.

Jerusalem seemed to blink knowingly at the coal and then at Peggy as much as to say, "You have only been dreaming, my dear."

Menerva Hamilton, '11.



## SKETCHES.

## The Little Boy in the White Sailor Suit.

Jo walked along with his hands in his pockets whistling with all his might. The day was bright and warm and he felt at peace with the world. He looked rather scornfully at a small boy in a white sailor suit clinging to his nurse's hand. Just as the little boy got opposite him he began to cry with all his might.

"What's the matter, Master Archie," said the nurse in distress; "you mustn't cry, it might make you ill."

"I forgot to take my medicine," sobbed the child, "go and get it, Jane."

The nurse, catching sight of Jo, called, "Come here and look after Master Archie until I come back," and then she hurried away.

The little boy in the white sailor suit watched her go. Gradually a wicked smile crept over his face. From the depths of one of his pockets he pulled out a small brown bottle and threw it as far as he could, watching it, with satisfaction, smash on the sidewalk. Then without a word he ran down the street. Jo followed, he didn't want to look after the boy, neither did he want anything to happen to him; he was so small and looked so timid.

Presently they came to where a woman stood sprinkling her lawn. As the boys came up she laid down the hose and turned to shut off the water. Quick as a flash Master Archie grabbed the hose and turned it upon her. The woman turned around in a rage. Master Archie had dropped the hose and was standing with an expression of innocent wonder on his face. The woman never thought of blaming him but turned her threats and reproaches on Jo. The little boy ran on down the street and Jo followed in anger.

A little further they came to a fruit stand. Here the little boy stopped long enough to fill his blouse with fruit and then ran on again. Jo heard the shouts of the angry dealer as they ran along. Up one street and down another they ran until at last they had to stop for lack of breath.

As soon as he could speak Jo turned fiercely on the little boy. "What do you mean by getting me into such a mess?"

He got no further for he was pushed aside by a finely dressed woman who clasped Master Archie to her and called him her own little angel.



"As for you," she said, turning to Jo, "You're a bad boy to take little Archie away, the nurse and I have been looking everywhere for him."

Jo walked slowly away, he felt it

was not necessary to look after the little boy any longer. "But I never would have thought he was an angel," he said softly to himself.

Julia H. Officer, '11.

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### THE PRINCESS.

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The afternoon sunshine filtering through the leaves of the old elm, fell upon a grotesque little figure seated on the rustic bench under the tree. To the eyes of common-place grown-ups she was merely an ordinary little girl dressed in an old silk of her mother's, with an old lace curtain pinned to her shoulders. However, one who was wise and really understood, might see a beautiful princess attired in splendid robes with a wonderful train of real lace.

The princess sat with stately grace upon her throne. Her courtiers and maidens vied in praising her and a minstrel sang of her beauty and wisdom. But she was preoccupied and anxiously awaited a courier who was to bring news from the battle front. For, indeed, the princess had been waging a long and bitter war with the enemy, and now both sides had

agreed to let the issue be decided by a contest between two of their bravest knights. Moreover, she had promised to bestow her heart and hand upon the knight who would overthrow the powerful champion of the enemy. To the great joy of the princess, the brave, splendid Sir Gallant Knight, whom she loved best, had offered himself as her champion. Thus with anxious heart she was awaiting the news of the contest.

Suddenly: "Emily Mary, where are you? Come here immediately, I have been looking for you for nearly an hour!" An anxious maternal voice was heard; the princess reluctantly forsook her kingdom, and a little girl with a gorgeous lace train climbed down from her seat and walked slowly toward the house.

Clarissa Blakeslee, '11.

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### A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF MISS LOUISA VAN STYVESANT JONES, OCT. 18, 2000.

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I was a guest at a reception at Cousin Mary's this evening. I had to start rather early in order to reach there on time, for Pittsburg is such

a rural little community that the service on our air lines is not very good. The subterranean route would have been quicker but I am rather



timid about new departures, and so decided in favor of the safe and staid old air line. As one of the stations is on the top of our apartment house, it took me only a minute to go up on the self-running elevator, for we live on the sixty-ninth floor.

For a wonder the 10:30 was on time. When I got on I noticed that the other passengers were talking excitedly about something. Inquiring of the conductor, I found that the President of the North Pole Republic had his private ship attached to ours. I was not much interested for I have seen him before. He is very cold and distant. They say that he is the most difficult to approach of any chief executive of the globe—probably because he stands in a higher position than any other.

The journey was made without incident, except that we might have had a serious accident above the Hawaiian Islands. Our ship ran into a storm cloud at full speed and

while wandering about in it, almost had a collision with a ship bound for Greenland. Our pilot, by turning on the search light just in time, avoided an accident.

We arrived in Tokio half an hour late. Mary's auto-ship was waiting for me. I having telephoned by the wireless what ship I would come by. Mary welcomed me very hospitably. She looks much the same although somewhat worn by the social whirl of a gay capital.

The reception was a great success. There were several "lions." One was a lord from Newland in Madagascar; another Madame Ladowski, a member of the President of Russia's Cabinet; and the third was the United States Ambassador to Japan (I have heard that people of his color were once slaves, but I don't believe it). All together the gathering was most pleasant and I spent a very enjoyable evening.

Rosalie Supplee, '11.

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### THE PIECE OF SULPHUR.

---

Among the choicest relies

That hang on my den's wall,  
Is a little piece of sulphur,

That seemeth the best of all;  
Not for its beautiful color,

Sparkling like diamonds rare;  
Not for its delightful odor,

For surely there's not much there;  
Not for the things it came from,

For they are now at rest,

Nor for the thing it is now,  
It seemeth to me the best.

We once had a laboratory  
With windows tall and wide,  
'Way up in a third story,  
Our chemicals we tried.

The lessons were most interesting,  
And free except for the glass



Which cruelly cut our fingers  
 When we broke it in the elsas;  
 But this was not the best part,  
 The choicest was yet to come;  
 'Twas connected with the sulphur,  
 Which hangeth there cold and  
 glum;

For what could come of sulphur,  
 True not much of itself,  
 But walk on a little farther,

And you find upon the shelf,  
 A bottle containing a sulphide,  
 Quite harmless used alone,  
 But mixed with 'phuric acid;  
 It drove us from the room.  
 Therefore, of all the relics,  
 That hang on my den's wall,  
 That little piece of sulphur  
 Seemeth the best of all.

Elma M. Trussell, '11.

## == P L A Y ==

# "DAVID GARRICK"

By the Alumnæ of

Pennsylvania College for Women

Thursday Evening, December 12th

— AND —

Friday Evening, December 13th,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

DILWORTH HALL, WOODLAND ROAD

TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR





Lilla A. Greene, '08..... Editor-in-Chief  
 Virginia G. Marshall, '08..... Business Manager

#### Assistant Editors.

Irma Beard, '09..... Literary  
 Ethel Tassey, '10..... Personals, Alumnae, College Notes  
 Margaret Greene, '11..... Exchange  
 Eva Cohen, '09..... Assistant Business Manager

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#### EDITORIAL.

A few minutes ago the editor-in-chief was sitting at her desk, trying hard to think of some original way in which to wish the readers of the Sorosis "A Merry Christmas," when she heard a child singing:

"Christmas is coming, the turkeys  
 are fat,  
 Please put a penny in the old man's  
 hat."

Yes, Christmas is coming and with it the turkey. We expect to receive



gifts and to eat turkey with our friends. There will be good cheer and happiness but let us remember that all our happiness is not the result of what we get but far more of what we give. If it is no more than "a penny in the old man's hat," it

is going to mean a little happiness for someone.

The Sorosis hopes that all its readers will enter into the pure joy-giving spirit of the Christmas season and have a very pleasant and restful vacation.

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### STUDENTS' LECTURE COURSE AND ALUMNAE PLAY.

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The Alumnae this year are showing their loyalty to their Alma Mater in various ways. They have the welfare of the college at heart. Among the Alumnae Decade Club II. is indicating its interest by raising money for the Students' Lecture Course.

The first lecture was given November 5th in Dilworth Hall, where the students, Faculty, Alumnae, and friends gathered to hear Miss Jane Addams. Miss Addams is a foremost leader in settlement work and is at the head of Hull House, in Chicago. In her address she told about English and American settlement work, tracing their growth and influence. Miss Addams was particularly interesting when describing the work at Hull House and the wonderful help toward better living that is given to the foreign population in Chicago. She also told personal incidents which made the work more vivid and won the sympathy of all in this great effort to make life easier for the foreigners who find it difficult to get accustomed to American

ways. Miss Addams's manner was charming. One could not help but feel an interest in a work in which she herself is so vitally interested. Everyone enjoyed the lecture; the students especially wish to express their gratitude to the Alumnae for enabling them to enjoy the lecture.

In order to raise money to pay for the Students' Lecture Course, Decade Club II. is to give a play on the evenings of December 12th and 13th. The play is T. W. Robertson's arrangement of "David Garrick" and is under the management of Miss Kerst, teacher of expression at the College.

The cast is as follows:

David Garrick .....  
 ....Miss Eleanor Fitzgibbon, '03  
 Mr. Simon Ingot .....  
 ....Miss Rebekah Eggers, '04  
 Squire Chivy. Miss Edna McKee, '04  
 Mr. Smith.... Miss Jessie Gray, '04  
 Mr. Browne. Miss Bessie Johnson, '07  
 Mr. Jones .....  
 .... Miss Edith L. Edeburn, '96  
 Thomas.... Miss Clara Niebaum, '07



George (Garriçh's valet) .....  
 ..... Miss Ellen McKee, '07  
 Ida Ingot ... Miss Edith Allison, '07  
 Mrs. Smith... Miss Nancy Blair, '04  
 Miss Araminta Brown .....

..... Miss Lida Young, '04  
 For a better understanding of the  
 play the following synopsis is given:

Period 1742.

Acts I. and II.—Apartment in  
 Mr. Ingot's house.

Act III.—Library.

"This comedy is founded upon an  
 apocryphal anecdote of the great En-  
 glish actor, Ada Ingot, the daughter  
 of a wealthy East Indian director,  
 having fallen in love with David  
 Garrich, while witnessing his per-  
 formances, her father entices the  
 player to his house and there pro-  
 poses to pay him a large sum of  
 money to leave the stage, if not the  
 country. Ingot desires his daughter  
 to marry Chivy, a horse-racing, wine-  
 drinking squire, whom she heartily  
 despises. Garrich suggests to the  
 merchant to extend to him an invi-  
 tation to dinner, promising that he  
 would so behave as to induce Ada to  
 accept for her husband the man of  
 Ingot's selection. After dinner and  
 during the evening, the actor imi-  
 tates inebrity and conducts himself  
 in such a manner as to insult the  
 company and to disgust the young  
 lady. After his retirement, Chivy,  
 besotted with wine, reveals to Ingot,  
 in the hearing of his daughter, that,  
 having casually met with Garrich

later in the evening, at a Convent  
 Garden Club, the actor had conferred  
 the trick he had played, and had ac-  
 cepted a challenge to fight a duel  
 with a buck, who had spoken disre-  
 spectfully of the merchant and of  
 Ada. Convinced of Garrich's love  
 for her, Miss Ingot hurries to his  
 lodgings, at an early hour, to avert  
 the duel, where she is surprised by  
 the unexpected arrival of her father  
 and cousin. Garrich appears, and il-  
 lustrates the nobility of his true  
 character to such a degree that the  
 merchant discards Chivy as a son-in-  
 law and entreats the actor to accept  
 the hand of his daughter, in this  
 wise verifying the correctness of his  
 promise that Ada should marry the  
 man of her father's choice."

The Alumnae are eager and en-  
 thusiastic about this play. They  
 have been spending their time for  
 college interests and earnestly hope  
 to have large audiences on both  
 Thursday and Friday evenings. It  
 seems no more than right that all  
 should show their appreciation by at-  
 tending "David Garrich." Each one  
 will not only have an enjoyable time  
 but will also be helping the Alumnae  
 in the work for P. C. W.

## RESULT OF CONTESTS.

### Short Story.

Prize Story—Holly Berry by Min-  
 erva Hamilton, '11.

Honorable Mention—A Question  
 of Honor, by Mabel Crow, '11.



**Poetry.**

First Place—Fairy Forest, by  
Lilla Greene, '08.

Honorable Mention—The Land of  
Youth by Lilla Greene, '08.

—o—  
**ALUMNAE.**

Alumnae "doings" are conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that so many of the Alumnae are spending most of their time upon the play which we soon hope to enjoy.

Miss Jennie Burgher, '82, was married to Mr. W. H. Butterfield, in California, October 5th.

Mrs. Estella Abrahm Sherwood, '82, of Chicago, has announced the marriage of her daughter.

Miss Jennie McSherry is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever at Chicago, where she has been visiting for the last two months.

In this number of the Sorosis there is a story, "The Gift of Christmas Eve," by Miss Anna Willson, '06.

Recently a daughter was born to Mrs. John Mason Young (Annie D. Montgomery, '02).

All are urged not to forget the Alumnae play, "David Garrick,"

The editor-in-chief wishes to express her thanks to Mr. Godwin, of the Dispatch, who so kindly allowed the Sorosis to use the cuts, representing tableaux of the Collegiate Alumnae entertainment.

which is to be given in Dilworth Hall on the evenings of the 12th and 13th.

—o—  
**WHY ARE YOU STUDYING?**

Is it because father and mother send you to college and you wish to please them?

Is it because you are ambitious to stand high in the estimation of your teachers and companions?

Is it because sometime you expect to teach and must know in order to command a fine salary?

Is it because you wish to be able to make a favorable impression upon the people with whom you come in contact, to be able to meet them, as it were?

None of these reasons are sufficient or to be compared to having learned to study for the real knowing joy.

Think girls! if you go into a gallery of pictures which ones do you enjoy most; is it not the ones with which you are in some way familiar? You know the subject or know the artist or have seen and know the landscape or know the history or



story of the picture. That is the one that pleases. Or is it an Oriental rug. You enjoy it so much more if you know the joy it so much more if you know the lancet leaf or saw tooth, or profile flower or cartouche with its inscription and their legend or meaning, for each one is a symbol, or know how many knots are tied to the square inch, or the details of the loom and weaving process, or how the colors are aged, or if it is a tapestry of the history portrayed, or of the lives of the workers.

If you pay a visit to the Carnegie sculptures is it not the piece of statuary that you are familiar with that your eye invariably seeks, or if in the architectural room and you had never read of or seen the Cathedral at Sienna would you be apt to notice or enjoy the beauty of the east there of that famous pulpit. Just try it and see next time you go there and I feel sure that you will find proof that knowing does add to your sum of happiness and the joy of living.

Mary B. Miller, '77.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

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#### Calendar.

- Dec. 6th—Bazaar.  
 Freshman Dance.  
 11th—Dramatic Club Meeting.  
 12th—Alumnae play, "David Garrick."  
 13th—Alumnae play, "David Garrick."  
 16th—Omega Meeting.  
 19th—Christmas celebration.  
 20th—January 6th, Christmas vacation.

#### Vespers.

- Dec. 8th—Miss Coolidge.  
 15th—Christmas Musicales under direction of Miss Drais.

#### Y. W. C. A.

- Dec. 4th—Subject: Utility of Gratitude. Leader, Jaenette Roenigh.  
 11th—Mission Study Class. Leader, Miss Gren.  
 18th—Subject, Christmas. Leader, Miss Coolidge.

On the 6th of December, afternoon and evening, a Bazaar will be held in the drawing rooms and reception rooms. This is under the charge of Miss Myrtle Grow. The object is to raise money for the scholarship in Otaru, Japan, which the Y. W. C. A. of the college has been accustomed to give for several years, and also for the Silver Bay Fund.



At the Y. W. C. A. meeting of November 13th, Mrs. Schuman, lately of Buenos Ayres, talked to the members about Y. W. C. A. work in that city. Mrs. Schuman told of the different classes of girls the Y. W. C. A. was able to reach. They are able to better the condition of the poorer class, find homes and good boarding houses for the working class, and to give a great deal of help to the wealthy class whose burden in life seems to be the chaperone and lack of exercise.

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### OMEGA SOCIETY.

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The regular meeting of the Omega Society was held on the 21st of November, when Miss Kerst and Mr. Putnam were present as guests. The romantic element in the novels of Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling were discussed. The program was as follows:

- Criticism ..... Lilla Greene, '08  
     Stevenson and Kipling.  
 Sketch ..... Mary Mellon, '08  
     "David Balfour."  
 Sketch ..... Carla Jarecki, '09  
     "Weir of Hermiston."  
 Piano Selection.  
 Sketch ..... Edith Allison, '07  
     "The Light That Failed."  
 Sketch ..... Eva Cohen, '09  
     "They."

Omega Song.

At the December meeting there will be an informal discussion of the

novels of Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Henry James.

Miss Coolidge and Mr. Putnam have been invited to become honorary members of the Omega.

On the 26th of November the Omega Society attended a lecture by Mrs. Margaret Deland. She spoke on the "Change In the Feminine Ideal," with readings from her unpublished works. This lecture was under the patronage of the Pittsburgh Mt. Holyoke Alumnae Association.

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### THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

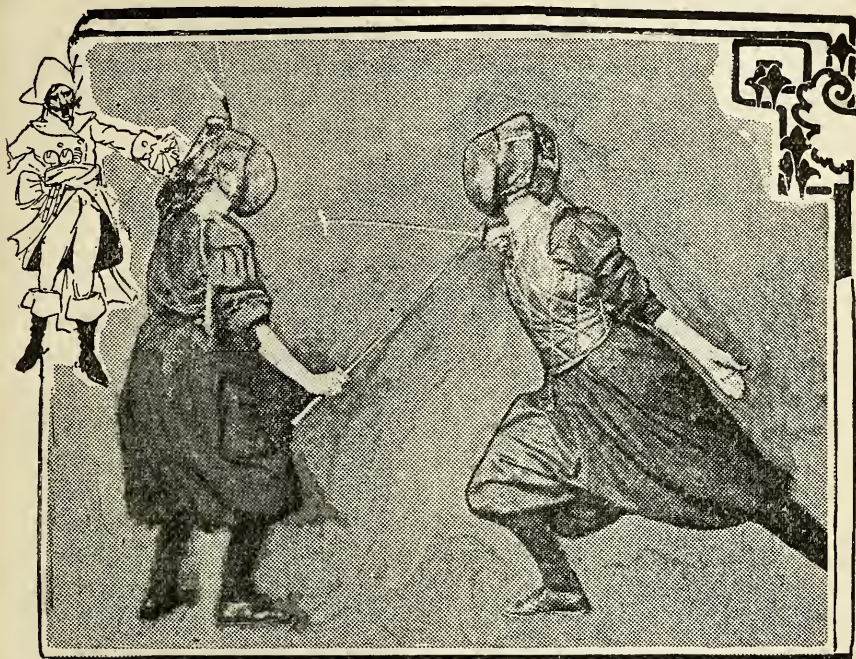
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The "Dramatic Club" has materialized. The first meeting of this important organization was held Wednesday, November 6th, and the following officers were elected: Virginia Marshall, President; Carla Jarecki, Secretary, and Irma Discher, Treasurer. Regular meetings will be held at 3:30 in the afternoon of the second Wednesday of every month. These meetings are announced by an imposing poster.

The first performance of the Dramatic Club was the successful program of tableaux of Saturday, November 16th.

The Seniors and Juniors belonging to the Dramatic Club have begun work on "King Rene's Daughter," which they expect to give the first of the year.





~ MARGARET GREEN AND  
ETHEL TASSEY "FENCING GIRLS"

### ATHLETICS.

The first of a series of basketball games was played in the "gym" Wednesday, November 20th, by the College and Dilworth Hall teams. The enthusiastic rooters encouraged their teams with their yells and songs. Splendid work was done on both sides with the result that the College won by the score of 14 to 8.

Instead of a regular meeting on the 20th of November, the "Rest Association" amused itself by taking a "rest."

In spite of many protests the Athletic Association has been forced to accept the resignation of Virginia Marshall as captain of the basketball team. Miss Marshall has served in that capacity for three years and the Association feels its loss deeply.

Several of our girls are taking part in a gymnasium exhibition at the Margaret Morrison School of Carnegie Tech. This is for the benefit of the Boston Normal School, Miss Knapp's Alma Mater.



Members of the Faculty in the House have accepted a challenge for a game of basketball from the House Athletics. Look for an interesting game in the near future.

The second of the series of basketball games between P. C. W. and D. H. was played November 28th. The score was 26 to 25 in favor of the College.

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—o—

### MISCELLANEOUS.

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#### Hallowe'en.

We are accustomed to observe in different ways the anniversaries of certain historical events. Some of these anniversaries have become legal holidays, while others are celebrated in less ostentatious ways. We have no real national holiday, but in Pennsylvania there are nine days which are generally considered to be legal holidays. Six of these are strictly American in their origin. The other three, New Years, Good Friday and Christmas, have been observed for a much longer period of time. Although our present date of January the first was not finally fixed until 1751 by an act of the British Parliament, as the beginning of the new year, yet the observance of New Years is of ancient origin. It was a popular time with the Caesars, and after a long struggle with the Church became a festival of the Christians.

Christmas and Good Friday as the anniversaries of the birth and death of our Lord were not generally observed until about the fourth and second centuries respectively. But many of our ideas now associated

with Christmas came from the old festival of Yule of the Germanic and Celtic people and are ancient customs.

We look, however, to the tradition associated with the celebration of All Saints' Day or as Hallowe'en Day for our oldest inheritance. Although it is a legal holiday in the state of Louisiana only, yet the vigil of All Hallows Day, All Hallows Even or Hallowe'en, is quite generally observed. Since 834 All Saints' Day has been observed on the first of November in memory of the martyrs and is a general commemoration of all the saints, for there were getting to be too many to dedicate a day to each one.

Now, why was the first of November set apart rather than some other date, and why do we have our peculiar ways of commemorating the saints? Our answer does not come from the musty manuscript of some good monk, nor from the annals of secular history, but from that most interesting source, the aborigines of different lands. There are among some of the descendants of the



original tribes of South America, Africa, and Australia, as there were with the early Celtic people certain rites of commemorating the dead and they generally took the form of a festival.

It is known that this feast of the dead was a part of Druidism, and on it is generally believed that Druidism was derived from pre-Celtic and non-Aryan aborigines it may be conjectured that their custom had a common origin. Another fact that emphasizes this idea of common origin is that these feasts were all held at about the time of the midnight culmination of the Pleiades, in other words, about the first of November, showing a world-wide custom, prehistoric indeed.

It was very natural then that the early Christianized Celts should commemorate the dead of their adopted faith on the same date as they did their pagan forefathers. Hallowe'en, then, seems to have a twofold meaning, but the chief characteristics of our method of celebration and the inherent belief that supernatural influences prevail then more than at any other time, can be truly traced to the customs of our heathen ancestors. Hallowe'en is by far the oldest of any of the festivals which we continue to celebrate. As recently as the last century the inhabitants of Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland celebrated the "Beltane" on the first of November.

Among other things it was customary to kindle two fires and then with their cattle to pass between them. This was supposed to promote health. The idea of fire is associated with both of these celebrations, showing the relation of the two last survivors of the ancient festival of the dead. What would Hallowe'en be without a Jack 'o Lantern?

True to the instincts of their race the daughters of P. C. W. celebrated Hallowe'en this year in a most fitting and pleasing manner. Two fires greeted them as they entered Dilworth Hall, and other lanterns of various descriptions helped to lighten the wierd enclosure. Then every girl with mask and costume, representing some unique spirit, flitted gaily about, making it truly appear like a spirit realm. The lights were then thrown on to better display the interesting costumes and after the grand march, dancing was in order.

Later the dancing was interrupted for a brief period and under the direction of Mrs. Armstrong, of the Faculty, some of the spirits took to the stage to entertain the remainder of their company. The first number was a shadowgraph, "The Ballad of the Oysterman." The cast was as follows:

Man Spirit ..... Jean Hughes  
Daughter Spirit ..... Ethel Tassey  
Father Spirit ..... Emma Coulter

The second number was the



"Witches Dance," from Macbeth.

The witches were:

Virginia Siggins.

Mary Foster.

Frances Neel.

The third number was a shadow-graph, "The Modern and Mediaeval Ballad of Mary Jane." The spirits who took part were:

Mary Jane Spirit.... Cora Louden

Father Spirit ..... Myrtle Grow

Benjamin Spirit ... Hazel Hickson

Mortimer Spirit ..... Leah Main

All the spirits produced excellent shadows, contrary to popular belief, and caused a great deal of merriment. The witches were certainly the queens of witches, judging from their almost supernatural antics and the exquisite and diversified tones of their voices.

A few more dances were participated in, then having partaken of the bountiful supply of peanuts, pop corn, sweet cider and apples and expressing their desires to meet again under similar circumstances another year, the spirits departed for another realm.

A. B. C.

—o—

Miss Jane Addams, of the Hull House, Chicago, made an interesting address in Dilworth Hall November 5th, on "Settlements in England and America." Miss Addams spoke enthusiastically and pointed out interesting features of this great work.

Dr. Harris, of the Bible Training School of Toronto, Canada, talked on "Bible Study" to the College students in the library, November 6th.

Dilworth Hall is to be congratulated on its latest enterprise, the "Dilworthian." It promises to be a bright breezy paper full of enthusiasm and school spirit and the "Sorosis" wishes to be the first to welcome it into the realm of school papers.

Sunday evening, November 10, Miss Olcott, of the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, spoke at Vespers on "Children's Libraries in Pittsburgh."

Monday evening, November 18th, the Latin students attended a lecture a Carnegie Library on the "Archaeology of Greece," by Mr. Norton.

Miss Montgomery talked at Vespers Sunday, November 17th, on "Relation of Science to Christianity." Miss Montgomery showed how science aided in the spreading and advancement of Christianity.

The Juniors pleasantly entertained the College Friday evening, November 8th. Dancing in Dilworth Hall was the chief feature of the evening.



Gradually the light faded. Soon darkness had closed about us so thick and fast that, though reluctant (?) we were forced to lay aside our books and stared at each other in consternation. Excited whispering and anxious scurrying about the halls were heard. Were we coming into "Dark Ages" in the real sense of the word? Was the world coming to an end? Guess again! It was merely a Pittsburgh fog.

At last, after wading through mud and water in spring and fall and through snow in winter it will again be possible to consider Woodland Road as terra firma. None of the editors of the Sorosis can remember when it was possible to walk on it without danger to one's life or to clothes, at least. But at last it is being paved and soon will be such a delightful entrance to the P. W. C. that no one will mind "the 184" steps at all.



*FAUST, MYRTLE GROW  
AND CORA LOUDIN.*

The Pittsburgh Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae held its annual reception to the upper class girls of the secondary

schools of the city, at the College Saturday, November 16th. An especially interesting and unique entertainment was presented to an en-



thusiastic audience of nearly three hundred guests.

Addresses of welcome were made by Miss Gleim and Miss Coolidge, emphasizing the disciplinary value of the preparatory course and the need of college training for the women of the future.

A series of most attractive tableaux, arranged under Miss Kerst's direction, presented different phases of the work and pleasure of college life.

The department of Ancient Languages was represented by a tableau of the blind Homer; that of the Modern Languages by the scene between Faust and Marguerite. History by a tableau of Pocohantas and

John Smith and Literature by two selections from the Merchant of Venice.

Suggestive glimpses were given also of the scientific experiments of the Chemistry class, of the midnight toil of the Mathematical students, of the joys of a college "spread," and the arduous labors of the Sorosis Board.

The Athletic department presented tableaux of various sports, while the Musical department contributed to the pleasure of the afternoon by songs from the Glee Club and a piano solo by Miss Drais.

The exercises closed with the college song, after which refreshments were served. A. T. S.

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### MUSIC.

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Splendid reports of progress come from our Glee Club. The actual number of members has almost reached forty, the limit of membership, though applications that have been received so far go far beyond it. The chorus work is well-balanced and good and on the whole this organization is something of which we are justly proud.

The Stringed Instrument Club, under the direction of Mr. Liefeld, will begin club work in earnest after Thanksgiving.

The Pittsburgh Orchestra entered upon its thirteenth season Friday evening, November 1st, with Madam Marcella Sembrich as soloist. This promises to be the most successful season of all. One of the many changes was the determination of the management to give all the Saturday afternoon concerts in Exposition Music Hall, Duquesne Way. Paderewski was the soloist of the second concert and Bonci of the third. Among other celebrities who will appear during the season are Campanari, Melba, Schumann-Heink, Mukle, Powell and Samaroff.



### The Harmony Lecture.

We had quite a strong turn out of the music students for the first fall Harmony Lecture, Wednesday, November 20th, at 2:30 p. m. Deep interest was manifested upon the part of all present. The subject of Intervals was taken up and fully discussed and illustrated by Prof. Morgan. The next lecture will treat of Chords, their correct formation and progression, a subject everyone interested in music in the least degree should fully understand and master. Harmony teaches us the real nature of the music we execute, or to which we listen, therefore, do not say it is not necessary to understand Harmony, or, that it is only intended

for professional musicians. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The Pennsylvania College for Women offers this Harmony Course, free of charge, to all of its music students (vocal and instrumental). Take the full course, learn all upon the subject you can before concluding anything as to its utility for good. In the end, you will discover it supplies you with just what you ought to have, i. e., a musical understanding.

Prof. Morgan is planning for a Pupils' Concert soon after Thanksgiving. All of our pupils will take part in these concerts from time to time.

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### PERSONALS.

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Mr. Reeves Hill, of Butler, Pa., made a short visit with his sisters, Miss Margaretta and Miss Lucile, at the College.

Miss N. (at the Milliners): I want my hat trimmed with some of those chicken feathers.

Clerk: Chicken feathers! We don't use them.

Miss N.: Yes, but you do.

Miss G. (speaking up): She means coat feathers.

Clerk: Oh! cocque feathers?

Miss N. (brightly and relieved): Oh, yes!

Miss Elizabeth Warman spent the afternoon with Miss Virginia Siggins and renewed old acquaintances at Berry Hall Wednesday, November 20th.

Miss Elizabeth Moesta, of Kittanning, Pa., enjoyed a stay of several days at the College during the first week of November, with Miss Cora Loudon.

Miss Fannie Black, of Confluence, Pa., was the guest of Miss Margaret Will, November 19th.



Mr. Frank Wheeler, a promising young baritone, took lunch with his cousin, Miss Virginia Siggins, Saturday, November 23rd.

Mrs. Harmon, of Pittsburgh, is studying expression and special courses in English at the College.

Miss M., (in History): "The popes were the descendants of St. Peter."

Dr. Lindsay was absent a week or ten days on a visit to several places in the South in the interest of the work of the Freedman's Board of the Presbyterian Church. This Board of which Dr. Lindsay is a

member, has under its charge 115 schools and 300 churches among the colored people and expends in education and Christianizing of the negroes nearly \$200,000 each year.

Mrs. Lindsay accompanied Dr. Lindsay South and remained in Florida for the benefit of her health. We all miss having her with us and hope she may soon return to us fully recovered.

During her recent illness Miss Coolidge had the sympathy of the College and Faculty. All are very glad that she is able to be with us again and that her "door is open."

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### EXCHANGES.

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The Marietta College, Ohio seemed to be devoted mostly to athletics, but gives evidence of great college spirit.

The editorial on Reading in College in the Lesbian Herald is a very practical article.

There are a number of good articles in the College Folio of the November number. The following is taken from this paper:

#### The Witches' Moon.

October's hush is on the trees,  
These spaces hint at revelries,  
Listen! listen!  
Close draws the dusk.

Slim branches lace the crescent  
moon;  
The night-wind whispers thru dead  
leaves,  
Whispers and murmurs,  
In monotone.

Three spots upon the nether horn,  
Three magic mushroom circles set;  
Shadows flicker,  
Gray owls hoot.

Draw closer to the charmed spot,  
Twelve times the silver church-bell  
chimes.  
Away! away!  
And linger not!

—Eleanor Osborne Scheier.



There are a number of clever sketches in The Thurston Miscellany for October.

The Beaver contains some sketches of children which remind us all of our own childhood when we had freckles and liked " 'ith cream, and a ham thandwich."

In the Agnetian Monthly there is an essay on "The Influence On Our Ideals of the Beautiful of Nature," and a poem, "A Reverie," by M. Genevieve Higgins, which have a charming touch.

The Owl figures prominently in the cuts and cover designs of a number of the college papers.

—o—

### Opportunity.

The key of yesterday  
I threw away.  
And now, too late,  
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate  
Helpless I stand—in vain to pray!  
In vain to sorrow!  
Only the key of yesterday  
Unlocks to-morrow!

—o—

### To A Musician.

The voice of the wind is more to me  
Than the sweetest sound of min-  
strelesy;

And fairer far than the harper's  
strain  
Is the laughter of leaves and the rus-  
tle of rain.

Ye may tune your lute the whole  
day long,  
For me, the woods and the thrushes'  
song!

The locust's trill and the cricket's  
call,

The sound of a brook in a waterfall.

Katherine Duncan Morse.

(From the Smith College Monthly.)

(From the Smith College Monthly.)

"Say, pa?"

"Well, what?"

"How much does it cost to get a  
co-education."—Ex.

—o—

### A Fashion Note.

A lady's dress-skirt ought to be  
In length, to look real sweet,  
(So dress-reformers all agree),  
A little above two feet.

Mama—"And what did you say  
when Mr. Titeword gave you a  
penny?"

Tommy—"I was as polite as I  
could be and didn't say nothin'."

### Per Week.

Trotter: "How are you getting  
on?"

Walker: "Fine! I'm running a  
hospital for cats, and I charge twenty  
dollars a weak purr."



### Sidelights on History.

The wooden horse was standing before the beleaguered city.

"That seems a heavy beast," remarked Paris to Hector, surveying it critically. "Of what weight would you say it was?"

"Troy weight, of course," answered Hector. Whereat envy turned Paris green.

Sintoo—"And is your daughter perfectly healthy?"

Banker's Wife—"She ought to be. Last year we spent fifteen hundred dollars on her health."

### The Chinese Actor.

There was a young man of Hong-Kong,

Whose manner of walking seemed wrong;

Till the spectators knew

He was following his queue,  
Which explained what had puzzled them long.

### On Mr. G. B. Shaw, Vegetarian.

A most paradoxical crietzsche  
Whose wit was his salient fietzsche,

Remarked, "Since I've taken  
To eschewing bacon,

I find I can now digest Nietzsche!"  
Pessimist Jones—"How is it, Smith, that you look so hale and happy and well?"

Optimist Smith—"Every time I sit down to worry, I fall asleep."

### Something in Oils.

She approached the floor-walker and asked:

"Where shall I find something nice in oil for the dining room?"

"On the fifth"—began the floor-walker. Then pausing, he looked doubtfully at the inquirer. "Do you want a painting or something in the sardine line?"

"Yes, I'm one of the trustees of the proposed gallery of art."

"What have you done so far?"

"So far? Why we've eaten three annual dinners and are preparing for a fourth."

We've changed our English words a few,

The fad seems quite the twaddle;  
Young folks we meet nowsay "skidoo,"

Our grandfolks said "skidaddle."

—Ex.



Friend—Business seems to continue good with you.

Street Car Magnate—Yes, most of our passengers continue to hang on.

—o—

### Quite So.

Two members of the Princeton faculty, during a recent hurried trip to New York, were on a Broadway car when it was stopped by a blockade. As they were near their destination, they decided to get out and walk. The block was, however, soon lifted, and the car overtook them.

“When we left the car,” said one of the “highbrows,” who, by the way, has a bit of the Celt in him, “I thought we should get on better by getting off. But after all we should have been better off if we had stayed on.”—Ex.

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### A Puzzled Frenchman.

Count De Cognai (traveling in America and incidentally wrestling with our language): Ze Anglish tongue, it was zimplee incomprehensible. I go to ze brókare's office and ask for my friend, Mistaire Smeeth, and one man he tell me Mistaire Smeeth was "fired" and when I ask what zat mean another man say that he was "frozen out."—Ex.

No wonder my darling is cross-eyed,  
Said love-sick Pat to his mother;  
For both of her eyes are so pretty,  
That each wants to look at the  
other. —Ex.

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Prof.—Sugar is obtained from  
beats and sugar cane.

Jim Smith—The beats and cane  
father used to dish out didn't have  
anything sweet about them.—Ex.

There was a young man so benighted  
He didn't know when he was slighted

He went to a party

And ate just as hearty.

As if he'd been really invited.

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every kind. China and Cut Glass for Wedding or Christmas  
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Sachez—He doesn't talk so much of the future since he got that house for a present.

Conell—No, he lives in the present, now.—Ex.

A yell suggested for the Freshmen:

“I want to go home,  
Boo, hoo, hoo, ha.  
I want to go home  
To Pa and Ma.  
Rah, Rah, Rah!” —Ex.

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Theorem: A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.

Proof: Nothing is better than a good lesson.

Prof.: A poor lesson is better than nothing.

Miller: Therefore, a poor lesson is better than a good lesson.—O. E. D.

—Ex.

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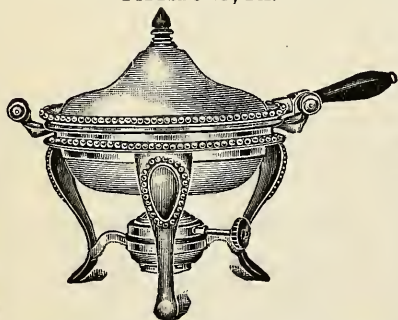
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### COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF TOTAL DEPOSITS

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May 26th, 1906	- - - - -	3,802,817.03
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# THE SOROSIS

VOL. XIV.

JANUARY, 1908

No. 4

## NAPOLEON: HIS CHARACTER AS REVEALED BY HIMSELF.

What was Napoleon's true character? We cast aside the popular estimate; we will have nothing to do with the school-boy's flattering opinion; we cannot rely entirely on the view of the military critic or the statesman's opinion; nor do we agree with the historian whose point of view is seldom impartial. All of these critics and admirers of Napoleon have authority for their statements and attitudes. On the other hand the true Napoleon stands forth more vividly, though perhaps in a prejudiced light also, in his own letters and in the reports and reminiscences of his friends. This personal touch is the paramount consideration in estimating the character of that unrivaled military genius, Napoleon I., whose personality is well revealed in his Letters, his Military Maxims, and Talks with General Gourgaud. The letters are to the point, are abrupt, and characterized by short, concise sentences; the very style is an index to his character, while their contents paint his personality in strong colors. On reading Napoleon's Military Maxims the critic realizes that he was a master at war, with no superior in daring

operations, in caution, audacity, and shrewd common sense. The third book is a master-piece, although General Gourgaud is lost in admiration for his subject. Gourgaud was with Napoleon in most of his campaigns and was his companion at St. Helena. These "Talks" are so entertaining that the reader doubts all other accounts and believes that General Gourgaud relates the whole truth about his Emperor.

To the critic Napoleon's character seems full of impressive changes which pass before his eyes with kaleidoscopic rapidity. In one place he is the dreamer: his imagination has conquered the world; in another place he is a genius in practical achievement and a master of details. Then again Napoleon stands forth as utterly unscrupulous and entirely void of moral responsibility. At one time there is evidence of the greatest mastery of the art of war, of the shrewdest diplomacy, of remarkable governmental abilities. Again, the universality of his genius flashes forth, his inordinate capacity for work, in John Holland Ross' words,—that "Titanic force that he threw into the inception and accom-



plishment of all" his undertakings. Still again we see him holding the hearts of the people; an old Italian woman once said that "Louis XVI. was the King of the nobles; Bonaparte is the King of the people." However, the greatest picture of all shows Napoleon as the slave of unbounded ambition. The report of his conversation at St. Helena was intended by his friends to justify this ambition and to be an unprejudiced account of his character, but there is no means of concealing this ambition, which Byron describes in his Ode to Napoleon:

"The triumph and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife—  
The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life—  
The sword, the sceptre, and that  
sway  
Which man seemed made but to  
obey."

Ambition was the impetus which goaded Napoleon's eager soul on to power; ambition was just as much the cause of his downfall. His ideals and aims are admirably set forth in what he said at the close of the Italian campaign: "What I have done so far is nothing. I am at the opening of the career that I am to run. Do you suppose that I have gained any victories in Italy in order to advance the lawyers of the Directory? . . . . Do you think

that my object is to establish a republic? . . . . What the French want is Glory and the satisfaction of their vanity; as for Liberty, of that they have no conception. Look at the army! The victories that we have just gained have given the French soldier his true character. I am everything to him. Let the Directory attempt to deprive me of my command and they will see who is the master. The nation must have a head, a head who is rendered illustrious by glory and not by theories of government, fine phrases or the talk of idealists, of which the French understand not a whit." Napoleon's aim was to be this illustrious head, an aim which widened to embrace more than France, and in accomplishing this he never could be content with his achievements. His mind ever grasped for something beyond, for something greater and more vast. It was when he became first Consul, when his victories carried him away with enthusiasm that he said,—“From that moment I perceived what I might some day become. I saw the whole world passing beneath me just as if I had been borne up into the air.”

Napoleon was so completely enveloped in his ambition that he had an exalted opinion of his power, yet in some respects he did not underestimate his power and ability. Quotations from his letters and conversation will best illustrate his



egotism and ambition: "I could have made my army do anything I pleased, it was so much attached to me." Of his expedition in the East he says: "The Arabs only wanted a man to lead them; they looked on me as an extraordinary being, especially when they saw how my generals obeyed me;" "If I had stayed in the East I should have founded an empire, like Alexander;" "Ah! if I had stayed in Egypt I should have been at this moment Emperor of the Orient." At another time Napoleon told General Gourgaud that "One requires much experience and much skill to know when to allow exportation, and when to prohibit it. I think I possessed that skill myself." A characteristic remark is the following: "In China the sovereign is worshipped as a god. That I think is how it ought to be." In 1813 Napoleon dictated a circular which the Minister of Public Worship was commanded to transmit to the bishops: "We desire you, on receipt of the present letter, to arrange with the proper persons, that a Te Deum may be sung, and thanks offered to the God of Armies, and you will add what prayers you deem most suitable, to call down the Divine protection on our arms, and above all for the preservation of the sacred person of the Emperor, whom may God shield from every danger! His safety is as necessary to the welfare

of Europe, and of the Empire, as to that of religion, which he has raised up, and which he is called upon to confirm and strengthen. He is its sincerest and truest protector."

Napoleon's selfishness is another phase of his ambition. At one time he said to General Gourgaud—"I had a sincere affection for Marie Louise. But I am a little like Gassion, who said he did not think life was worth giving to others." Again he said, "Men are all selfish; we must take them as we find them." Napoleon, in his actions, carried out the following idea: "I am a man, and being a man, I felt that I should like to show them that I was alive." He was most assuredly alive throughout his life but mostly to his own interests. However, Napoleon was not always selfish, because after the battle of Waterloo he lamented. "My regrets are not for myself but for unhappy France!" Again in reference to this battle: "Poor France! to have been beaten by those English scoundrels!" Once while he was telling about his campaigns Napoleon said, "I do not deserve more than half credit for the battles I have won. It is enough for a successful general to be named in connection with a victory, for the fact is it was gained by his soldiers."

While at St. Helena Napoleon frequently referred to his past triumphs and ever had the desire to be remembered. "Ah! may the Pari-



sians when they recall their glorious days connect them with the remembrance of me! I shall be happy then. And in fact they cannot speak of them without associating me with them. . . . The Parisians have intelligence. They will never forget me." Later he said to General Gourgaud: "History will hardly make any mention of me; I was overthrown." Yet he longed to become a commanding figure in history, and did become one, so that at the end of his career he exclaimed: "Mine was a glorious empire! I had eighty-three million human beings to govern; more than half the population of all Europe." Napoleon is remembered because he was able to exercise such power. While emperor he bestowed kingdoms, principalities, and dukedoms on his followers. He had full power in France, and exercised it in Holland, Belgium, part of Germany, the Illyrian Provinces, northern Italy, Corsica, Spain, and over some colonial possessions.

Napoleon's claim to fame and greatness does not depend altogether on his foreign power, but especially on his more enduring work for France. While talking about France to General Gourgaud, he said: "Oh! if I could have governed France for forty years, I would have made her the most splendid empire that ever existed! . . . My system of governing was, I think, good

on the whole. I would adopt it again if I had the chance." Although Napoleon did not accomplish as much for France as he desired, nevertheless he left enduring monuments of his power and influence. The reason that he did not do more was, in his own words, because "The French nation has no national character; it is governed by the fashion. At present the French are all of one party; to-morrow they may all be of another, insisting that they have always belonged to it at heart." However in spite of the people's fickleness Napoleon influenced them and furthered their progress. His greatest work was to shatter medieval customs and laws, thus laying the foundations of the future modern nation which France was to become. All his effort was along this line of important reforms. The educational system was reorganized, order was restored, public improvement and internal reform were carried on, commerce stimulated, and the administrative system was improved by the Code Napoleon, which was of universal application on account of its salient and far-reaching principles.

These reforms were brought about for the most part by a despotic emperor. The commanding and overbearing manner in his Letters indicates Napoleon's force of character and tyrannical attitude. In a letter to the Minister of Police Napoleon



wrote: "I am master in my own house. If I suspect a man I have him arrested." That was what he aimed for,—mastery in his own house, in France, in all Europe. He showed his power by not even allowing ministers to receive gifts without his permission; every editor was responsible to him for what he printed; any man causing the least suspicion was hurriedly arrested; he ruled the clergy with tyrannical power. To quote one instance,—he wrote to the Minister of Public Worship: "Let me know . . . why the clergy ask the people's prayers for any person, without leave from the government." Even the Pope did not escape censorship; Joachim Napoleon, King of Naples, received the following letter: "I have this instant received news that the Pope has excommunicated us all. This is an excommunication which will fall upon his own head. No more consideration must be shown. He is a dangerous madman, and must be shut up." Every one was a "dangerous madman" who opposed the emperor by word or deed. The Pope was such a person, so dangerous to Napoleon's schemes that he arrested him and removed him to Fontainebleau and ordered all letters written to or by the Pope to be forwarded to him; later because he was "misbehaving," Napoleon ordered his carriages to be taken away and his household expenses to be greatly

reduced; finally he was allowed only five servants, his doctor, steward, florist, cook and footman. This must have been most humiliating to the Pope; but according to Napoleon, he was an enemy of the empire whose power must be lessened since Napoleon wished to be, in his own words, "master of things ecclesiastical in France, as much as if I had been Head of the Church."

Napoleon's desire for universal rule and his despotic measures are amply illustrated in his attitude toward his relatives, especially toward his brothers. Constantly he disapproved of their conduct when they neglected his interests. His language in his letters to Jerome and Joseph Napoleon is exceedingly scathing. To the former he wrote: "You really have lost your head. Such a piece of folly is unexampled." Jerome neglected to pay some money that he owed which brought forth a most indignant letter from Napoleon's pen; in it he wrote: "I never allow anyone to forget what is due to me." Hardly a letter is written to any of his relatives that is not full of dissatisfaction and railing invectives.

In some respects Napoleon was a true Machiavellian. He recognized that morality was low in France, particularly in Paris, yet he was not free from crafty diplomacy, flattery, dishonesty, and deceit. Mails were stopped and examined in order to



obtain English letters. Napoleon was not satisfied with the intercepting of a few letters for he wrote at one time to the Director-General of the Postal Service: "The measures you have taken do not suffice. You have only stopped 12,000 letters; that is a very trifling matter." An example of Napoleon's clever diplomacy is found in the following letter: "I beg you will select four officers who have been wounded, exceedingly clever men, who know German; you will send two to the waters of Töplitz, and two to those of Carlsbad. They will receive extra pay. They will remain at these places, to act as spies, and report everything that occurs. They will be supposed to be taking the waters for their own benefit." Napoleon doubtless acted on the principle that anything is fair in war, for his letters are filled with such crafty orders.

Although his warfare is sometimes of questionable character, yet Napoleon's greatness depends on his military achievements. Napoleon gave the art of war new and true principles. These principles are embodied in his Military Maxims, which are valuable because they have been proved good by the success of his own warfare. Napoleon, as a military leader, had all the qualities of generalship; he was full of activity and firmness, which he again and again enjoins upon a mil-

itary man; he was a man of courage and decision. Napoleon told General Gourgaud that "the noblest man is he who goes straight into the front of fire," and this was the position which Napoleon held and on account of which he was often so victorious. He laid stress also upon short, rapid wars, upon superb manoeuvres; many times he said that a general should first of all think of the glory and honor of his arms,— "the first essential to all military superiority." A few of Napoleon's maxims are worth quoting to illustrate their worth: "Nothing is so important in war as an undivided command. For this reason, when war is carried on against a single power, there should be only one army, acting upon one base, and conducted by one chief." "Nothing can excuse a general who profits by the knowledge acquired in the service of his country to deliver up her frontier and her towns to foreigners. This is a crime reprobated by every principle of religion, morality, and honour," since the first principle to distinguish a soldier is faithfulness to his sovereign and respect for his own government. Napoleon acknowledges that a general must become great by experience and intense study. Napoleon himself became a great commander, for he was one who dared and succeeded in mighty deeds. The fact that he "overran and conquered the greater



part of Europe" fully illustrates his leadership and ability in the art of war.

Critics are apt to disparage Napoleon since his selfishness and despotism stand out prominently and often overshadow his military genius and other qualities. Although he was often cold, harsh, and unmercifully cruel in his broadcast slaughter in war, yet he did not altogether lack "the milk of human kindness." In one of his letters we read of his ordering money to be distributed in works of charity; in another he said he never harbored spite against anyone. While at Elba, he told General Gourgaud that "a grenadier of the Guard brought his father up to me, a man ninety years of age. I threw him a purse and had his name taken down for a pension. What a splendid subject that would make for a picture!" This shows Napoleon in a brighter and more humane light than that in which he is usually portrayed, as also does his respect for his mother, who, he said, "was a superb woman, a woman of ability and courage."

Napoleon appears in a different aspect and of finer grain when his life at St. Helena is taken into consideration. He is more patient, more resigned than before, and receives the pity and the sympathy which his earlier life could not possibly incite. He said that the intention of those who sent him to St.

Helena was to kill him slowly by the tropical climate. That was not their reason; but the fact that he did die there does not brighten the picture. It is possible to pity the man who in answer to Gourgaud's remark: "Your Majesty has made history," said "Who? I? Ah! but the end needed success." In that "Ah" there is abundance of personal proof of his unhappiness. Many times he wondered what use there was "of working hard and being in difficulties all your life," in which there seems a little regret for the past. At another time he said to General Gourgaud: "You complain of your sorrows! Think of mine! Think of all I have experienced, all the things I have to reproach myself for! You have nothing to regret." This is another Napoleon capable of inspiring pity in those who survey his career, although even to them, his faults loom up conspicuously.

It remains to be said that Napoleon was great in spite of his faults. In spite of his excessive ambition, his cruelty in war, and despotic tendencies, Napoleon was a genius; he had great force of character and energy beyond what is usually man's lot; he was without doubt one of the great minds in military matters. He was great, but he lacked moral greatness, which is highest. It was opportunity that gave him such a career. As he says: "I found all the elements ready at hand to found



an empire. Europe was weary of anarchy. Men wanted to make an end of it. If I had not come, probably some one else would have done like me. France would have ended by conquering the world. I repeat, a man is only a man. His power is nothing if circumstances and public sentiment do not favor him. Do you suppose that it was Luther who brought about the Reformation? No; it was public opinion, which was in opposition to the Popes. Do you think it was Henry VIII. who broke with Rome? No; it was the public sentiment of his nation which willed the separation." Napoleon was great because he took advantage of his opportunities. After all he was only a man, weak, cruel, tyrannical, ambitious but towering in the majesty of his military genius.

Napoleon's career is a great, superb tragedy. He was the star-actor; the keynote and theme of the play is ambition; Europe and Asia—the boundless theatre in which it was enacted. It is a glorious drama of achievement and action, rising toward the climax, the battle of Austerlitz; then follows the denouement and Napoleon's ruin; the first catastrophe is Elba, the final one St. Helena and his death. What a man! What a tragic career to pass into the history of the rise and fall of man and nations is that of Napoleon!

Lilla A. Greene, '08.

Authorities.

Correspondence—New Letters of Napoleon I.

Military Maxims.

Talks at St. Helena with General Gourgaud.

## A QUESTION OF HONOR.

(Honorable Mention in Short Story Contest.)

In her pretty room in one of our popular coed schools, sat a young lady thinking. Yes, thinking as she had not thought for months, and why? "Exams" were at hand, those "horrid, useless 'exams.'" and what would she do? Why had that awful Livy ever existed with his brain-racking constructions and his everlasting periodic sentences?

Bell Jackson was a popular girl among her classmates. Tall, athletic, with light wavy hair and a cheerful face, she was good to look upon. Impulsive and out-spoken, inclined a little to recklessness, she was a favorite and universally liked. Although not especially gifted intellectually, she had managed so far to hold a fairly good standing in



her classes. But now the crucial moment had arrived; the final examinations were at hand. In this particular case, that wonderful aid, "Heinz & Noble's Literal Translation," so useful and at the same time so injurious, had been in constant use throughout the winter. What was she to do? She resolved to make an honest effort to cram and let the results be what they might. But cramming Latin is a rather difficult process. Wherefore her thoughtful mood this night?

Atwater College was a very staid old Presbyterian school and among the many great events in its history, handed down in tradition from class to class, none were more sacredly cherished than that momentous occasion when the student body adopted the honor system in regard to cheating. Every student was put on his honor "to hand in no written work which was not entirely his own and promptly to report any one whom he saw doing so."

Just what happened on this evening the narrator is not able to say. Certain it is that the next day Bell entered the class room with an expression of fixed determination on her face. As she went up the aisle she carefully noted her surroundings. The only one in her immediate vicinity was John Ortly. He was a "plugger," never taking part in any student activities and paying no attention to any one but himself.

The nearest student in her rear was Fred Allen, a regular member of her own set, an honest, respectable lad. Apparently satisfied with her surroundings, she took her seat.

For an hour and a half no sound was heard except the scratching of pencils. Allen had nearly finished. He paused a moment, thinking of a smooth translation for a certain passage. As he did so his eye rested for an instant on Bell Jackson's nervous face.

It was too late. He had seen it all. Much as he regretted to admit it, he saw Bell copy the translation from the "pony" lying beside her. Try as he would he could not drive away the discomfiture which the revelation brought. After a vain effort to concentrate his mind on the remainder of his work, he handed in his paper and left the room. The burden of the unwelcome secret increased hourly. What to do he did not know. Nor did he even know what aroused the suspicion of the Faculty, yet he was scarcely surprised when summoned to appear before them two days later. His face was pale when he stepped into the private office of the president.

"Fred, what time was it when you saw Miss Jackson cheat in the Latin examination?" he asked abruptly.

Fred caught his breath and strove in vain to control his features.

"You know," continued the president, "we consider our honor sys-



tem the crowning glory of this school, but don't forget that dearer even than this, we prize the individual honor of each student. Don't forget that. Did you see Miss Jackson cheat in the Latin test?"

Fred was resolved he would not forget. To bring Bell into everlasting disgrace was absolutely out of the question. For three dreadful

silent minutes his face was a study. He forgot the presence of those surrounding him. He thought only of the shame which his disclosure would surely bring upon his classmate. He could not do it.

His face cleared. He straightened to his full height and in a voice of quiet dignity, answered,

"No, sir." Mabel Crowe, '11.

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### THE LAND OF YOUTH.

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(Honorable Mention in Poetry Contest.)

Hie away, hie away,  
To the fairy wood-lands,  
Where the world is never old;  
Come and play, come and play,  
On the soft, green carpet,  
Where the winds are never cold.

Stay with me, stay with me,  
'Neath the silent star-gleams,  
Where the fairies play and dance;  
Come quite near, 'neath this tree,  
Where the wood-folks gather,

'Neath the moon's white shining  
glance.

For 'tis there, oh, 'tis there,  
That the old are younger,  
For the woods breathe lasting  
peace;

Free from care, free from care,  
In the silent places,  
Where sweet youth can never cease.

L. A. G., '08.

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### SPEED! MALISE, SPEED!

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"Too bad, poor man. It's such a hot and dusty day for tramping. You must be tired."

A little gray-haired, timid dame leaned from the back seat of an Aberfoyle brake. She evidently had wearied of the day's excursion from

Glasgow; the beautiful sail through the islands and wilds of Loch Lomond, the coach drive over the divide to Stronachlachar, the Sir Walter Scott's eight-mile run over the glinting bosom of Loch Katrine, pure air, rugged mountains, limpid



lakes, pine and heather, coaches and four with scarlet-garmented drivers; all had tired her. At least she spoke with weariness in her voice, deep-lined sympathy on her countenance and pity in the look of her eye. "There are six long hill-miles to Aberfoyle" she seemed to be thinking.

The lank, dust-burdened Yankee but ill-controlled his resentment. Sympathy he did not need, and pity he could not endure. Envy seemed to him more just. Who would not be envious of days and miles in the mountains of Scotland; of the air, the movement, the rest, the feasting; of the people, the places, the customs; of all that a tactful man alone among the most hospitable and attractive of peoples can find to interest? Resentment rose in his heart and with it determination. Three weeks of tramping had made him fit; why not prove that he needed no pity? James Fitz-James of old had done it; Malise had borne the fiery cross much faster and much farther. To be sure no Rhoderick Dhu commanded it, no far-chased deer invited it, no Ellen waited by her skiff to reward it; as inspiring motives, love and war and the glinting sheen of poetic romance gave way to cold, matter-of-fact, twentieth century rivalry. Yet why not and let the self-complacent supremacy of the Englishmen quaver? Why not beat them to Aberfoyle?

The Sir Walter Scott lay idly at her pier a half-mile back. They had come, the tramp and the brake, through the winding, pine-darkened rumples of the Trossachs. They had passed and repassed each other many times on the ups and downs, the ins and outs of the road. Before them lay a mile of beautiful, level, straight-away stretch along Loch Achray and Laurick Mead, three miles of winding climb over a spur of Ben Venue, and two miles of quick drop into the village of Aberfoyle. Why not beat them—to the top of the hill at least?

He looked at the four horses, strong, rangy, well-fed, eager, with the six o'clock sun just right for them to work well. He thought of his own long morning, the pathless climb over a shoulder of Ben Ledi where not even a sheep track led, the scramble down the rock-strewn and nameless burnside into Glen Finlas, the exhilarating tramp past the Brig o' Turk, past Ellen's Isle, with Scott's "Lady of the Lake" in the MacGregor tartan as comrade, and with a thru'pence of Cadbury's plain chocolate as a midday meal. Nevertheless he could do it. Feet were sound, muscles hard, the day right, the way short though hilly, and rest afterwards certain and sufficing. So off came the coat, cap, collar and tie. Two minutes more and they were strapped securely over the fifteen-pound knapsack



which hung from his shoulders and bumped its russet bigness sidewise as he broke into his long stride. He flung his head to the breeze with a deep breath from the pure joy of strife in the open. With a suppressed quiver from the struggle ahead, he leaped forward on heel and toe. "Speed, Malise, Speed," rose on his lips.

Time and the mile-posts sped rapidly by. Soon the brake was in sight far up the hill. A turn in the road hid them from view and he spurted. Handkerchiefs and craning necks welcomed his reappearance.

"Can't we carry your pack?" called a red-haired, weezen-faced Yorkshireman. But his dialect was foreign and needed to be translated in the calm and quiet of the railway station afterwards to be understood.

The American hurried by. A steadily increasing pace soon carried him out of sight and he once more quickened his speed. "Make the best of the present" he thought, "for they will trot on the down grade." A startled pedestrian looked at him dumbly and only recovered in time to hurl a question after him. At the top he stopped just long enough to get a final view of the Trossachs and their nestled lakes. He had viewed them from the north in the morning; he had pierced their midst near by at midday; and as evening fell he wanted the view from the

south, while the sun dipped behind the mass of Ben Venue and shackled the distant Ben Ledi in crimson glow. Who couldn't rejoice in the days there; in the tramps, the steepes and the climbs; in the air, the green, and the rippled waves; in the race itself, afoot over the bared rocks of the builded road; in everything except the foppish blindness of the dumb dusty-tourist, their city stain and travel pride, their impoverished unreceptivity!

Around the crooked gully's brink he wound in the deep shadow of the mountain. Opposite a slate-quarry jutted its refuse into the valley. A half-dozen cyclists and a mail-carrier shouted encouragement; even they knew that something untoward was forward. A path seemed to make a short-cut to two-spired Aberfoyle. He dared not take it on a mere guess. So down the looping path he bobbed and jerked. He was still a mile from the goal when the cantering horses came in sight again.

The men laughed as they passed and shouted "too bad." The race seemed ended; for a short minute the catch of defeat stiffened his limbs and shortened his breath. But only for a minute. Over the crags which lay at the necks of the loops in the road, he tumbled and three times cut in ahead. Then came a straight quarter-mile dip with a turn at the end. The hotel squatted be-



neath them, with many feet of rugged fall and fenced-off patches intervening. Down it he tumbled, desperate now. As he did so, a taciturn Scotch quarry-man in leathern and hard-worn clothing dropped from the rear seat of the brake, turned guide, and unraveled the intricate way to the hotel's front. A quarter-minute later a Chautauqua salute rounded the turn at a trot. And the victor—well, he smiled quietly, calmly, humbly, crept at a snail's pace to the post-office gate, swung his pack free from his back, and prepared to rehabilitate and rehumanize himself by means of coat, cap, collar and tie.

But the story doesn't end with the victory. An English madame in the attitude of the stooping goddess of pity had inspired the race. It was only mete that an English sire in the attitude of the bowing god of wonder should reward it.

"I suppose you'll be for a drink at the hotel now," he remarked, as he watched the undisturbed countenance of the walker.

"No; thank you. I don't care for any."

"But you sure can't walk like that without a drap of whiskey to revive you, can you?" The good sire

showed his own belief in the efficacy of the reviving potion by his reddened cheeks.

"On the contrary, I couldn't walk like that if I did take it. I don't even take your tea."

"What do you drink, then?" asked Sir Incredulity.

"Cold water, and perhaps for breakfast a cup of coffee."

"You're from the States," he remarked after a pause.

"Yes. What makes you suppose so?"

"Why, your ways. No Englishman walks like that. They can't." One must know the English to understand the cost of the confession.

"Well," the American retorted, "We do have a few athletes across the water. But you're mistaken; I am not counted one of them."

The look of wonder deepened. Then the small crowd slowly dispersed as brother Jonathan shouldered his knapsack once more, drew a letter from his pocket, rattled his dollar-large coppers to find a tu'pence-ha' penny, and turned in the open gate.

"But he'll be for a drap sure at the hotel, though," the unbelieving John Bull added.

G. W. P.



## SOCIAL WORK FOR WOMEN.

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The school-girl of to-day may well be dismayed when the time comes for her to choose a course of study from among the long lists of Electives which every college has to offer. If she expects to work for her living, I surmise that the task of choosing is a difficult one. Merely to read of the subjects which she may study is as confusing as a Complete Railway Guide, and yet the girl, if she be of the thoughtful kind, hopes to discover a line of study which will harmonize with her talents and preferences and at the same time, lead her easily, when she has become a specialist, into a remunerative employment. There are so many things to study, and so many things that women can be—and the time for experimenting is so short.

Having been employed for the past six years in a kind of work which is comparatively new, I have thought that if I could tell you college girls enough about it to help you either to include preparation for it among the electives which you are considering, or to exclude it, I might be more kindly read than if I should avail myself of the opportunity to have some flight of my fancy printed in the Sorosis. You may call this work Scientific Charity, Practical Philanthropy, or Social Practical Philanthropy, or Social Work, as you please. The last term,

I observe, is preferred by workers. Last summer I made some inquiries as to the extent to which such work is carried on in Pittsburgh and learned that the best example of it (from the standpoint of the trained worker) is found in the Juvenile Court, where youthful offenders against law are kept out of prison on "probation" and supervised by women officers. Just as I might have anticipated, I was told that the chief of these probation officers is a Pennsylvania College girl. You are acquainted with Kingsley House, and with the work similar to that of the Social Settlement which is being done by certain churches; you know of Pittsburgh's institutions for the relief of helpless classes, such as hospitals, homes for the aged, and for children; but I think you will not dispute my statement that an organized scientific charity, Pittsburgh is not advanced. When she does move, it will be by flying leaps, of course, just as she has moved in public improvements which she has already undertaken. At this moment, however, the girl who wishes to become a paid charity worker will find her opportunity for training in New York City.

Many young women without experience in such work have been employed as "Visitors" by the Charity Organization Society and



the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Although all charitable societies delight in such heavily-syllabled names, they are colloquially and properly known by their initials. If you are a C. O. S. worker, your day will be spent about as follows: At nine o'clock you enter a large room and seat yourself at a table with other visitors. The Investigating Agent hands you three or four slips of paper, which are new "Cases" for you to investigate. On these papers are such facts and addresses as have come to the Society in regard to families who are reported to be in destitute circumstances. The visitor must obtain sufficient accurate information to enable the society to make a record of each case and to come to a decision as to the kind of assistance and treatment which it requires. She gets this information from the needy families themselves, from former employers or other references and from their neighbors and those who have previously lived beside them in the same tenements. She copies all addresses into her little note-book, and starts out, perhaps to the Jewish quarter of the lower east-side, perhaps to Little Italy, or perhaps to the nondescript poor district of the upper west-side. She soon learns that New York is not marked off by boundaries between classes, but that one street may present not only the extremes

of financial ability and morality, but all grades between. Therefore, she never really knows the city, nor can her work become monotonous. She returns to the office late in the afternoon and dictates to a stenographer the reports of her investigations. She is allowed an hour for lunch and quits work at five. After she is trained to investigate, she may be sent as an assistant agent to one of the district offices of the city where those families who, after investigation remain under care of the C. O. S., are assisted to self-support or provided for in their homes. There is drudgery in this tramping from street to street in all kinds of weather, in this entering of the poorest houses of the city and in climbing to top floors, and in persistently framing and asking questions which will draw from unwilling lips the story of the past and the names and addresses of those who can corroborate or contradict that story. But to the right kind of temperament all such drudgery counts for nothing, because at the top of every tenement, behind every closed door at which you knock, waits a surprise. You will find that the poor woman, whose case you wept to read of, is a professional beggar. In the course of an unpromising investigation, you stumble upon an instance of the charity of the very poor for each other; the janitress, who has barely



enough money to buy food for her own children, is gladly sharing with the poorer tenant who is about to be "dispossessed." No matter what you find out, it is always what you don't expect, and at the close of each day's work, you have compiled a story fresh from the book of life.

The young woman who wishes to enter social work so well equipped as to escape many of the blunders made by the untrained, may spend a year in study at the New York School of Philanthropy. From this term's schedule, I select a few subjects presented by lecturers:

Prof. Henry R. Seegar.

The regulation of the sweating system.

Industrial education as a solution of the labor problem.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer.

Specialties of professional service outside of institutions;

(a) Ameliorative; (b) Reformatory; (c) Constructive.

Prof. Edward T. Devine.

Literature of charity.

Dr. William H. Allen.

Efficiency tests.

Hon. Homer Folks.

The care of destitute, neglected and delinquent children.

It is expected that each student will develop an interest in some practical subject suggested by the lecturers, and that her investigations may add something to the knowledge of social workers. For such study the

records of certain societies are open to her, and she spends specified hours in working under the direction of an agent of one of these societies. A young woman in last year's class became interested in studying about the babies who are deserted on the streets of New York. The subject of her graduating thesis was "The Care of Foundlings in New York City." Her hours of practical work had been given to the State Charities Aid Association. As this is the society by which I have been employed for the past five years, I can tell you at the same time how this student obtained the most of her information for her thesis and something about the special kind of social work which I have done.

One snowy morning last winter, we read in the newspapers that just at dark the night before a woman coming home from the grocery with her husband's supper, had stumbled over a large bundle, as she entered the vestibule of the apartment house where she lived. The bundle appeared to move and as she stooped toward it, she saw that it was a baby about three months old. The neighbors gathered round her and some one called a policeman, who telephoned for an ambulance and took the baby to Bellevue Hospital. I may explain that every baby so deserted is given a religion by the city and its future environ-



ment thus determined. Although they may be only a few days old many have Jewish features, others are Slavish or Italian. Some infantile faces suggest Ireland or Germany at a glance, but that is no concern of the city. Every alternate baby is baptized by a Roman Catholic priest, and according to law must be placed with a Roman Catholic family. Upon the others is bestowed the Protestant religion and the future of a Protestant bringing up.

We read that the baby found in the hallway was a blue-eyed girl, and that she had been baptized by a Protestant clergyman, and we knew that another was added to those whom the S. C. A. A. takes care of and gives to Protestant families for adoption. That morning one of our agents went to the hospital and brought the baby to the Association, where it was given to a nurse who took it home with her and was paid by the city for its board until a home of adoption was found for it by the Society. The woman was not a trained nurse from an institution, but a housewife, so situated that she could give the child the same kind of care which it would receive in a normal home.

These babies are visited in their boarding homes by the Society's agents. A careful record is kept of their health and development. If a nurse is neglecting a baby or shows

a lack of judgment in feeding or otherwise looking out for its physical welfare, it is the duty of the visitor to have these faults corrected or transfer the baby to another home. If a baby girl is healthy and attractive, some one will want to adopt her before she is a year old. As Children's Agent, a large part of my work has been to investigate the homes of those families who apply to the Association for one of these babies. By visiting the families in their homes, talking with them about their motives for making their applications, with the references whom they named and with other responsible citizens who are acquainted with them, I arrive at an opinion as to their moral fitness, intelligence, and financial ability for bringing up a child. Our reports are submitted to the managers of the Association and each application is "Approved" or "Disapproved." Children who are not legally adopted continue under the supervision of the Society until they become of age—which requires frequent visitation and adjustment of difficulties, by agents. As the S. C. A. A. sends children to all parts of New York and even to other States, you can understand why the finding and supervision of homes requires the agent to be something of a traveler.

On certain strenuous days the office is filled with nurses and babies.



Instead of the usual business-like calm, a highly nervous condition prevails among the agents, for the air is filled with the cries of protest and other efforts to attract attention which each baby puts forth in its own way. They have been brought together for the inspection of a prospective foster-mother. She takes one, then another, in her arms, studying, comparing, rejecting. Sometimes the shape of the head and the refinement of the features are critically examined, but generally the choice is influenced by the winsomeness of the baby—its big blue eyes, its jolly smile, or even the friendly stretching out of a small hand. The new mother walks off beaming with happiness. The baby in her arms has come into her rightful inheritance. For many lonely years before her troubled existence began, the new parents have been storing up the love which is now lavished upon her.

The other day I heard a new name for babies of this class. Said a colored woman, with the delight in using polite words, which is characteristic of her race: "I saw a baby boy that I wanted and I thought I could get him. He was a trouble-baby. His mother was only sixteen and had been in trouble, but she wouldn't give him up." "Trouble-babies" these surely are—the cause of trouble to those who should have loved them in their helplessness; thrown out on the street to die or

fall into the hands of anyone who may find them, however cruel or immoral. Experienced as we become, we never quite lose our wonder at these small creatures, who have passed unconsciously through some mysterious history of wrong; and we never become too experienced to feel a thrill of pride at having been instrumental in changing a "trouble-baby" into a "joy-baby."

I have written of the two kinds of social work in which I have had experience. You will find that the disagreeable things and the compensations, that occur in each day's work, are very much the same in any branch of scientific charity which you undertake. Any trained worker will mention essential qualities for beginners and probably no two will put the same quality first. I should say, that to advance to a position of prominence and to become a worker whose services are sought after, you should have an easy, friendly way of addressing people, and a degree more than the average of self-confidence, because so much of modern charity is initiative, not to say aggressive. You should be a leader with the same ability for directing others which is required in a teacher. To love the work and to find in it such a fascination that you will never be willing to leave it, you need a heart-deep curiosity as to the lives of all human beings.

Luella P. Meloy, '84.



## THE INSIGNIFICANT MISS SMITH.

M-a-r-y S-m-i-t-h, Mary Smith. Would you, my reader, pause at that name? No more would you have stopped to look at its owner, had she passed you on the street. She was hopelessly insignificant, was Mary Smith. She knew it; she had known it, in fact, ever since she could remember. She had first begun to notice it when in kindergarten. I don't mean to say that she had thought it in just so many words, but she had always wondered why visitors did not pat her smoothly plaited hair as they did the curly locks of her little neighbors. She had never been the center of any of the games, and had often sat neglected in a corner of the playground, although longing to play. She was painfully diffident and so stayed longingly by herself, afraid to offer to play and completely forgotten by her schoolmates. She often imagined herself skipping about the school grounds arm in arm with one of the other little girls. Her dreams never became a reality; her shyness always held her back.

She was bright enough in her lessons. She always knew the answer to the questions but was too timid to volunteer a reply unless directly called upon. So her standing was never above the middle of her class, despite the fact that she

obtained splendid marks on examinations.

At the time of the opening of my story, she was seventeen years old, moderately tall, with a round face in no way remarkable, and with thick black hair combed smoothly back from her forehead. She was still the lonely child of the kindergarten days, having no enemies, it is true, but also no particular friends. She was in her junior year at high school. It was still her chief wish to be the center of her class life. But she was still too bashful to make her way out of the neglected corner into which the other pupils had gradually pushed her.

One day a new pupil came, a girl of about Mary's age, with a pretty face and wavy, golden hair. The next morning as Mary left home, she met the new pupil and they walked to school together. Mary's shyness disappeared under the gay chatter of her companion and so began a friendship which lasted all their lives.

When they reached school and the new girl, Grace Lehman, had gone to her desk, the boys and the other girls crowded about Mary to hear who the new pupil was. For once Mary became the center of an interested crowd as she told them all Grace had told her. School be-



gan and they left her. But for that day Mary was happy and all that night she dreamt of how the boys and girls would invite her to the school party the next night. In the morning disappointment came. Grace met her with a joyous face and told her that before she had left school the previous night she had been invited to the party. Mary now realized what before she had been blind to because of her excitement and joy, that her classmates had not wished to talk with her, but had wished to find out about Grace. Her loneliness grew greater now than it had ever been. She longed for something that would make her interesting, not for a few minutes only, but for all time.

That evening she sat at home sadly imagining Grace at the party and wishing she could be there, too. But the next morning, instead of Grace's meeting her with a long account of the evening before, she told how she, too, had had to stay at home. Then she stopped and said, almost in a whisper.

"You won't tell anyone if I tell you why," and Mary drew herself up and said, "Of course not," in a tone which forbade any argument. So it was that Grace told of her big brother, Ben, who sometimes went with bad companions and drank more than was good for him. He had done so last night, she said, and her mother had felt so bad about

it that she had had to stay with her. She ended with the remark,

"I wouldn't tell anyone but you, Mary, for I like you best of all the girls," and Mary felt proud again and happy.

They reached school and those who had been at the party crowded about Grace inquiring why she had not been there, but the only answer they got from truthful Grace was,

"I couldn't come. Mother needed me," and to further questions came the reply,

"I can't tell you why."

At recess again Mary was the center of an eager, questioning crowd, asking if she knew why Grace hadn't come and begging her to tell them. She didn't intend to tell them—she had said she wouldn't—but she couldn't bear to refuse immediately and see them go away so she kept them there hinting at the reason. In time some of them grew impatient and went to join the merry throng at the other end of the school yard. At last only two girls were left and they began to talk to each other, ignoring Mary. Suddenly Mary felt something urging her to tell, some voice telling her that so she would prove to these two girls that she was considered important and worth talking to by some one anyway. So she made them promise never to tell anyone else and then she told them and



their interest was great enough to satisfy her.

The next day Grace thanked her for keeping her promise as some of the girls had told her of Mary's refusal to break her word. For the first time Mary's sense of excitement and importance faded away and her broken promise loomed large before her. Still she was not sorry she had told, only afraid that Grace would find it out. All the way to school Grace talked of her brother, telling Mary how badly they needed his support and how hard they were trying to make him give up evil ways.

In recess time again, Mary talked to the same two girls and told them what Grace had told her. She knew that she was giving away a confidence, but she also knew that she was no longer the neglected person she had been before. So it went on through the year. Little things told to Mary in confidence by Grace were repeated again under promise of secrecy.

Now, if this story were fiction, these girls would tell Grace and Mary's and her friendship would be destroyed. Then virtue would be triumphant and vice punished. But in real life things do not always turn out so.

The two girls kept their promises perhaps because there were two of them to talk matters over together, perhaps because they were simply

curious and did not mean any harm. At anyrate Grace never found out that Mary had broken her word and her trust in her increased.

One day the students were asked to write character sketches of people they knew. Grace let Mary read hers on the way to school. It was the picture of a girl, true, loyal, sympathetic, trustworthy in every way. Grace waited eagerly for her to finish and then cried:

"Well, who is it? Tell me quickly," Mary only said,

"I know no one like that except you, Grace." Grace laughingly said,

"Why, it's you, goosie," and, in answer to Mary's amazed look, she added solemnly, "That's my idea of my best friend, anyway." All school time Mary was thoughtful, with no answers ready when needed. She was wishing she were like Grace's idea of her and realizing how far short of it she fell. She knew she had been doing wrong to break her understood, if not her stated promise, of secrecy. But she also knew if she stopped telling the girls things that no one else could tell, she would lose the little popularity she had gained. So the battle waged all day, even through recess time. Far into the night she pondered and finally she saw clearly that she must try to deserve Grace's high opinion of her, although she knew it would be hard now to refrain from telling the facts confided to her.



Again facts play a trick on the regular story book ending. Instead of all her acquaintances instantly becoming interested in Mary and making her happy, her new found friends no longer cared to talk to her, but, strange to say, never betrayed her breaches of confidence. Again we can imagine her sitting alone and neglected in the midst of the social life in the school about her. Her old diffidence returned, so that she was shy and silent with everyone but Grace, who conse-

quently was the only one who found her interesting.

So it was all through her life. She was always one of the quiet people with a very few intimate friends who loved her devotedly but a woman, overlooked in a crowd, talked to for a moment and then forgotten. Still she never forgot the lesson of her school life; she always had before her eyes herself as Grace saw her; and she alone knew whether she still longed in her heart for popularity or whether she was satisfied.

Eva Cohen, '09.

## SKETCHES

### AMERICA'S TRADITIONS.

The elder nations taunt thee with  
thy youth,  
Oh my America! They chiding  
cry,—  
"Thy beauty ne'er the heart of man  
can charm,  
For thou hast no traditions to en-  
dear  
Thy landscapes to the heart, as una-  
dorned,  
Their wondrous loveliness doth  
charm the eye."  
Yet thy traditions, what are they  
for pride?  
Thy landscapes, oh thou nations  
long in paths  
Of conscious wrong, are stained with  
mem'ries of

Man's greed, his love of self and  
tyranny

O'er those who weaker are than  
self.

Perchance tradition tells of better  
things,

Of pristine virtues and of former  
power.

Still, oh thou vain tradition, what  
art thou,

But mem'ry of what was, but is no  
more.

America, thy past is scarce begun.  
It rests with us what hist'ry it shall  
have.

My country, may'st thou find us  
true to thee,

And may we clothe thy wondrous  
beauty with



A glory which thy children in the  
years  
That are to come may look upon  
with hearts  
Afire from patriotic fervor.  
But let them not, oh God of Wis-  
dom, rest  
Content with former glory; rather  
may  
They strive to keep that greatness of  
years gone,  
That thou, O my America, might'st  
have  
In all thy annals no traditions of  
the past.

Rosalie Supplee, '11.

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### THE SUIT-CASE.

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"I wish you would take my suit-case instead of your own, John," said Mrs. White to her husband a few days before he sailed for Europe. "You know it's all the rage now to have a suit-case covered with tags. They are so important looking and have such a distinguished air."

"Certainly, certainly, if it will do you any earthly good. These fads are so foolish. But if you want a plastered up suit case, I'm sure I won't object."

So the suit-case went abroad. It wandered through England, Germany, France, and Italy. When it came home, pasted all over with tags, breathing out a delicious foreign atmosphere, it was as travelled

and important looking as Mrs. White could wish.

She was delighted. Wherever she went the suit-case went along. She proudly displayed it at every opportunity. To be sure some evil minded people whispered that she had never been abroad and it was only a pretence; but she remained serene in possession of it.

Lizzie Kirkpatrick, it is needless to mention, was Irish and was also Mrs. White's washerwoman. She was honest, kind-hearted, and most helpful to one she liked. One day Mrs. White gave her a pair of curtains to wash at home. They were placed in the traveled suit-case and Lizzie promised to have them ready by the next week.

That night Lizzie and her daughter gazed with pitying wonder at the old tags. "It's meself that was 'shamed to carry the thing in the strate. The way iverybody stared at me so hard loike as if Oi'd jist arrived. The por Missus, Oi s'pose she niver had time to clane thim things off, what with all her parties and the loik, and it's a rale handsome one, too. Oi'll just scrub thim off meself, Oi will."

So, with the kindest intentions in the world Lizzie rolled her sleeves up and began. She worked for an hour, scraping and scrubbing. The innocent scraps of paper disappeared as by magic beneath her energetic brush and instead of the old plaster-



ed-up suit-case appeared a clean one rather worn in spots but looking fresh and highly respectable.

"Sure and she'll be that tickled," chuckled Lizzie.

All week she thought of her employer's surprise when she should give it to her. When the day arrived she went to her work filled with expectancy. Benevolence towards all mankind shone in her countenance as she entered the hall. Mrs. White was there and greeted her graciously with "Good morning, Lizzie." Lizzie walked slowly forward and handed her the suit-case with a beaming smile. Mrs. White eyed the strange looking object, at first rather surprised. Then in a flash the truth dawned upon her and she recognized her own cherished suit-case.

Let us not stop to discuss that lady's wrath.

Minerva Hamilton, '11.

### THE EARLY BIRD.

The early bird is singing in the willows by the brook,

The wheat is swaying gently in the breeze,

A modest violet trembles in its shady, leafy nook,

The water whispers music to the restle of the trees.

While the down is falling softly from the dandelion's head,

An early worm comes gliding swiftly past,—

The early bird espies him, and he sings, "This is my bread!"

As with grasping, greedy gobble he flies down to break his fast.

The violet still is trembling, and the brooklet ripples on,

The butterflies are waking one by one,

The sun is shining golden through the rosy clouds of dawn,

The bird pours out his gratitude in song.

Irma Diescher, '11.

### MARCIA'S TRANSFORMATION

"Really, father, are you sure?" queried Marcia Lindsay at the door of her father's observatory. Her voice rang with excitement.

"As sure as I have ever been of anything," came the reply.

"A whole ten months! You won't tell anyone, will you? Please!" and she turned and fled downstairs more excited than her father had ever seen his calm and studious daughter.

"I've scrimped and saved and studied all my life, and now!—Just you see what I'll do to prepare!" This last with scornful emphasis.

Marcia's friends were taken by storm when she appeared the next time among them. Here was a Marcia they had never dreamed of.



Dressed in a soft becoming gown, she looked prettier than they had imagined she could, and from the way she laughed and talked, they wondered what had happened to "the grind," as she was called.

These were not all the changes. Marcia entertained again and again—pretentiously, too. She was taken up by the set which had hitherto called her "stiff." She became the life of every gathering. Instead of the quiet, unknown Marcia, she was in demand everywhere. "They" said all sorts of things but none of them really knew what had so transformed her. Only Marcia's father was in the secret.

So time went on. Her gaiety increased. One night at the dinner table, her father said sadly, "One more week, Marcia."

"Oh! don't remind me of it," she replied. I am counting—counting every day, hour, minute. Must it really end so soon?

A week later she returned from a dance somewhat early. She and her father walked together over the whole house looking lovingly at each well-worn object. They separated, Marcia trembling from top to toe. Strange to say, sleep stole over her immediately.

She awoke in the morning to find the sun streaming in at the windows, and her father standing above her. "The world's still here, Marcia," said he. "Mars missed us by a hair's breadth, and—"

"Oh, dad! Dear dad!" she exclaimed, as soon as she was able to comprehend. "The bills! Oh, they're terrible—awful! I've had everything I wanted, or thought I wanted for the last ten months and the old world didn't end after all. What will we do? Oh, Father!" and Marcia wept helplessly against his shoulder.

Florence K. Wilson, '11.

### WRITING POETRY.

First, you get a piece of paper,  
Next, you find the pen and ink,  
Then you sit down by the table,  
And you think and think and think!

"Shall I write of fall or springtime?  
Shall I write of morn or noon?  
Shall I "warble" of the sunrise?  
Shall I "rave" about the moon?"

These are some of many queries  
That lead on to wild despair,  
As you sit and meekly hope for  
Some kind Muse to hear your prayer.

Minutes pass and hours drag on-  
ward.

All you've written is a blot.  
Surely you must have some genius  
Hidden in an unknown spot!

Must all poets this way suffer?  
Must they all such martyrs be?  
Then may Ignorance and Dumbness  
From such frenzy mad keep me.

M. H., '11.



Lilla A. Greene, '08.....	Editor-in-Chief
Virginia G. Marshall, '08.....	Business Manager

#### Assistant Editors.

Irma Beard, '09.....	Literary
Ethel Tassey, '10.....	Personals, Alumnæ, College Notes
Margaret Greene, '11.....	Exchange
Eva Cohen, '09.....	Assistant Business Manager

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#### EDITORIAL.

#### FAREWELL, 1907! WELCOME, 1908!

The bells merrily pealed on New Years Eve, welcoming 1908 with joy and happiness. They rang forth their yearly wish of a Happy New Year to all. The Sorosis also desires to extend this greeting to

the college students, the faculty, and the friends of P. C. W. May it be a year filled with joy and prosperity, a year whose benefits will be happily realized by all.

#### EXAMINATIONS.

“Die Schule soll zum Leben, nicht zur Prüfung erziehen.”—W. E. Mosher.

It does dampen one's feelings somewhat at the beginning of the New Year to realize that examinations are scheduled for this month. Some students look forward to them with quaking hearts while others

take them as the ordinary course of events.

Perhaps if we all understand how much value examinations are none of us would mind them so much. The following is found among the Revised Laws of Harvard College, 1790—“To animate the students in the pursuit of literary merit and



fame—there shall be annually a public examination.” In order to take an examination the student makes a systematic review and fixes in the memory the most important facts. In reviewing the mind is animated so that one feels in looking at a subject as a whole that there has been some profit in the study pursued and also realizes how much she personally has gained. The careful discernment and investigation necessitated by a review brings the subject into proper relations until the student knows that the mind has grown as it has grappled with the problems set before it.

This defining of the term may all seem very uninteresting but it still remains true that the student who does not fear an examination looks at them from this standpoint. Such a student has prepared each day's lesson so that at the end of the semestre it is not difficult to unite the different parts, sifting them until one finds the vital, the important points. To such a student an examination is merely a discrimination and investigation to realize the proper state of things.

On the other hand there are those who fear examinations. This can usually be traced to a lack of proper preparation. Since there is this lack the student feels obliged to cram. The members of the Psychology class remember Professor

James' definition of this often used word: “I mean by cramming that way of preparing for examinations by committing ‘points’ to memory, during a few hours or days of intense application immediately preceding the final ordeal, little or no work having been performed during the previous course of the term.”

Professor James also gives the result of this cramming: “Things learned thus in a few hours, on one occasion, for one purpose, cannot possibly have formed many associations with other things in the mind. Their brain-processes are led into by few paths, and are relatively little liable to be awakened again. Speedy oblivion is the almost inevitable fate of all that is committed to memory in this simple way.

Whereas, on the contrary, the same materials taken in gradually, day after day, recurring in different contexts, considered in various relations, associated with other external incidents, and repeatedly reflected on, grow into such a system, form such connections with the rest of the mind's fabric, lie open to so many paths of approach, that they remain permanent possessions. This is the intellectual reason why habits of continuous application should be enforced in educational establishments. Of course there is no moral turpitude in cramming. Did it lead to the desired end to secure learning,



it was infinitely the best method of study. But it does not."

A word might be opportunely said to a few students who are not always honest in examinations but who sometimes give or take help. In a great many colleges the students are placed on their honor to be perfectly honest in what they put on their examination paper. The student cannot hope to do anything underhand because she knows that she will be scorned by her fellow students. We have no such honor system here, but each student should feel that whether she is watched or not it is her duty to be perfectly fair in examinations. It is a temptation to get a little help

from some one else's paper, but is it worth enough for a student to put at stake her own moral responsibility in so doing?

After all examinations are not so extremely important. The daily preparation counts far more for that is lasting. The examination is the final systematic review which is to give each point its true relation and to show to the student how much of the subject she has really made her own. Let each one strive to do well in examinations, but also remember that the end of college training is not an examination but the value gained to be used later in life.

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### ALUMNÆ NOTES.

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Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Thomas have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen, to Mr. William Larimer.

Another engagement is that of Miss Lillian Taylor, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Taylor, '77, of Ellsworth avenue, to Russell McIntosh, of New York.

Mrs. Alfred Reed was hostess at an afternoon at her home, Wilkins avenue and Dunmoyle Place. The guests were asked to meet Mrs. E. J. Smith (née Carnahan, 1887), a

bride of last spring. Miss Eleanor Stevenson of '86, assisted.

A progressive bridge party was given at the home of Mrs. Helen Duncan Patton, '90, in honor of her cousin, Mrs. John Hannay Donovan of Washington and Mrs. William Cunningham Fishburn, of the East End.

The Decade Club II met Friday, January 10th, at the home of Mrs. George Herriott, of Neville street. Shakespeare's "Tempest" was read.



Mrs. Helen Duncan Patton, of Brownsville, Pa., has taken a house on Pacific avenue, East End.

Mr. James Rainey, father of Mrs. Howard Kirk, of New Castle, Pa., died November 30.

Miss Mary McKee, '07, who is taking post-graduate work at Bryn Mawr, enjoyed her vacation at her home in the city.

Miss Mary Wilson, '03, has returned to the Woman's College at Baltimore.

Miss Margaret McKinney, '02, of Fairmont, has been visiting classmates in the city.

The Misses Edith and Alice Stockton spent their vacation with their mother at Sharon, Pa.

Miss Carrie Eggers, '97, has entered Dr. White's school of Bible Study at New York.

Mrs. Robert Elliott, '84, for many years a resident of the South Side, has moved to Cambridge, Ohio.

Mrs. John M. Pardee was with us for the Christmas exercises at chapel.

The German play given by the students under the direction of Miss Skilton, Wednesday, December 18, was written by Miss Rebecca Eggers.

Mr. Jamieson, father of Mrs. Vincent, died recently.

Mrs. Brown Baker (Sara Pfeil, '03), lately of Troy, has taken up her residence in Schenectady.

The performances of "David Garrick," given by the Alumnae Association on the evenings of December 12th and 13th, afforded no end of amusement and entertainment to those who attended. All the characters were well represented and deserved the high praise given them. The work of the "actors" was doubly appreciated from the fact that it was for the benefit of their Alma Mater.

In this number of The Sorosis there is an article, "Social Work for Women," by Miss Luella P. Meloy, '84.

Will any Alumna who has a copy of the 34th Annual Catalogue, 1903-1904, send the same to the office of the College? It is wanted for binding for record purposes.



## COLLEGE NOTES.

## Calendar.

- Jan. 10th—Recital by students of Music Department.  
 17th—Plays by the College Dramatic Society:  
 King René's Daughter.  
 A Set of Turquoise.  
 24th—W. and J. Glee Club Concert.  
 27th—Beginning of Mid-Year Examinations.  
 30th—Close of Examinations.  
 Feb. 7th—Mid-Year Reception and Dance.

## Vespers.

- Jan. 12—Mrs. Drais.  
 19—Dr. Lindsay.  
 26—Miss Coolidge.  
 Feb. 2—Mrs. Roberts.  
 9—Musical under direction of Miss Drais.

## Y. W. C. A.

- Jan. 8th—The Centre of Living, Frances Neel.  
 15—Japanese Traits and Superstition, Miss L. C. Green.  
 22d—Sunday Observance.  
 Martha Graper.  
 29th—Miss Dyer.

The Y. W. C. A. bazaar, held in the drawing-rooms, Friday afternoon, December 6th, was a great success. The Society wishes to extend its thanks to those who responded so readily to the call for donations in the way of fancy-work, candy, etc. About ninety dollars was realized, which will be used for the maintenance of the Society's scholarship in Japan and other purposes.

The National Committee have changed the Summer Conference for Pennsylvania and Maryland from Silver Lake Bay, N. Y., to Mountain Lake Park, Md.

## OMEGA SOCIETY.

At the Omega meeting, December 21st, the marriage of William Ashe by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and Roderick Hudson and A. Portrait of a Lady by Henry James were informally discussed. The yearly election of officers took place at this

meeting. Miss Eva Cohen, '09, was elected President and Miss Carla Jarechi, '09, Secretary and Treasurer.

The regular meeting of the Society was held January 9th. The program was as follows:



Paper.....Mary Mellon, '08  
W. D. Howells, Lew Wallace,  
Marion Crawford.

Discussion.....Bessie Johnson, '07  
Rise of Silas Lapham.

Discussion.....Clara Niebaum, '07  
Ben Hur.

Discussion.....Irma Beard, '09  
Casa Braccio.

Omega Song.

With the meeting on the ninth the course on modern novelists was completed. The Society is planning for the second semestre a course on the modern essayists.

### DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club held an important meeting Wednesday afternoon, December 11th. Aside from the regular business parts were assigned for the two plays for Friday evening, January 17th, "King René's Daughter" was given to the Juniors and Seniors, while "A Set of Turquoise" was given to the Sophomore members of the Club. It was decided to serve light refreshments after the performances and to fix

the small admission fee at fifteen cents or "two for a quarter."

At the Dramatic Club meeting, January 8th, further arrangements for the plays were made. The reception afterward is to be managed by the Freshmen members of the Club.

Every day sounds of the "actors'" voices are heard in Dilworth Hall as the rehearsing for the two plays is carried on most strenuously.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rest Association held a meeting December 5th, in the Greenery. Fancy work was much in evidence.

December 6, 1907, the class of 1911 delightfully entertained the College with a dance in Dilworth Hall.

Sunday evening, December 15th, the Faculty and House-Students enjoyed the special Christmas Vesper

services with the following programme:

Hymn 171.

Scripture Reading.

Duet—Miss Kerst and Miss Sargent.

Bethlehem—Miss Brownson.

"Sistine Madonna," Miss Lovejoy.

Piano Solo—Miss Lucile Hill.

Christmas Message—Miss Coolidge.

Solo—Miss Few.

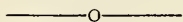
Prayer.

Hymn 173.



Miss Coolidge spoke on Robert Louis Stevenson before the Epoch Club of the East End, January 10th. Miss Few and Miss Draais supplied the music.

A very beautiful and pleasing array of art goods was on display at the Art Sale in the Studio on the afternoons of December 17th and 18th. Much original work on the part of the students in the way of posters, leather pennants, water color and pen and ink sketches, and hand-painted china was to be had at reasonable prices. Tea was served. Much credit was given to those in charge for the beautiful and artictic showing made.



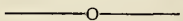
After the Chapel services on January 15th, a short Whittier program was enjoyed which had been postponed from the 17th of December the one hundredth anniversary of Whittier's birthday. The program was as follows:

Whittier.....Miss Coolidge  
Reading—From "Snowbound"

Juanita Husband, D. H.  
Reading—"The Yankee Girl"...

Myrtle Grow, P. C. W., '08  
Reading—"My Soul and I"....

Lilla A. Greene, P. C. W., '08



On the Wednesday before Christmas the library, halls, and reading room were the scene of a real German Christmas frolic. It was given

by Miss Skilton and her German pupils with the members of the faculty for guests. The first part of the evening was taken up by a German play written by Miss Rebecca Eggers, a former P. C. W. student. It was a sketch of Christmas eve in a humble German home. The interest of the "Mutter" and the "Vater," and the simple delight of the "Kinder," were very realistic. Miss Carla Jarecki played the part of "Vater," Miss Martha Graper that of "Mutter," and Miss Margaret Greene, Miss Ruth Pepperday, Miss Marion Ewer, Miss Jane and Miss Jeannette Roenigh were the "Kinder." The performance closed with the old German Christmas song, "Stille Nacht," and the audience applauded vigorously.

After the play a procession of little German Mädchen with caps and braids, each carrying a lighted candle, entered the library and marched around the sparkling Christmas tree. As they marched they sang a German song, "Taunenbaum," accompanied by the cornet, played by Miss Margaret Peck. The "Mädchen" had scarcely seated themselves in an admiring circle about the tree when who should appear but "der Weihnachtsmann," followed by his two little elves who carried his pack of presents. After a few of the little "Mädchen" had assured him that they all had been good little children during the year,



he began to distribute the presents. Each one present received an appropriate gift with a German poem which the "Weihnachtsmann" read aloud. Much entertainment was afforded in finding the right owners for each package had several wrappings upon each of which was written a different name.

The refreshments served were delicious "Kuchen" and coffee. Everyone conversed in German as fluently as their vocabularies permitted. Altogether the affair was a delightful success and all spent a most enjoyable evening. M. H.

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On Thursday evening, December nineteenth, the annual Christmas dinner was given at the College. At six o'clock the faculty and students assembled in the hall and formed in procession to march

around the dining room, while "Holy Night, Silent Night," was played on the chimes. As the procession passed the gayly decorated tables, expressions of surprise and delight were heard on all sides. The praise was well deserved, for much taste and originality was shown in decorating and the tables looked quite festive with their Christmas bells, Santa Clauses, artificial snow, frozen lakes and reindeer.

After all were seated, a delicious Christmas dinner was served and each person was made happy by an appropriate gift.

At the close of the dinner, college songs were sung, and Dilworth Hall girls wishing to show their loyalty, sang "Dilworth Hall."

Everyone had a most enjoyable time and all voted the dinner a great success.

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## PERSONALS.

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Miss Myrtle Grow visited friends in Waynesburg, Dravosburg and McKeesport during vacation.

Miss Lilla Greene, who has been recuperating at Saegertown for a few weeks, has again taken up her studies at the College.

Miss Laura C. Greene received a short visit from her sister, who was on her way to Wilson College,

where she is a member of the Faculty.

Mrs. Coolidge is visiting Miss Coolidge at the College.

Mr. Griffith Lindsay, who has spent the greatest part of the last two years near Rio, South America, is enjoying a few months' sojourn with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay, of Murray Hill avenue.



## MUSIC STUDENTS' CONCERT.

The Music Students' Concert, under the direction of Prof. Morgan, given Friday eve., January 10th, at eight o'clock, in Dilworth Hall, showed excellent progress made by those taking part, since taking up their studies at the Pennsylvania College for Women, September 18th last.

These concerts are to be given from time to time, in which all of our music students will be heard.

Following is the program rendered January 10th:

Second Sonata.....Beethoven  
Miss Nettie De Haan.

Song Without Words..Tschikowski  
Miss Helen Teeters.

Song—"Three Green Bonnets."  
Miss Martha Sands.

Cornet Solo.....Selected  
Miss Peck.

Mazurka .....Chopin  
Miss Elsie Wehling.

Song—"Beloved, It Is Morn."  
Aylware  
Miss Helen Kerr.

Intermezzo .....McDowell  
Miss Helen Teeters.

The music at our special Christmas service deserves praise. Gounod's "Nazareth" and Newcomb's "Noel" (an old Christmas Carol), also the Christmas Hymns were well sung with the Christmas spirit. Miss Few's solo, "Noel," by Adam, received hearty applause. The Chimes, played before the service, added a touch of romance, reminding us of the many Christmas Bells, everywhere ringing in the Birth of Our Lord.

The Glee Club is making splendid progress, and hopes to do some creditable part singing of Madrigals, and possibly large compositions, before the end of the season.

Prof. Morgan is forming Ensemble classes for the piano students. Symphonies and other forms of music will be studied in duet form. Great good, as well as pleasure, should result from this concerted practice and playing of our students.

Now is the time for New Music students to make application for lessons in Instrumental or Vocal Music, for the last half of our present College year, which begins February 1st, '08. Pupils may enter at any time, but **now** is the best time. Make application to Prof. Morgan, the Director of Music.



No one taking up the study of music should overlook the splendid music course given at the Pennsylvania College for Women. The best possible instruments may now be obtained at our College in the following branches at very moderate cost:

Pianos—(17 new pianos at disposal of students for practice).

Grand Organ—(Three manuel Pipe Organ for practice, blown by electric motor)

Voice—Virgil Clavier, or any well recognized system of Technic.

Violin,

Harp,

Wind Instruments,

Harmony,

Counterpoint and Fugue,

Composition,  
Orchestration,  
Instrumentation.

Free advantages (for all music students).

Harmony Class.

Ensemble (Class now forming.)

Choral Class.

Glee Club.

Sight Singing.

Concerts and Lectures.

Tell your friends of our Music course at the College, and that music may be taken either with or without other college work, and that our terms are far lower than can be obtained outside of the College for the same standard of work.

## EXCHANGES.

### The Watcher.

From the high meadows of the night  
She plucks the blossoms of the stars;

She turns the minto garlands fair  
To deck her dream ship's spars.

She lades her ship with sweetest hopes,

And sends it sailing far to Spain;  
She sits upon the old sea wall

Until it comes again.

"Spain is a sunny land," she sings,  
They say that it is wondrous fair,  
And when my ship comes in I, too,  
Will build a castle there.

"Of jasper and of porphyry,  
And Parian marble, rose and white;  
It shall rise up in majesty,  
And glow with lovely light."

She sits upon the old sea wall,  
And years and years have passed away,

While day fades mistily to night,  
And night dissolves in day.

She sees great ships come sailing home,

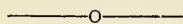
Greeted with laughter or with tears;

But hers, that she had made so fair,  
Comes not in all the years.



She sits upon the old sea wall  
 And watches toward the western  
 sea;  
 "I dare not leave my place," she  
 says,  
 "Perchance it comes to me.

"Spain is a sunny land"—her voice  
 Then quavers on the wintry air;  
 "And, had my ship come in, I, too,  
 Had built a castle there."  
 G. J. W., '09.



From The Kalends published by  
 The Woman's College of Balti-  
 more.

The Western Oxford contains a  
 very interesting article on Charles  
 Lamb as Revealed to us in his Writ-  
 ings.

The December number of The  
 Cornell Era should not be allowed  
 to pass by without mention. It  
 contains much matter pertaining to  
 the college and shows a marked  
 college spirit. Both the November  
 and December numbers of this mag-  
 azine are improved by illustrations.

Although The Owl contains some  
 interesting short stories, it seems to  
 be lacking in editorials.

The Courant should be congratu-  
 lated upon its very attractive cover  
 and appropriate sketches.

The Lesbian Herald for Decem-  
 ber contains a good article on Music  
 in Shakespeare.

An Indian Legend in the Blue and  
 Gray is a clever imaginative story.

An article in the Smith College  
 Magazine for December, Shakes-  
 peare and Christianity, shows  
 thoughtful and laborious prepara-  
 tion. It is exceedingly interesting  
 as well as instructive.

Weary Walker—"I allers knowed  
 it."

Tired Tatters—"Knowed what?"

Weary Walker—"Wot that sign  
 meant"—Cleaning and Dyeing."

Tired Tatters—"Well, out with  
 it."

Weary Walker—"Why, I allers  
 knowed they went together.

Mistress—"Bridget, it seems to  
 me you want very large wages for  
 one who has had experience.

Bridget—"Sure, mum, ain't it  
 harder for me when I don't know  
 how?"



"Were you fighting during the battle, Pat?"

Pat—"Not a bit, sor, Oi kin face most anything when Oi have me back to it."

"Yes, money talks, but its favorite remark is good-by."

"Is she the kind of girl who would eat her heart out?"

"Not at all; she is a vegetarian."

Teacher—"How dare you swear before me?"

Freshie—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"—Ex.

Miss Smith—"I understand your son is pursuing his studies at college?"

Mr. Wiggins—"Yes, but from what I can ascertain I don't believe we will ever catch up with them.—Ex.

Fred—"Hey, does your mother ever whip you?"

Jimmie—"Worse'n that, she washes my face."

Mr. Hans—"Doc, I ain't got much money. Will you take my bill out in trade?"

Dr. Grans—"Why, I might. What's your business?"

Mr. Hans—"I'm der leader off der liddle Cherman Band. Ve'll play in front off your house effry efening."

Doctor (to maid)—I am Dr. Curewell. They have just telephoned me to come here immediately. How is the patient?"

Maid—"Oh, doctor, you have arrived too late. My master died not five minutes ago."

Doctor—"Well, never mind. In this case, at least, nobody can say that I was the cause of death."

Mary had a little book,  
Its back and front were red,  
And everything inside of it  
Was read, and read, and read.—Ex.

Where Hans will go when he is dead

'Tis very hard to tell.  
Because he does not understand  
The difference very well.  
He gazes at the bright blue sky,  
Saying, "Der Himmel ist hell."—Ex.



## Love Story.

Chapter I—Maid one.

Chapter II—Maid won.

Chapter III—Made one.—Ex.

Dr. Gerson—"How would you punctuate this sentence? "The boy, while going down the street, dropped his pie."

Smart Fresh—"I'd make a dash (—) after the pie."

Here's to the gladness of their  
gladness when they're glad;  
Here's to the sadness of their sad-  
ness when they're sad;  
But the gladness of their gladness  
and the sadness of their sadness  
Aren't in it with the madness of  
their madness when they're  
mad."—Ex.

Mr. Black is going to give a win-  
dow to the Christian Science  
Church.

"Stained glass, I suppose?"

"No, paneless."—Ex.

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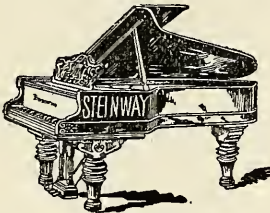
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# THE SOROSIS

VOL. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 5

## "THEY."

By Rudyard Kipling.

### The Return of the Children.

Neither the harps nor the crowns  
amused, nor the cherubs' dove-  
winged races—

Holding hands forlornly, the Child-  
ren wandered beneath the Dome;  
Plucking the radiant robes of the  
passers-by, and with pitiful faces  
Begging what Princes and Powers  
refused:—"Ah, please will you let  
us go home?"

Over the jewelled floor, nigh weep-  
ing, ran to them Mary the Mother,  
Kneeled and caressed and made  
promise with kisses, and drew  
them along to the gateway—

Yea, the all-iron unbribeable Door  
which Peter must guard and none  
other—

Straightway She took the Keys from  
his keeping, and opened and freed  
them straightway.

Then to Her Son, Who had seen  
and smiled, She cried: "On the  
night that I bore thee,

What didst thou care for a love be-  
yond mine or a heaven that was  
not my arm?

Didst thou push from the nipple, O  
Child, to hear the angels adore  
Thee?

When we two lay in the breath of  
the kine?" And He said:—"Thou  
hast done no harm."

So through the Void the Children  
ran homeward merrily hand in  
hand,

Looking neither to left nor right  
where the breathless Heavens  
stood still;

And the Guards of the Void re-  
sheathed their swords, for they  
heard the Command:

"Shall I that have suffered the child-  
ren to come unto me hold them  
against their will?"

This short poem forms the intro-  
duction to Mr. Kipling's short story  
"They."

### "THEY," BY RUDYARD KIP- LING.

The story itself deals with the  
three visits of the narrator, a man,  
to an old Elizabethan house which  
he chances upon one day when he  
is out in his automobile. The sur-



roundings are unknown to him, but are very beautiful. In this house live a blind woman, her two servants, Madden and his wife, and some children whom the stranger sees playing about.

On his first visit, the woman speaks to him, principally of the children, "They" and "Them," as she calls them, never mentioning them by name. She tells him that she has been blind all her life except the first few months, that she has never married, and that the children have come there because she loved them so. Madden accompanies him to the cross-roads to show him his way and he, too, talks of the children and asks the man if he has seen them.

On his second visit, the man tries to get the children to come to him but they are very shy. The woman again talks to him and again about the children. Mrs. Madehurst, a neighbor, comes to them and gets him to go in his automobile for a doctor as her daughter Jenny's child is dying. Madden goes with him and talks of his child who has died sometime before.

By the time he makes his third visit, Jenny's child is dead, and Jenny's mother tells him she is 'walking in the wood.' This time the blind woman takes him indoors and shows him the nurseries she has fitted up for the children. As they go through the house, they can hear the child-

ren scampering on ahead of them and can catch their happy laughter. When they reach the hall, the man sees the children trying to hide behind a screen. He draws his chair close to it and tries to attract their attention while the woman is talking to Turpin, one of her tenants. Gradually he neglects the children and begins to wonder what great fear has seized Turpin when suddenly he feels a soft kiss in the centre of the palm of his hand. Immediately he understands and feels that the woman knows, too. He realizes that he must never come back again, and, when he tells her so, she agrees with him. She goes away leaving him to sit by the screen a little longer since it is the last time.

We all know how much discussion the "Lady or the Tiger" has caused, and I think I can safely say that "They" has occasioned as much among those who have read it. We start out in the automobile in a real, practical everyday world and travel in it into an unreal and mystical one, where we feel even when we do not understand. As the children kept ahead of the man and woman on his third visit, so there is something before us all through "They," and it is this elusive something that we are trying to grasp, although if we did catch it, it would no longer be elusive and then the chief charm of the story would be gone. So I real-



ly think that Kipling did not mean us to be **too** analytical.

The solution of "They" can be, at least, approached, if we keep in mind the introductory poem and the fact that Mr. Kipling wrote this story just after the death of his little daughter, a time when his feelings on this subject would be intense. The story is full of the love of children and we feel it from the very beginning through to the end and even beyond it. Mr. Kipling has truly depicted joyous, happy childhood as it should be, care-free and happy. From the poem we gather that these are spirit children and that the blind woman, who has no children of her own, by her exceeding great love for them, has earned the right to be the one to make them happy. Then, too, who would be so fitted to live with spirit companions as one who has been blind all but a few months of her life and has necessarily lived the inner and spiritual life rather than that of the world in which she has dwelt?

Although it is not definitely stated we can safely say that the narrator himself has lost a child. At his first visit, the woman asks him if he likes children, and he says "I gave her one or two reasons why I did not altogether hate them." He hopes that the next time he comes the children will let him play with them—"as a favor," and the woman answers, "as

a right." We know, too, that he has some dear one dead, for he says that in his dreams he has never been able to see the faces of his dead. Of course, this might mean anyone, but I think we are justified in making it refer to a child in this story where almost everything bears on the children. He shows a great love of children and a knowledge of what will please them, but the convincing proof is when he recognizes the kiss on the palm of his hand as a "fragment of the mute code devised long ago." After that we can see why he would thank the woman and tell her he was grateful to her. What parent would not be?

Madden and his wife see the children and recognize their own child, and after Jenny's child dies, we hear of her "walking in the wood." Can we not then imagine that she, too, sees her child playing happily with the others in the beautiful house situated in the midst of the wood?

Again we know that only those who have lost children can see these spirit children. The tenant's fear seems to show that he considers the house haunted, and two or three other hints of the same thing are given in the speeches of the blind woman. Both she and Madden make a great point of asking if the man has **seen** them, not if he has heard them, and from the fact that he **has** seen them, they seem to accept his right to come among them.



After we understand that these are spirit children, that only those who have lost children can see them, and that the narrator has found his own child among them we come to the final question. Why does he say he must never come again and why does the blind woman agree with him that it is not right for him but is right for her? Does not the answer lie in the fact that her life is a peaceful, quiet one, with no other cares to trouble her while his

has to be practical and of the world and communion with the spirit of his dead child would unfit him for this and would be too great a strain on his emotions?

In conclusion, I have only to say that a paper on "They" can not give any of its great charm, a charm by which we are held all through the story and that to appreciate this properly, everyone must do as I have done, read it for himself.

Eva M. Cohen, '09.

### THE CALL OF THE FOREST.

I am tired of the clash and clamor  
Of the city's deaf'ning roar;  
And the call of the forest comes to  
me,  
To come to its shelter once more.

And there floats o'er my mind  
Like the shadow of Fairy-land seen  
in a dream,  
The memory of soft sighing tree-  
tops,  
And brooklets with sunlight agleam.  
glad,

And I hear the rich notes of the  
wood-thrush  
Sound mellow and flute-like and  
As they sounded far back in my  
childhood  
When I was a light-hearted lad.

So I'm going to leave this turmoil,  
Where faces are haggard and sad,  
And I'll answer the call of the for-  
est,  
The forest I loved as a lad.

V. S., '11.

### A LETTER FROM LONDON TOWN.

My Dear: It seems a little odd that our first morning in big busy London should happen to be on a Sabbath day and when we sallied forth at half after nine o' the Westminster clock, the great city was as

quiet and peaceful as any rural village, everybody and everything seemed to be observing the eighth commandment. Even that ever present tower of courtesy and spick and spanness, the London policeman



seemed more dignified, if possible, and the ever alert cabby had on an extra shine, and the factotem at the street entrance of our hotel, who handed us into our hansom cab, looked a veritable King Edward VII. in his gold trimmed coat and cap and badge, and altogether fine presence.

The sun was shining and we were over anxious to see the sights, so were up and out much ahead of the Londoners, and so we thought to ride about a bit, telling the driver to let us down at The City Temple in time for service. Having just read one of Dr. Campbell's books, we wanted to hear him talk and to see with our own eyes the clergyman who dares to write his thoughts, and who is giving so much of his intelligence and time to study and work for betterment among the poor of London. We had no idea of the whereabouts of the church, and when the cabby stopped at the Griffin Monument, which, by the way, marks the spot, and is a very poor substitute for, our ideal of, old Temple Bar, we climbed down, not caring to appear too unsophisticated, even in the eyes of this servant of the realm, mentally resolving that it was a fine morning to walk should we find ourselves off the track. Our combined gaze could not locate the church, so I appealed to a friendly looking policeman, standing in the mouth of a dull red brick tunnel running back under the second story

of one of the buildings, who, in answer to my question, "Where is Temple Church?" replied, "here, madam! this is Temple Lane," and then for the first time my eye caught the sign-board. Then with polite courtesy this man of intelligence proceeded to volunteer the information that Dr. Campbell was off on his holidays and the church closed till October first. A disappointed oh! escaped me, then in a most consoling way he said:

"Please, madam, you may find it interesting to go down the lane and see the church and Temple Court." I had come off on this trip on a few days' notice and had no time to brush up my English history, but somehow my befogged memory began to clear a bit, and I realized that the advice was good, so down we went, till we came out into a court yard, and there was the old stone church, with its Norman portico, one of the four round churches in Europe (built so in memory of the Holy Sepulchre). Not a person was in sight, so I said to my comrade, this looks different from anything I have ever seen, let us explore, and we did.

Passing on around the church to the left we were confronted by a rather plain, modern looking monument right in the pavement, and it was the only one which seemed queer, but it is always the unexpected one discovers in London, and a grave may be looked for anywhere under



foot or alongside. The only inscription on this stone was, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith. Died 1774." What a flood of memories came rushing over us!

The church was not alone, there were old lodging houses and offices that looked as if they had been there since the beginning of time, so queer and tiny the windows, so crooked and worn the stone door steps, and the dark, crooked stairs and so quaint the door ways, and the inscriptions over them. One narrow way was labeled "Hare's Court," and the iron mongery of the knobs and latches and hinges would delight the heart of any seeker after antiques, the wonder is how they have ever escaped the vandals, and on the doors or by the side were long lists of names—

Mr. ——— Barrister,

Mr. ——— Barrister,

and neat cards on not a few of the doors announcing that Mr. ——— was away on his holiday, also, some few adding that they would see clients or hear appeals on certain days.

Why, surely these were the offices and lodgings of The Law Courts! I have read how one has to be in very good standing and to pursue a long line of red tape, and obey the code and be recommended and indorsed before they can have the

privileges of Temple Court, of which Johnson wrote thus:

"The noblest miseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom," and still we peered about, seeing back of the church a library and still a fountain (not of youth, but of age), and a hall. It was here somewhere that Shakespeare makes the partisans of The Houses of York and Lancaster choose the white or red rose as their badge. This and other things of which we had heard or read kept coming back and gradually it dawned upon us that we had blindly stumbled into a spot bustling with historical interest, sacred to the memory of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith and Charles Lamb and their friends, and Blackstone and the famous Barristers and Benchers of the Law Courts of his day.

Time was flying and we must away if we joined in a morning service, so we wasted as few moments as possible in finding a way out, which really was quite a puzzle.

Once on the Strand again St. Paul's seemed near by and we were soon passing by the Queen Anne Monument and up the stately steps of the portico and actually inside the beautiful Cathedral just in time.

Never! never! shall I forget that glorious music of the grand organ and the hundred voices of the choir boys as it rolled and reverberated in one perfect harmony from choir



to vaulted roof, filling the whole Cathedral with heavenly melody; or ever forget the sermon on "Take no thought for the morrow," that is, be not over anxious; or lose the sense of awe and solemn dignity of

the communion service that followed.

Devotedly yours,

My Dear Miss ———

Mary B. M——, Class '77.

London, Aug. 18, '07.

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### VIRTUE'S OWN REWARD.

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"I believe the 'Holy Thing' is right up there at the top of the Big Hill. They told us we were too little to go up there and that must be the reason," thought Annis to herself.

All three of the children had just heard the "Holy Grail" read and the two older, Annis and Ted, had secretly vowed that they would find this "Holy Thing" themselves the very next day. They would find it though they went even to the top of the Big Hill, which place being very far and very mysterious, must be the dwelling place of the "Thing." Neither knew just what it was, but from Nora's lurid description it must be something like a cup. A very wonderful one, of course.

"And I'm going up there to-morrow," Annis added, quick to make decisions. It was not until afternoon that the opportunity came and Annis, slipping some cookies into her pocket, started out. Little Bess saw her and called, but was impatiently pushed away. She started up the long sunny hill she had seen

often from home. Her heart was not quite so free as it should have been on starting in quest of the Holy Grail. Still ignorant of that she hurried along, impatient to reach the top, and begin her search.

Ted, too, though more practical, was making his start. Plain bread and butter was not to be scorned even when beginning such a romantic quest. Annis had by this time wandered into the little paths beside the road where it was cooler, but Ted trudged manfully on with visions of his triumphant return, bearing the "Holy Grail," and of the admiring awe of his sisters at the sight.

Poor Bess, rudely pushed away, by Ted also as he departed, wandered about disconsolately and finally went up to the dim attic to watch Nora clean the brasses which her grandmother carefully preserved. Running about she found an old brass cup, got Nora to scour it and was delighted to find that it shone like pure gold under the vigorous



rubbing. She carried her new plaything about all afternoon.

At sunset two very tired hungry travelers came straggling in at the gate, muddy and warm and exceedingly cross with each other. Nora pounced upon them, but neither she nor even the supper they saw waiting for them in the dining room, could take their eyes off Bess. There she sat on the top step. The sun was shining on a very beautiful cup of gold so that it quite dazzled

them, as Bess ran out crying, "Oh, look, just see what I found to-day!" Annis became too much out of temper to refrain from giving Ted a thrust.

"You're a nice Sir Galahad, you are," she said.

"Umm your a dandy Umm, you made me give you more than half my bread and butter after you'd eaten all your cookies—selfish."

M. M., '08.

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### THE STRASSBURG CLOCK.

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Some of the curious things one runs across in wandering over Europe are the varied and intricate clocks at different places. Sometimes a town may be noted for nothing else but its famous clock, which people may travel miles to see.

At Nuremberg,—while the clock is merely an incidental interest in this quaint artistic town,—crowds of people gather on the market place every noon to watch for the appearance of the twelve apostles on the clock of the "Frauen Kirche." Just as the clock begins to strike, the first one of these strange stiff figures moves slowly forward and passes in front of a figure of Christ, which remains immovable in the center of the clock. It is a stiff and unimpressive ceremony, and yet for the moment engrosses all the interest of the busy market place.

At Berne, in Switzerland, there is a clock on which a procession of bears appears, while the figure of an old man strikes the noon hour with vigorous blows.

By far the most intricate and interesting of these clocks is the astronomical clock at Strassburg, one of the cities on the edge of the famous Black Forest in Germany. This clock, which is really quite unusual as a piece of mechanism, is inside the north transept of the beautiful Gothic Cathedral. It was originally made in the 16th century, but was entirely renovated and made over in 1842. In the lower part of the clock is the celestial sphere which indicates the daily movements of the stars,—about five thousand stars being represented. Behind this sphere is a perpetual calendar which is regulated by a



mechanism; to the left of this is a church calendar, and to the right an indication of the sun and moon equinoxes. Above the calendar appear the mythological gods for whom the days of the week were named. On Wednesday, Woden in his chariot would occupy this place; the next day Thor, and so on with the pagan gods for each day of the week. The small dial above these gods is the part which indicates the time,—really a small and insignificant part of the clock. This dial is surmounted by two winged figures,—usually called genii—one of which strikes the quarters, the other turns an hour-glass, when the hour is struck. Higher up in the clock is Death in the form of a skeleton, who strikes the hours. In front of him pass figures of childhood, youth, manhood and old age, each representing a quarter hour, and each remaining for fifteen minutes.

At twelve o'clock, noon and midnight, the twelve apostles appear in the topmost part of the clock, and pass in front of the figure of the Saviour; and, at the same time, a cock on the highest pinna-

cle flaps his wings and crows three times.

Every year on December 31st, the clock regulates itself with all its calendars, and stars and thousands of wheels. Each day, long before noon, throngs of people begin to gather in the church, before the clock. Such is its fame that one is led to rise very early in the morning to catch a train which reaches Strassburg before noon.

An interesting, clamoring, noisy assembly collects; bits of almost any language may be heard, although English and German predominate. Suddenly the crowd is hushed, and there is an almost breathless silence. As one of the genii, with a faint blow, strikes the hour, while his mate slowly turns over his glass. Old Age moves onward with stately tread to make way for childhood, which represents the first quarter; the twelve apostles march by with ridiculous stiffness. Suddenly there is a commotion,—a flap of brass wings, a crow which reverberates to the farthest corners of the enormous Cathedral,—and then the excitement is over.

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### AN INCIDENT.

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“Hot Tamale! Hot Tamale, Senorita?”

A pair of soft brown eyes looked up into mine from a thin, brown

little face. The small form was crippled and bent, but the face, in spite of the lines of pain, wore a sweet yet wistful expression. Hav-



keep silent. I looked at Lita. Once more her eyes unclosed and smiled at us, then gently closed again.

"Lita." I whispered, "Lita." But she gave no answer. The gentle

voice was still; the tired, crippled body was at rest. Lita had gone "home" at last.

Mabel Crowe, '11.

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## SKETCHES

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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1850—94.

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Stevenson was a boy who never grew old, never got away from the make-believe, which is one of his greatest charms. The first task of his life was the pursuit of happiness; one of the necessities in the search being almost constant traveling for twenty years for his health. During this time he saw a great deal of the "real world," as he calls the outdoor life for which he was always hungry. As a boy he copied in style each of his many favorite authors, Hazlett, Lamb, Defoe, Hawthorne and others in turn. He seemed to gain "some happy distinction in style" from each.

The "love of lovely words" is seen throughout all his works. He believed that no one who did not love the sound of beautiful words could really care for literature.

All his life through instead of being an idler he was "learning to write," as he put it. His father objecting to his making this his life

work, he began to study law, but was forced to travel for his health. From this time he had his way, and led an outdoor, often vagabond, life, and says afterwards, "I have endured some two and forty years without public shame and had a good time as I did it."

"*Virginibus Puerisque*" is one of his best known essays, and is exceedingly interesting. He discusses marriage in an entirely new and unusual way. It is a leap in the dark but—a necessity. If it must come, why hurry up and get it over, just like a cold plunge. In effect it is anything but good, more especially to a man. He gets too comfortable, and will soon sacrifice everything to his comfort.

"Love is rather too violent a passion to make in all cases a good domestic sentiment." "If they only married when they fell in love, most people would die unwed." "It is to be noticed that those who have loved once or twice already are so much the better educated to a woman's hand." Among the ordinary accomplishments to be looked



for when seeking a wife, "are a pleasing voice, moderate good looks, unimpeachable internal accomplishments after the style of the copy book—with about as much religion as William likes." "If you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife." "Marriage is like life in this that it is a field of battle and not a bed of roses." These are some of the fragmentary criticisms on marriage.

In the next chapter he discusses falling in love. Nothing is so foolhardy as this. You have proved how incompetent you are to manage one life and yet you want to manage the life of her whose happiness you most desire. You choose your wife to be your victim. Because you have been unfaithful in a very little you propose yourself to be ruler over ten cities. (These are cautions he gives on this point.)

What any one can see in any man to fall in love with is more than he can see. He says, "I never saw one worthy to inspire love—no, nor read of any except Leonardo da Vinci and perhaps Goethe in his youth. About women I entertain a somewhat different opinion—but there, I have the misfortune to be a man."

These quotations may perhaps give some idea of the style in which the essay is written and of how interesting it is. It is humorous, but with solid common sense beneath.

## A BALLAD.

When I was young and times were wild,

A merry lad was I,  
For I did sing and dance and passed  
My time unworth'ly by.

What cared I then about my life!  
I thought of naught but play,  
My days were filled with all that  
helps  
To pass slow time away.

But ah! that life began to change  
When thou, my lovely maid,  
First flashed thy burning eyes  
'gainst mine.  
And made the sunlight fade.

I thought I would be glad, dear one,  
But love was not to be;  
I walk in darkness and in grief,  
Thou hast forsaken me.

Rememb'rest thou that time when  
first  
I proudly wore thy red,—  
The color of thy clan,—and how  
The crown adorned thy head?

Thou mad'st me drunk with love,  
sweet one,  
I lived a life of fear;  
I quite forgot my reckless youth,  
All lost in love, my dear.

But ah! the pain, the anguish felt,  
When thou did'st turn away!



Thou mad'st me think you loved  
me,  
But yet 'twas only play.

Altho' my life thou blighted, love,  
It made me learn in truth,  
That life must not be spent  
In fickleness of youth.

And I shall live the better, dear,  
In having known thy grace;  
Love makes a life, and I was made.  
When first I saw thy face.

'o8.

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### DAY-DREAMS.

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Nancy was comfortably ensconced in the old beech tree, with several sofa pillows captured from the parlor, and a book which she had discovered in the topmost shelf of the old walnut book-case. To be sure Nancy was a truant, the pillows were unlawful plunder and the book forbidden, for Nancy's leisure hours were to be utilized in such instructive reading as "Ward's Sermons" and "Dissertations on the Shorter Catechism." But all these things were forgotten, for the girl was living in the romantic past and, thrilled by the adventures of the brave knights and fair ladies, she fell to dreaming and picturing herself as a fair lady of olden times, with a brave knight for her lover. So absorbed was she in her wonderful day-dream that she scarcely heard the call of duty from the direction of

the farm house. The call became more insistent, however, and a gray-haired woman appeared, remarking as she caught a glimpse of a blue gingham dress among the branches: "Ah, there ye are, my wee cutty; I fear much ye have been dawdling time o'er some daft-like buike, 'stead of greetin' for your sins! and do ye no mind that the dishes are waitin' to be washed?"

With an angry flash of her dark eyes and a half-suppressed sigh, Nancy swung herself to the ground and rushed madly toward the house and the hated dishwashing. In her blind haste, however, she bumped into Ronald, her distant cousin, and adopted brother.

"Why, lassie," he exclaimed, "What have they been doing to you? Just tell me all about it and I'll make 'em pay for it!"

Sure of finding sympathy and understanding in her devoted play fellow, Nancy poured forth all her hopes and day-dreams and told him of the splendid knight who would some day pass that way and carry her off on his foaming steed. Evidently Ronald proved a good comforter, for a stranger passing that way a little later saw two children happily washing dishes in the kitchen of a white farm house.

It was a winter evening and a dear old lady sat by the window looking out upon the snowy landscape and seemingly meditating. Startled by an ecstatic sigh from



the other side of the room, she discovered her young grand-daughter, curled up in a chair by the fire, enjoying "Ivanhoe" with all the ardor of fifteen. As she recognized the book, the old lady laughed softly to herself, murmuring:

"Ah, lassie, your grandmother too had her dreams and romances and her ain true knight." As she said it, she opened an old-fashioned lock-et which hung about her neck and gazed upon the clear blue eyes and bright, laughing face of Ronald. The twilight deepened and the room grew dark, but her face was bright and tender.

Clarissa Blakeslee, '11.

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### "THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA."

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Oh, Mary may play with her dolls if  
she will,

And John may play on the lea;  
But I will sail to the end of the  
world

At the other side of the sea.

For the great winds call me softly,  
And the big sea whispers all day  
Of the wonders that are waiting,  
Till I long to sail far away.

Oh, Mary may play with her tea set  
blue,

And John may dig in the sand;

But I will sail away o'er the sea  
To a very different land.  
For always I long for something,  
That seems to be far away,  
And I dream sometimes about it,  
But it's always gone before day.

Julia H. Officer, '11.

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### THE MILK-MAN.

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A cheery, shrill whistle!  
A clattering sound!  
Our milk-man is making  
His usual round.

His horse trots so gaily,  
So merry's his song,  
'Tis a pleasure to watch him  
As he rides along.

The milk cans shine brightly,  
And glisten and seem  
To reflect his good nature,  
Each one, with its gleam.

More clatter of hoof-beats;  
His whistle floats on;  
The street becomes silent,  
Our milk-man has gone.

To the day's hurried bustle  
His bright face has lent  
A lesson of greatness  
In happy content.

Minerva Hamilton, '11.



**THE SNOW-STORM.**

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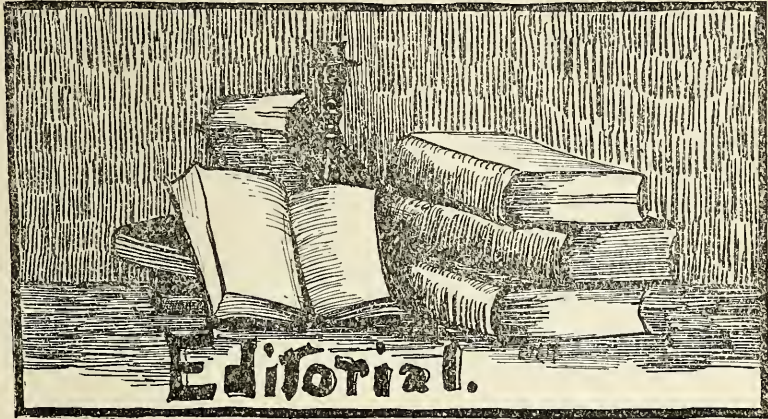
Have you ever watched the snow  
fall on a winter afternoon  
And pictured to yourself the fun  
which must be coming soon?  
And your heart beat with rejoicing,  
and your eye beamed with  
delight  
As you thought of coasting down  
the hill on a moonlight win-  
ter night?

Then you've also watched the snow  
melt on another afternoon  
And pictured to yourself the slush  
which must be coming soon!  
And your heart sank with the bur-  
den, and you trembled—well  
you might!  
As you thought of all those college  
steps on a slushy winter  
night.

Florence K. Wilson, '11.







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Irma Beard, '09.....Literary  
 Ethel Tassey, '10.....Personals, Alumnae, College Notes  
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 Eva Cohen, '09.....Assistant Business Manager

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**THE COLLEGE GIRL.**

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There are three types of the college girl. First is the "Grind," next the "Bluffer," and then the athletic girl. The "Grind" is the girl who studies too hard. The "Bluffer" gives the impression of having studied while she really knows nothing about it. The last of the three is the girl who is fond of athletics.

Most girls do not admire the "Grind." She is looked upon as one possessing some wonderful but undesirable genius. She seems to live for study and works far into the night, rises early the next morning, and even skips meals to finish German abstracts or study for an examination in mathematics. When



her friends try to persuade her to take a walk for exercise she refuses because she "has to study." She always recites perfectly and likes examinations. She is conscientious in everything but social affairs and those she tries to avoid. To acquire knowledge is her one purpose in life. It is encouraging to learn that some famous people of the world have not been "Grinds."

The girl known as the "Bluffer" is a more common type than the "Grind." She always has a good time; considers lessons least in importance; skims through them, five minutes before class period, in a haphazard manner; and makes a brilliant recitation. Sometimes, of course, she is taken unawares, but these accidents are rare, for in reciting she always deals with the question in a general or abstract sense. When examinations come she is lost. She "crams" for days ahead filled with an agony of dread, not without cause. She fails on the examination, but that does not matter, for her recitations pass her. She is an object of wonder and admiration to all her classmates, for the "Bluffer" needs more wit than the

"Grind," and to her a vivid imagination is absolutely essential. Still, secretly, she is not as respected as the "Grind."

The athletic girl is a very important type of college girl. She is fond of sports, not of study, but tries to keep a fair standing in her class for the sake of athletics. She is probably captain of the basket-ball team and has saved an important game by some fine play. She is a heroine among her friends. Candy and flowers are showered upon her by admiring underclass students. She is independent and alert in her manner. This type is found in every college.

The "Grind," the "Bluffer," and the athletic girl are all interesting but the ideal college girl is a mixture of all three. She studies enough to keep high in her class and enjoys studying, but not too much. She "bluffs" when it is absolutely necessary, and is interested in the athletics of her college. She has plenty of "college spirit" and "keeps things moving." The ideal college girl is like all three types of college girl.

M. H., '11.



## ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Mrs. James Sloan Hill, néé Caroline Porter, of the class of 1892, rejoiced in the birth of a son in December, 1907. But January 17th, 1908, a great sorrow came to her in the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. Mary Wilson Porter. During the last few years Mrs. Porter had made her home with Mrs. Hill in Latrobe, but she had a wide circle of friends in Pittsburgh, her old home. For a number of years she was a very prominent worker in the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, and her death is a distinct loss to that organization.

Miss Luella P. Meloy, '84, who wrote an article on "Social Work for Women" in the January number of the Sorosis, visited Miss Brownlee at the college for a few days.

Mr. Howard Eggers, brother of the Misses Rebecca and Carry Eggers, died February at his home in Bellevue.

Mrs. Gordon Fisher, '97, has announced the birth of a young son, John Milligan, January 3, 1908.

Miss Willa McNitt, who suffered a painful accident of the knee last summer, is in Pittsburgh at present for special treatment. In the mean-

Miss Elizabeth McCague has been visiting friends in Cleveland, Ohio, for the past few weeks.

time she is receiving friends at the home of Mrs. Brennen, Lehigh avenue.

Miss Pike, who has been ill, is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Walter Irwin, of El Paso, Texas, has announced the birth of a son.

The Alumnæ Association was represented at the luncheon given by the Associated College Alumnæ at the Schenley Hotel, February 1st. Miss Coolidge ably responded to the toast, "Pennsylvania College for Women."

Mrs. James Modisette, of St. Louis, has returned to her old home in Pittsburg.

On February 2nd, the Alumnæ are to give both the College and Dilworth Hall a treat in the form of a lecture by Miss Alma Tadema on "The Meaning of Happiness." It will be followed by an informal luncheon in her honor.

Mrs. Wm. S. Miller, '77, has returned from a pleasant visit at Philadelphia and Bryn Mawr.



The members of the class of '07 were entertained by Miss Clara Niebaum, '07, who gave a most delightful luncheon on the last day of 1907. Every member of the class was present and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent.

The 1907 girls had one of their frequent reunions at the home of Miss Madge Sproull, January 16.

Miss Ellen McKee, '07, entertained Decade Club II at her home, Friday, February 14. The members enjoyed the reading of Shakespeare's "Tempest."

Mrs. George H. Wilson has invited Miss Coolidge and Miss McSherry, chairman of the lecture committee, to an informal luncheon on Thursday, February 20th, to meet Miss Alma Tadema.

Miss Sproull, '07, has charge of the gymnasium in the South Side Playground School, teaching from four to six in the afternoon.

Miss Helen Sherrard, '02, is now taking charge of the supplies for the Playground work.

The March meeting of the Decade Club II will be held at the college.

'07 meeting for February will be held at the home of Miss Stevenson, Coraopolis, Pa.

Miss McSherry entertained Wednesday, February 19, for Miss Sadler, whose marriage will be an event of the early spring.

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### CALENDAR.

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- Feb. 7—Mid-year Reception.  
 12—Dramatic Club Meeting.  
 14—Valentine Dinner, followed by a Musicale by Professor Morgan.  
 21—Afternoon Washington's Birthday Party.  
 26—Lecture by Miss Alma Tadema on "The Meaning of Happiness."  
 27—Omega Meeting.  
**Vespers.**  
 Feb. 9—Musicale under the charge of Miss Drais.  
 16—Mrs. Roberts.  
 22—Miss Kerst.

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### OMEGA SOCIETY.

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- A meeting of the Omega Society was held February 6th. The program was as follows:  
 Paper.....Eva Cohen, '09  
 "Culture," by John Addington Symonds.  
 Paper.....Mary Mellon, '08  
 "Virginibus Puerisque," by R. L. Stevenson.  
 Paper.....Lilla Greene, '08  
 A Weather Forecast—Astrologically.



## DRAMATIC CLUB.

A large appreciative audience greeted the first real public appearance of the College Dramatic Club. All the classes were represented and shared equally the great success of the evening. The dainty refreshments, following the performances were served by the Freshmen, who also acted as ushers. The Seniors and Juniors presented "King René's Daughter," a Danish Lyrical Drama, by Kendrick Hertz. The cast was as follows:

King René, of Provence,  
Virginia Marshall, '08  
Count Tristan, of Vandemont,  
Myrtle Grow, '08  
Sir Geoffrey, of Orange,  
Lilla Greene, '08  
Sir Almerik.....Leila Estep, '09  
Ebn Jahia, a Moorish Physician,  
Eva Cohen, '09  
Bertrand.....Gladwyn Coburn, '09  
Martha.....Mary Mellon, '08  
Iolanthe, King René's Daughter,  
Ceora Thompson, '09

The Sophomores played "A Set of Turquoise," a famous curtain raiser, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

### Cast of Characters:

Count of Lara....Frances Neel, '10  
Countess of Lara..Ethel Tassey, '10  
Maid and Page, Elma McKibben, '10

The Glee Club sang between the performances, and calls, to the tune of Auld Lang Syne were given after each play by the college students.

## GLEE CLUB NOTES.

The Washington and Jefferson Glee Association gave a most successful Concert under the auspices of the College Glee Club. After the excellent programme an informal dance was enjoyed by the members of both Clubs and the House-Girls and their friends.

### Programme.

#### Part I.

W. & J. Marching Song.....Orr  
Glee and Mandolin Club.

Baritone Solo—"Slave Song,"  
Del Reigo  
Geo. B. Wicks.

Stein Song .....Smith  
Glee Club.

The Mouse and the Clock—  
(Characteristic) .....Posey  
Mandolin Club.

Reading .....Selected  
W. H. Dithrich.

Mandolin Solo—Aria Variata,  
C. Munier  
Guy Garrett.

Jenkins' Vegetable Compound,  
Macy  
Glee Club.



## Part II.

- Alita .....Herbert  
Mandolin Club.
- Baritone Solo—"Valentine's Song"  
Gounod's Faust  
Geo. B. Wicks.
- Kentucky Babe.....Geibel  
Glee Club.
- Violin Solo—Largo.....Handel  
Georg Vorwerck.
- Baritone Solo.....Selected  
Audley McFarland.
- Medley—"Favorita" .....Blöse
- Written for and dedicated to the  
W. & J. Glee Club.  
Glee Club.

## ATHLETICS.

The third of a series of basket-ball games between Dilworth Hall and the College was played, January 14, 1908. Line-up:

D. H.—36. College—6.  
Jean Gray....F....E. McKibben  
H. Kirkwood..F....Frances Gray  
Mary Foster...C.....Frances Neel  
Lillie Lindsay.S.C....M. Hamilton  
L. McCracken..G.....Jean McClay  
Helen Blair....G...Margt. Greene

The basket-ball team is having a hard struggle this year because of a number of accidents among the players.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

After examinations the "Rest Association" met in the "Greenery" to enjoy an oyster stew, January 30th, 1908.

On February 1st the Association of Collegiate Alumnae held a banquet at the Hotel Schenley in honor of the National President, Miss Laura Gild. This was the first banquet of its kind held by the Association. A number of colleges were represented to enjoy the luncheon and toasts; one of these was by Miss Coolidge, representing Pennsylvania College for Women.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed Thursday, February

6th. Dr. McClurkin delivered the sermon, while Dr. Lindsay and Dr. McEwan assisted in the services. The whole service was very impressive, shown by the attention of the student body and by their quietness afterward.

The winter number of the Dilworthian has made its appearance and is even better than the last number. The staff of editors, as well as the other students of Dilworth Hall, have great reason to be proud of it.

The cover-design this month is in green and white, the Freshman class colors.



After the Psychology examination Dr. Lindsay made amends by taking the class to the University Club for lunch. Miss Coolidge accompanied the class as chaperon. Miss Colestock and Miss Lillie Lindsay were also present. It was a great treat for all, particularly as several special dishes, famous at this club, were enjoyed.

---

### THE NEW DEPARTMENT.

---

Have you heard of the new addition to our course of study? It is a course of lectures on good behavior. The first meeting of the class was well attended by those thirsty for knowledge on this vital subject. Special interest was manifested on account of the nearness of the Mid-Year Dance and many important questions came up, such as how soon would it be proper to rush up and grab the hand of one's affinity after one spied him; how many dances should be left open in which the "male element" could smoke; (something not sanctioned by the Faculty); and when was the proper time to take that last long lingering look which says "Au revoir, but not good bye." Indeed, if the other lectures meet with the success that attended the first it is

almost safe to say that before long our girls will have gradually broken away from such habits as those of continuing the good-night performance from over the banisters, dancing the entire program with their partner, or even eating with their knives.

Immer fort mit dem guten Arbeit!

---

Naturally the Seniors are now busily working out ideas for teaching and systems for maintaining perfect order, for, of course, each one intends to have a model school. One program for the first morning rehearsed the other day goes something like this: Of course Miss Dignity expects to find the front rows vacant, with all the pupils, especially the boys seated at their own pleasure in the rear of the room. Nevertheless, she expects to step before them, smiling graciously and sweetly request that they (the boys) occupy the front seats as she always likes to be surrounded by her students, for, of course, they **are** students and she hopes they will always be worthy of the name of students.

Query: What will be coming to her by the time that speech is concluded?



---

PERSONALS.

---

Miss Ruth Martin, daughter of Dr. Chalmers Martin, former President of the College, has been spending a few weeks with Miss Morrison of Collins avenue, Pittsburgh.

Miss Margaret Greene has been suffering from a sprained ankle received during a basket-ball practice.

Miss Gwendolyn Piers Gale of the Julia Marlowe company, was a guest of Miss Coolidge, Sunday, January 26th. Miss Gale had been a student at Cushing while Miss Coolidge was connected with that school.

Roger Greene from Marietta College, called on his sisters, Miss Lilla and Miss Margaret, at the College, January 31st.

Miss Coolidge entertained Mrs. Robinson, former Matron of the Wallace House at Smith College during the first week of February. The Faculty were invited to a tea in honor of Mrs. Robinson, Wednesday afternoon, February 4th.

Miss Virginia Siggins entertained her mother at the College for a few days in February.

Miss Wells from the Y. W. C. A. gymnasium of Dayton, Ohio, has been spending a few days with Miss Knapp.

Miss Myrtle Grow suffered from a slight attack of the grippe.

Miss Lois McCracken is confined to her home as the result of a serious accident to her spine received while playing basket-ball.

Miss Frances Neel has been suffering from an attack of grippe which affected the ear. A slight operation was necessary but the patient expects to be herself again in a short time.

Junior: "Did you say you had the grippe?"

Sophomore: "No! merely a slight weakening of the mind."

Miss Myrtle Grow is President of the Senior Class for the second Semester.

Miss G, as the brown bread appeared: "How I dote on brown bread."

Our friend Mr. Joep to Miss B. (a Freshman): "Stand still! Can't you stop hopping up and down? You are too old for such things." It is impossible for even a Freshman to be dignified. Mr. Joke always did take a friendly interest in the College.

Miss G (to clerk in drug store): "Have you any soap?"

Clerk: "Do you wish a cake of dog-soap?"

Miss G. (telling it later): "Do I look as if I were a pet poodle?"



## EXCHANGES.

Thoroughness, by J. W. Loving, in the January number of the *Liberty College Student*, should be read by all students.

We could not help but enjoy the article on Shakespeare's Sonnets by Edith S. Hahn, in the last number of the *Lesbian Herald*. An exchange column would be an improvement in this magazine.

The February number of the *Ka-bends* is up to its usual good standard. The discussion under the department, *From a College Window*, is unusually good.

If the *Washington Jeffersonian* contained a few more short stories, it would be more interesting.

The *Smith College Monthly* for January contains a number of very good poems.

The short article in the January number of the *Beaver*, entitled 'Child Sketches,' is very amusing.

An old physician was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. A lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

He was growling because his wife wore waists buttoned down the back.

"But you know, dear," she said, sweetly, "you wouldn't like it at all if I wore one unbuttoned down the back."

Helping her—"You loved her very much?"

"So much that when her first husband died, I married her that I might share her grief and so lessen it."

"And how did it work?"

"Fine! I'm sorrier now for his death than she is."

### University of Shakespeare Illustrated.

Freshman year—"A Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior year—"As You Like It."

Senior year—"All's Well That Ends Well." —Ex.

It's hard to feel, when life is sweet,

That all is for the best.

He tried to walk across the street,

And the auto did the rest.

We don't say that Webster's in error,

We simply remark in pure fun,

A tourist's a tramp who has money,

And a tramp is a tourist with none.



Teacher—"Jimmie, correct this sentence, 'Our teacher am in sight.'"

Jimmie—"Our teacher am a sight."

The professor had been quizzing his psychology class, and was evidently somewhat disappointed with the result.

"Gentlemen," said he, as the bell rang for dismissal, "it has been said that fish is good brain food. If that statement is true, I advise some of the men in this class to try a whale."

"Yes, doctor, one of Harry's eyes seems ever so much stronger than the other. How do you account for that?"

"Knot-hole in the base-ball fence last summer, most likely, madam."

In a cemetery in Middleburg, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, having this inscription:

"Rest in peace—until we meet again."

At a party recently they were playing a game which consisted in everybody in the room making a face, and the one who made the worst face was awarded a prize. They all did their best and then a gentleman went up to one of the ladies and said:

"Well, madam, I think you have won the prize."

"Oh," she said, "I wasn't playing."

Er ist ein kleiner knabe,

In der Universitat.

Er ist gruner Frischmann

Und er kommt herein ser spat.

Er weisst nicht viel zu reden,

Und alles was es spricht,

Ist immer nur dasselbe,

Ist nur:—"Ich weiss es nicht."

—Ex.

"I would like to engage an optimistic cook," began Mrs. Maitron.

"I don't quite understand," said the employment agent.

"I'll be more explicit," replied Mrs. Maitron. "I want a cook who makes the best of things."

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You are gladness, you are sun-  
shine,  
You are happiness—I trow;  
You are all to me, my darling,  
That is love here below.

She:—  
You are splendor, you are glory,  
You are handsome, you are true;  
All there is this side of heaven,  
I behold my love, in you.

Her Pa:—  
I am lightning, I am thunder,  
I'm a warring cataract;  
I am earthquakes and volcanoes,  
And I demonstrate the fact.  
—Ex.

Appendicitis.

Nurse—"Doctor, a sponge is miss-  
ing; possibly you sewed it up in-  
side the patient."

Eminent Surgeon—"Thank you;  
remind me to add ten dollars to the  
bill for material."

"Ah!" said Bragley, with a view  
to making Miss Wise jealous, "I  
was alone last evening with some-  
one I admire very much."

"Ah!" echoed the bright girl,  
"alone, were you?"

Sapphedd—"A lobster in a hurry,  
waiter!"

Waiter—"Yes, sir; I'll attend to  
you right away, sir."

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# THE SOROSIS

VOL. XIV.

MARCH, 1908.

No. 6

## THE GHOSTS OF SHAKESPEARE.

In the plays that Shakespeare has written there are four in which ghosts appear: Richard the Third, Julius Caesar, Hamlet, and Macbeth. There is a marked difference in the use he has made of his ghosts in these plays. In Richard III. the interest in the ghost is the least keen and its part the least important of any of the four plays. In Macbeth the interest in the ghost seems to be the greatest. Shakespeare's knowledge of the occult seemed to grow in his plays. In Richard III., his ghosts were mere nursery goblins; in Julius Caesar, the spirit of the murdered Caesar had become sort of incarnate fate; in Hamlet the ghost was the individual disembodied spirit of tradition; in Macbeth, the dagger, the wind voices and the ghastly shape of Banquo are such visions of delusions as throughout human history constantly occur to unhappy men.

In the first three above named plays the ghosts play a very important part as to the Nemesis of the play. In Richard Third's fate the Nemesis comes in full tide in the night before the battle. By the device of the apparitions the long accumulation of crimes in Richard's rise are made to have each its due

representation in his fall. It matters not that they are only apparitions. Nemesis itself is the ghost of sin; its sting lies not in the physical force of the blow but in the close connection between a sin and its retribution. So Richard's victims rise from the dead only to secure that the weight of each several crime shall lie heavy on his soul in the morrow's doom. The ghosts which came to Richard were due to the imagination and guilty feelings of his conscience. He himself verifies this by saying as he awakens,

"Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?

The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What! do I fear myself? There's none else by.

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No, yes, I am,

Then fly, What, from myself? Great reason why.

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?



Alack, I love myself. Wherefore?

For any good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself,  
For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain! yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well; fool do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree.

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty,

I shall despair."

In comparing the ghost in Julius Caesar with the ones in Richard III. it is seen that the bogies of the latter are little better than nursery goblins, while the spirit of Julius Caesar has a touch of such actuality as in one mood makes one remember the fates of Nemesis and in the other recalls the proceedings of the society of Psychic Research. In this play the first three acts constitute Caesar's tragedy, the last two Caesar's Revenge, in which Caesar's

ghost has a very artistic effect and overshadows the last part of the play. The ghost has very little to say, but says its little in a very quiet and dignified manner.

In Richard III. and Julius Caesar the ghosts had very little effect on the men's characters since the ghosts appeared to them only on the night before the battles and besides unnerving them for a little time did not alter their accustomed actions. The contrary, however, is true of the plays of Hamlet and Macbeth, in which the appearance of the ghost has a very great effect on the after actions of the men. The effect on Macbeth is great indeed. Macbeth's fancy once enthralled by introduction to the hidden realms, he becomes something of a medium himself; he sees a phantom dagger, he hears warning voices, he is visited by the spectre of Banquo. Meanwhile from beginning to end, he is undergoing that subtle, intangible, inevitable process of intellectual and moral degradation which is bound to ruin whoever, without holiest motive, ventures into occult mysteries. Before Macbeth had had any acquaintance with the supernatural he was a brave soldier and honorable, but gradually he deteriorated into a cowardly murderer. Macbeth was a man of highly imaginative mind, and it is likely that that was the reason for his downfall, since a man of less imagination would not have



been haunted by the creations of his own brain. The weakening of his mind was gradual. First he sees a dagger which he recognizes as unreal, but cannot dismiss. Then a voice says to him, "Sleep no more." Finally he thinks the ghost real whom he alone sees. Macbeth's Nemesis is clearly traceable. "After the murder all the visible world has perished to him. Only the fierce invisible thought is real. So intensely shamed is imagination that it breaks into fear when the murder is at hand; afraid as a child of his own fears. He sees the dagger he cannot feel marshalling him to murder. He sees it again black with gouts of blood. He thinks the stones of his castle will prate of his whereabouts. He hears voices in the air. He is afraid to think of what he has done, he dare not look upon it; his eyes are those of a child, which, unchecked by reason, believe all they imagine they see. Into that gray world of the supernatural which some are said to see Macbeth is continually carried. Terrible dreams shake him with fear nightly. It is only that he sees the ghost of Banquo rise, the very painting of his imaginative dread. His courage is proof against any mortal foe, his nerves firm against any natural honor, but not against the immortal, the supernatural. Then his cheek is blanched with terror. As time goes on he is no longer young

in murder; the initiate fear declines, but though the fear has gone, the superstition remains. His superstition has bred credulity (since he believes the witches) and out of his false security partly arises the half insane recklessness with which he presses on to meet his fate."

Great as is the interest attached to the supernatural in Macbeth the part played by it in the play of Hamlet is to me even more interesting than the former. The character of Hamlet like Macbeth is changed, but unlike Macbeth the appearance of the ghost did not lead to brutality and wickedness, but rather a not un-noble thought to revenge his father. As Edward Dowden says, "no sooner has Hamlet heard the word 'murder' upon his father's lips than he is addressed to sweep to his revenge in the idea,

"With eyes as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love."

He determines to change his entire mental stock and store; he will forget his acts and philosophies; he will retain no thought save of his murdered father. And when the ghost departs, he draws—"not his sword, but his note book." He will henceforth remember nothing but the ghost; and to assure himself of that he sets down his father's parting words, "Adieu, adieu! remember me!" He swears upon the ghost's departure never to forget the parted.



The appearance of ghosts affected Macbeth and Hamlet in different ways. Each time Macbeth saw a ghost it seemed to stir him to still more brutal action while it seemed to render Hamlet powerless to act—he could only think. This was due to the fact that external causes seemed insurmountable to the carrying out of complete vengeance for his father, and also the peculiar hesitating quality of his character made things harder for him. This is shown in what Brandes says: "Hamlet believes in the ghost and doubts. He accepts the summons to the deed of vengeance, and delays." Hamlet's faith and trust in humankind are shattered before the ghost appears to him. From the moment when his father's spirit communicates to him a far more appalling insight into the facts of the situation, his whole inner man is in revolt. He intends to proceed at once to action, but too many thoughts crowd in upon him. He broods over the horror which the ghost has revealed to him and over the world in which such a thing could happen; he doubts whether

the apparition was really his father, or perhaps a deceptive, malignant spirit. In this respect the ghost of Hamlet differs from the one of Macbeth in that in the latter Macbeth is the only one who sees the ghost, which is therefore a creature of his imagination, while in Hamlet it is certainly a real ghost since the soldiers saw it also. The ghost in Hamlet appears in the very first part of the play, and dominates the mind and action of Hamlet throughout the entire story. It is wonderful the fascination this ghost has for us, since after we have once seen it we never forget it.

The use Shakespeare has made of ghosts is highly artistic, since he uses this supernatural agency "to intensify and illumine human action," and his ghosts appear just often enough to make our interest in them keen and lively. "It will be readily granted that he brings effect enough out of a supernatural incident to justify the use of it to our rational sense of economy."

Ceora W. Thompson.

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### JOHNNY'S HOME.

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"No, I couldn't go without him, now. I wouldn't enjoy it at all, if I thought of the poor fellow here all alone, swallowed up in the city."

Ann Raymond sat looking thoughtfully into space, her pretty

forehead drawn up in wrinkles and frowns as she spread her plans before her. And the cause of all this planning was no more nor less than Johnny. Johnny characterized him as far as Ann was concerned; for



whether he had any parents, or whether he had any friends, or knew anyone in the wide world, or even knew who he himself was, were facts for the solution of which Ann, however hard she had tried, had been unable to find the least clue.

Ann had discovered Johnny but a few days before, and the pitiful dejected picture she had seen almost moved her to tears. Even yet as she thought of it. She had been visiting some poor children in the slums, and as she passed along a narrow crowded street, she saw the little fellow sitting on the steps of a forsaken house. Something about him made her stop for a second glance. The neglected lonely child, surrounded by such utter desolation and ruin, was a picture that Ann had not been able to put out of her mind readily. As she stopped he turned his large brown eyes wistfully toward her.

"Do you live around here, little boy?" Ann had asked.

"No, ma'am, don't live no place."

"What is your name?"

"Johnny."

"Johnny what?"

"Just Johnny."

"But surely you have another name, haven't you?" Ann had urged.

"Don't know,—nobody never told me."

"Do you live in this house, Johnny?"

"No, ma'am, don't live no place."

"But you must live some place, Johnny. Where is your home?"

To Ann's astonishment Johnny's eyes had filled with tears, and as they ran down his little black cheeks, they made them look dirtier than before. In a moment Ann was beside him, asking him gently to tell her all about it.

"H'ain't nothin' to tell 'cept I want a home," Johnny had sobbed.

"Why, Johnny, dear, do you mean to tell me you haven't any place to stay?"

"But I want a home. I see'd one onc't. 'Twas when I was a-takin' in some things from the store, and they was all sittin' round the fire, and t'was awful warm, and they was a 'lookin at pictures, and talkin' and laughin'. And they said t'was their home; and I want a home too." Tears had almost rendered Johnny's last words inaudible.

In spite of the ambiguity of this language, Ann had known what he meant, and all her sympathies had been aroused for this poor homeless child. She had been able to find out little more than that he "had stayed in the Ruggin's cellar the night before, and scooted out early afore they was up." Nevertheless her information consisted of two important facts—that he was all alone in the world, and that he wanted a home.

Since she had discovered Johnny, it seemed to Ann that she had



thought of nothing else. And now she had quite made up her mind what to do. Her savings were small and consequently she could take merely the most unpretentious vacation. She had decided that the best place for a perfect rest was a farm in the heart of the country—far away from the din and noise of the city; and now she decided that by the strictest economy, and by the sacrifice of several things that had before seemed necessary, she might be able to get little Johnny ready and take him with her to the country.

She sent a hasty letter telling Johnny's story as she knew it, and asking if she might bring him with her. When she received a favorable answer, she lost no time in telling him. His little mind, so unaccustomed to happiness or favors, scarcely comprehended, but his first question was "Will it be a home?"

As they sped along in the train Ann thought she must be sitting beside the happiest child in the world. His large eyes, at first, looked in wonder about the car, but after they left the station he scarcely dared look at that, lest he should lose some of the beautiful pictures through the window.

Johnny had never been in the country before. The continuous panoramic view, revealing the green trees, the cows pasturing in the distant meadows, or standing in the

cooling stream, the workmen on the hillside, driving their horses in the round of daily tasks, the little houses which disappeared as quickly as they came into view, were to Johnny the wonders of the world.

So engrossed was he in the scenery that they arrived at their destination long before he was ready.

"You'll only get a better view, now, Johnny," said Ann, for we're going to drive two miles in a carriage, and you'll be closer to everything."

Johnny's eyes answered her.

When they arrived at the farm house, Mrs. West met them at the gate and greeted Johnny quite as kindly as Ann.

"We're glad to have you, dear," she said, "and I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

She was so kind and motherly that Ann thought her little charge had indeed found a home for a few weeks.

In the afternoon she took him out to show the wonders of country life to him. For the first time she saw him look happy, and for the first time she heard him laugh. And what a silver ring there was to that laugh, too. Mrs. West in the kitchen stopped chopping her cabbage until the silver sound had ceased, and Mr. West in the field raised his head to listen. Johnny begged for the privilege of "just touching a teeny bit" one of the little chickens,



and when he was allowed to hold it in his hands his rapture was beyond description.

Before many days had passed, little unconscious Johnny was the center of attraction in the country home. Everyone watched him and was as full of desire to make him happy as he was to please them. Ann was absorbed in the pleasure of helping him, and so enjoyed his happiness that she quite forgot herself. All her plans were for Johnny, and her whole aim was to make him perfectly happy during these few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. West likewise were interested in him. Since their own child had died, they had felt that an essential part of their home was lacking,—and now for the first time it was filled again. Neither of them could do enough for him. Mrs. West counted it no trouble to bake extra cakes for Johnny and mould the cookies into forms of boys or girls or cats,—and she felt amply rewarded when she saw his smile and happy face. And Mr. West, too, would not have thought of going to work, or taking his horses to water, without lifting Johnny on the back of the biggest and gentlest one, even if the farm had to be searched to find the little fellow. He made the home so bright and happy that he soon became a necessary part of it.

The days flew by and then the weeks, and Ann dreaded to think how soon they must return to the

city. If only Johnny could stay longer! And then a deeper wish arose in her heart—if only Johnny could have a home. He was so perfectly contented here, so perfectly happy, and Ann dared not think what the city would bring to him again.

As he ran out joyfully one morning, to be lifted on the horse by Mr. West, and he carried him down through the meadows across the little brook, and into the hay fields, Ann sighed deeply.

Mrs. West looked at her questioningly.

"It's simply that I'm so sorry that Johnny's vacation is almost at an end. You scarcely know what going back to the city means for Johnny. He is so absolutely homeless and friendless, and the city's attractions for such children are very few."

"That is just what I wanted to talk to you about, Miss Ann. Johnny seems so happy here, and our home was so cheerless before he came that we can't bear the thought of having him go away again. Do you think he could be persuaded to stay with us, to share our home, and in the future make it as bright as it has been for the past few weeks?"

"Mrs. West, do you mean it? A home for Johnny!" and Ann threw her arms about her friend's neck. "Do you mean that you want Johnny to remain here with you as your own child?"



"Yes, that is it," said Mrs. West eagerly. "Do you think he will?"

"I know he will. The dear child will be too happy to know what to do. He loves you both already—and I think you must love him, too."

"Yes, we do. That is why we can't let him go."

"May I tell him?" Ann asked happily.

She lost no time in finding Johnny and explaining the glad news. But simple as it was, it was beyond Johnny's comprehension.

"A home for me—I thought people had to love you in a home."

"And so they do; and Mr. and Mrs. West love you dearly. Johnny, it will be such a happy home and just what you have been wishing for."

"But you'll be goin' home and I'll be here alone."

"Yes, I must soon go, but you won't be here alone. They will take such good care of you."

"Don't want you to go; but I want awful much to stay."

"Yes, and you shall stay."

So long as Ann remained Johnny could not forget that he now had a home and that was always his happy theme of conversation. When Ann went to the station they took him along, and as she waved her hand from the car window, he called,

"I'd like awful well to be on the car again, but t'aint so good as havin' a home."

And Ann thought so too as she saw not only the smiles on Johnny's face, but love and happiness on the faces of those who had adopted him.

'07.

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## THE GRATIFICATION OF KATHLEEN'S WISHES.

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"It is impossible, Kathleen." The speaker looked into her pretty stubborn face, which became more and more stubborn as he looked.

"No, it isn't impossible, Harold. I must have more money. You know I am invited to the luncheon and must have a new gown."

"Yes, dear, I understand that you want a new gown, but it is impossible just now," her husband continued.

Suddenly the stubborn face relaxed as she changed her tactics and

a smile lighted it up with wonderful beauty.

"Dear, you know you don't want me to go in a shabby gown. You tell me that I am pretty," she laughed brightly, and that I look so charming in pretty things. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, Kathleen. But you are so pretty that people won't notice your gown. Your face will attract them first and keep their attention."

She smiled at the compliment. "So you always tell me but all people



are not like you. You say that my face is lovely and forget that I need pretty gowns. You love the beautiful and must love to see me beautifully dressed. Don't you, dear?"

"I admit that I do."

"Well, then please say that I may have a new gown," she continued pleadingly.

"It is impossible as I have said before. You know that I am not doing as much teaching as a few months ago. I spend so much of my time practicing for the concert-tour. Dear, you know that money is scarce. We musicians without a reputation must be saving."

"I know, but just this once. I do so much want to look pretty."

Harold surveyed his young wife in silence. She was decidedly charming, so that it was difficult for him to deny her any request. Kathleen pleaded further.

"You could make more money if you would not have such high ambitions. All you desire is to play the most classic compositions. Some of your friends have told me that you could earn so much if you would play at private dances and dinners, and—"

"Oh, Kathleen! Aren't you ashamed to suggest such a thing? You want me to give myself up to dance-music, to play the popular dandy at luncheons."

"Wouldn't it be alright and isn't it genteel, too? Many musicians play

at the residences of the wealthy and are very popular."

"You want me to cater to popular taste—often vulgar, too."

"No, Harold, not just that. It would be easier. You aren't strong; such work wouldn't fatigue you much. Then people pay such magnificent prices."

"Dear, it wouldn't fatigue me, but it would wear me out. We musicians with deeper insight into what is worth while in music can not stoop to a lower level. I know I could have plenty of patronage, but that isn't what I want. If I work and complete this concert-tour I may be able to attain to some higher place in the musical world."

"You are so horrid at times—excuse me, dear, but you do exasperate me. I am going over to see Ellen Tranmore and perhaps before I return I will stop at my dress-makers"—there was a little question in the inflection, but Mr. Lawrence replied:

"I wish you wouldn't think any more of the luncheon now—"

"But, it comes two weeks from to-day." She was an affectionate little thing and kissed her husband as she left the room with a thoughtless song on her lips.

Harold Lawrence, a talented musician, had married while very young and before his position in the world was at all assured. It would not have been so bad, people said, if he had married anyone but flighty Kath-



leen Morris, who had always been accustomed to having her slightest request granted.

It troubled Harold greatly not to be able to furnish her with gowns and all sorts of nick-nacks in abundance. He loved her, but he also loved his music—"more," Kathleen remarked, "than he loved her." Often he was sorely troubled and reasoned with himself, but generally music won. On this particular occasion the struggle was harder than ever. Finally he rose with a determined effort—

"I will give in this once. Mrs. Hudson offered me a goodly sum to play at her luncheon next week. I shall telephone her immediately and Kathleen will have the money for her gown."

That evening at dinner Kathleen was in a gay mood, even gayer than usual.

"Oh! Harold, I ordered the prettiest gown to-day,—a pink silk and such magnificent all-over lace. I know you will like it, but I fear it will cost quite a lot."

"Never mind, dear, it will just match those pink cheeks of yours. To-day I decided to play at Mrs. Hudson's luncheon so that you may have your new gown."

"Oh, you darling! You do love me, don't you?"

He felt fully repaid on account of her childlike joy.

As the spring passed Kathleen's desires increased so that many times Harold played at affairs which seemed to him almost unbearable. They disturbed him, for the music was often light and trivial. More and more the glimmer and social veneer at the wealthy residences wearied him until it seemed as if he must turn again to his beloved classics which satisfied the intellectual craving of his heart and soul.

Long ago he had cancelled his engagement for the concert-tour. It was impossible to practice concertos and symphonies when he had to keep up to date with all the light melodies of "The Merry Widow" and "The Red Mill." It seemed as if the deeper artistic feeling was being buried within him. As Kathleen had prophesized—he was very popular, quite the musical lion of the year.

Every night Kathleen told of some party she had attended. Kathleen was popular, also. Sometimes it seemed to Harold that there were too many pleasures demanding her attention. He hardly ever saw her. She was at luncheons while he was home or when she was free he was playing at some grand affair. Thus a year or more passed and Harold's world grew smaller and smaller.

One night Harold came home late to find a note from Kathleen—"I have gone to a house-party," so he



read, "but expect to return in a week." Near the note on his desk were piles of bills, but he could pay them all because he had been earning plenty of money lately. Yet it was with a tired feeling, which wasn't altogether physical, and with a lonely pang that he retired to his room.

Next day while riding on the street-car, there was an accident and Harold was carried home. He tossed with fever and was unconscious of all around him. Word could not be sent to Mrs. Lawrence, for she had left no address. At the end of two weeks she returned to find Harold's sister and two nurses in possession of the house. His condition was too precarious for anyone to think of blaming her.

The weary days passed; his life held by a mere thread; Kathleen was of no use in the sick-room. There was ample time for thought and her mind was busy. She began to realize her part in the trouble when she heard Harold's sister ask one of the nurses: "Do you think that Mr. Lawrence's serious condition at present is due altogether to the accident?"

"No, he seems to have had some mental trouble,—worry of some sort."

"That is what I feared for he has looked ill for weeks. I have frequently thought that he couldn't stand worrying as he had. He has stifled his own longings to satisfy Kathleen's extravagant tastes."

Harold did not die from the fever which had made his condition after the accident so serious. He gradually came back to his former self, although it was many weeks before he regained his strength. However, the accident had been fatal in one respect; his left hand had been crushed and was lifeless.

While Harold was convalescing Kathleen was with him constantly. She had changed in many respects and was more beautiful than ever in Harold's estimation. When the spring came the two went to the country where Harold might more easily gain strength and perhaps gain a greater inspiration for his work. Since now he never could become a concert-player, he hoped to work over some compositions of former years and perhaps compose some new melodies. Whatever he could accomplish, he felt sure it would meet Kathleen's appreciation. That after all was his chief joy, because he had always wished to please her.

'08.



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SKETCHES

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THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

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We pulled with long steady sweep of the oars, sending the boat along, in spite of the heavy load, at a good rate. It was a perfect day. The sky wore a deep blue, with only a few soft clouds to be seen. The water was as blue as water could be, and away across the bay one could see tiny white sails and now and then a column of black smoke from some distant steam-boat. A gentle breeze blew in our favor, and in a short time we covered the distance between the beach and the great pile of rocks, known as the break-water. Some one jumped ashore and tied the boat and we all climbed out.

It was a lovely day; the kind of a day you feel glad you are alive and feel as if you must do something. I watched the rest jump one by one from a high rock, disappear for a minute in the blue water, then rise to the surface, shake the water from their eyes and swim far out. "Why couldn't I do that, too?" I asked myself. I could, I knew I could, if I were only not afraid to try.

"Come on," some one shouted. "You will never learn to swim if you stay in shallow water all the time."

That settled it. I sat down on a nice slippery rock and from there slid quietly off into the lake. The

water was warm and I struck out with all my might. I had never swam out of my depth before, but I wasn't a bit afraid. I only wanted to swim and swim. A warning shout from the break-water brought me to myself again, and I turned back reluctantly, for I felt as if I could swim on forever. I raised my head and looked for the break-water. How far away it seemed! Perhaps it was well I had gone no farther. The water wasn't as warm as it had been, it seemed to me. I began to try to swim fast with little short strokes. I looked again at the break-water. It was nearer, but still a great way off. All at once it entered my head that if I could only put down my foot and touch the bottom, it would encourage me to swim the rest of the way. I put down my foot, but instead of touching the bottom, I, myself, went down, down, down. I looked up and saw the water sparkling above me and thought how very strange it looked. I rose to the top and felt the wind on my face. I knew I must swim, but swim I could not. An awful terror had seized me. Must I die now? Now, when all the world was so bright and beautiful? Oh, no, I would not die now. I uttered one terrified cry and then sank again.



I rose to the surface a second time, but this time I did not cry for help. I gave myself up for lost and was sinking for the third time, when some one clasped me tightly by the arm. "Swim," I heard a voice in my ear say. And swim I did, with returning hope, until eager hands reached out from the rocks and pulled me to safety. I sank down breathlessly on the rocks and looked around me.

Could it be that I had come so near to death, or was it only a bad dream? All around me in every direction as far as eye could see the water shone blue. Away off in the distance the little white sails moved to and fro. The whole world was alive. Then I threw out my arms and laughed with relief, for I, too, was alive.

Julia Officer, '11.

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### RHETORIC.

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The hour of the "Genung" was coming fast,  
As up the Woodland road there passed  
A maid who bore upon her arm  
A book that held for her no charm—  
Rhetoric!

Her brow was sad, her eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
When the bell that in the hallway hung  
Rang out with hateful nickel tongue  
—Rhetoric!

In her happy home she'd left the light  
Of a study fire warm and bright;

Above her Alma Mater shone  
And from her lips escaped a groan—  
Rhetoric!

"O cut it once," her friends all cried.  
"I can't," the maiden sad replied.  
A tear stood in her bright blue eye,  
I'm scared to death, just snuffed out  
by—Rhetoric!

"I can't write themes," the maiden groaned  
"I'm sure to flunk," she sadly moaned,  
And as she reached the upper floor  
A voice came through the half-closed door  
—Rhetoric!

Jean R. McClay, '11.



## A FREAK OF NATURE.\*

About forty years ago, a young man from Boston left home and went West to look after some land he had recently inherited. His wife remained with her parents for he expected to return within a month. The journey progressed without any notable incidents until a point about twenty miles from Chicago was reached. Then an accident of a very serious nature occurred; the train was wrecked and partly rolled down an embankment. With several others, the young Bostonian was saved, and taken to one of the large Chicago hospitals. He was badly burnt and all identifying marks seemed to have also been burnt, no one knew him or could tell in any way from whence he came, or what his business was. This did not disturb the officials, however; they thought he would soon become conscious and could then give information concerning himself.

Several days passed, our friend seemed to have regained his senses, but he spoke no word about himself. Finally the doctors feared something troubled him and began to question him. He looked at them with a startled expression, evidently tried to comprehend what they were asking, and then looked away. Any question not pertaining to his past life, he answered readily and intelligently. The physicians saw he had

completely lost the memory of any time before the accident; he was like a child. As he was now physically fit for work, he obtained a position, but had to begin at the bottom. However, he easily adapted himself to surroundings, and advanced until he held a responsible position.

As time passed, the Bostonian naturally made many acquaintances and friends. One girl especially attracted him, and eventually he made her his wife. They made a cozy little home for themselves on the outskirts of the city and lived a happy life. None of his early friends would have recognized him in the stately man with the thick brown beard, and always in the company of one beautiful woman. Life was all sunshine for a time, then something happened which changed it for him again.

His wife had planned to have a few friends to dinner, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their married life. The husband promised to be there early, but was delayed by business in the city. When he finally got away, he thought that he could not reach home quickly enough on the car. He telephoned for an automobile and gave orders to make

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\*Based on an incident told to the Psychology class.



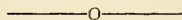
the best time possible. The order was carried out and so well that in rounding a corner they ran with a crash into another car, before the drivers could stop. All were somewhat injured, but our friend the most seriously. He was again taken to the hospital unconscious; as it happened the same one where he had been taken after his first accident.

This time the authorities were able to communicate with his friends. While his condition was critical his wife stayed with him. When he recovered consciousness for the first time, she happened to be absent from his side, taking a much needed rest. He looked around with a bewildered air, and seemed to be unable to place his surroundings. He put his hand to his head to help him think, and touching his face found it covered with hair. This surprised and grieved him greatly, he could not remember how he got it. The last years of his life were a blank to him, now he was able to recall only what happened before his first accident. But when his wife entered the room, his whole past became clear, and he turned away with a groan. (The terrible truth overcame him and stunned him a moment.) He had come back to life to find that he possessed two wives and a beard.

At this point we can only leave the poor man to his fate, and fill in the rest from our imaginations. The

beard could be easily disposed of—but the wives, no, never. Perhaps one of them kindly died and so solved the problem, or perhaps he took them to Utah and lived happily ever after. Who can tell? Like Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger," it will always remain a mystery, which can be explained satisfactorily only by the reader himself.

M. G., '11.



## THE END OF THE SEMESTER.



The night is dark;  
The wind howls low,  
And dull portentous gloom,  
Like a phantom dumb  
With long face glum,  
Is hov'ring o'er the room.

The light glows dim  
With anxious gleam  
Upon the scattered books,  
And the threat'ning clock  
Peers down to mock  
And stern reproval looks.

A student sits  
In yon deep chair;  
Forgotten are exams;  
The silence deep  
Guards peaceful sleep  
While the world believes she crams.

Minerva Hamilton, '11.



A NEW METHOD.

---

I have just found a new method of instruction and am thinking seriously of presenting it to our faculty with a view toward having it adopted in our college. It is extremely effective; it's most striking feature being it's simplicity; it reduces the labor of both instructor and pupil.

This is the manner in which I discovered my method:

Little Sammy is learning his alphabet. He has a set of blocks with the different letters painted on their sides, and every day he learns the name of one or two letters. This afternoon he was sitting on the floor playing with his blocks when the cat came purring into the room.

Sammy looked at the cat thoughtfully, and then at his blocks. Suddenly his eye brightened with great purpose. He seized the cat by the neck, took up a block, and, adjusting it in his hand so that a corner stuck out conveniently, struck the cat sharply on the nose.

"See, Pussy," he cried, "this is doubloo!"

Now, if our faculty should adopt this method of instructing the unlearned, every point in the lesson would strike home, and we could go on our way rejoicing—even as the cat does.

Irma J. Diescher, '11.

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TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

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He was the first boy Sara Brown had ever gone out with—the first she had ever talked seriously to, the first, in whom she had ever been able to put any confidence. So who could blame this youthful Sara if she was a little silly, and blushed and looked self-conscious whenever any one mentioned him?

And mention him, people certainly did. Sara was one of a crowd of lively, spirited girls, and the rest of them made life as miserable for her as they well could. And now St.

Valentine's day was near, they teased her more than ever. In fact, they teased her so much, that she went home the night before the all-important day, and cried till she couldn't cry any more. She didn't care if she **never** got a valentine, and she **hated** Arthur Jones, and **despised** the girls—and then, went quietly to sleep.

St. Valentine's morning arrived, and with it the postman. He left several valentines for Sara, among them a large and promising looking



box. Breathlessly she opened this, and tremblingly drew forth a large, satin heart, surrounded by fringe, and adorned by a huge painted red rose—and on one corner, in bold printed letters, the name "Arthur." She flung it down angrily. This! He had sent her this, when there were flowers, and candies to be had everywhere, which any girl would be proud to receive! Had he no common sense? Was it possible she had ever liked a boy who had no more delicacy of thought and feeling than to put his name on a valentine? She was disgusted with herself, with Arthur, and with the world in general.

And in such a mood, she met him that evening when he came to take her to a party the school crowd was giving. It is needless to say she acted coolly—icily would more nearly describe it. The poor boy did not know what to think, and was miserable all the evening. (It might be superfluous to add that she was, too.)

When the party was over, and he was bidding her good-night at her door, she relented somewhat. "Thank you for the valentine you sent me," she said, awkwardly, feeling even more awkward. He flushed, stepped

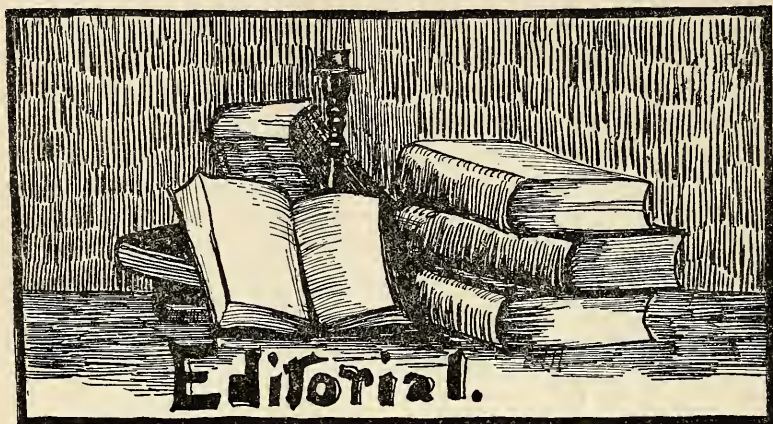
back a foot or two, hastily stammered a "good-night," and left her dumbfounded. "Embarrassed?" she wondered to herself. "Well, so was I!"

Next morning she was confronted by the teasing girls. They questioned her about her valentine, and succeeded in getting the story from her. They laughed and nudged each other so noticeably that Sara looked up, startled, "Why girls!" she gasped, reddening. "Girls! Oh! you hateful, deceitful things! **You** sent that awful valentine and—oh—what a fool I've been!"

She thought she never could look Arthur in the face again. And luckily, she had no need. For, as he told some of his boon companions, "What fellow's going to bother with a sarcastic girl like that, who expects so much? Just when he's spent all his money and has none left to get her a valentine, need she act so mean about it? And she **thanked** me, fellows!" he continued. "When she knew I hadn't sent her one, and she just wanted to make me feel mean. No, thank you! Those that expect too much, don't get anything from **me!**" And he stalked angrily around the corner.

Florence K. Wilson, '11.





Lilla A. Greene, '08..... Editor-in-Chief  
 Virginia G. Marshall, '08..... Business Manager

#### Assistant Editors.

Irma Beard, '09..... Literary  
 Ethel Tassey, '10..... Personals, Alumnæ, College Notes  
 Margaret Greene, '11..... Exchange  
 Eva Cohen, '09..... Assistant Business Manager

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#### THE SPRING POET.

With the months of March, April and May comes the season which we call Spring; the annual approach of Spring marks the annual advent of the Spring-poet; and with his annual appearance comes the perennial newspaper joke about him. He is one of the old stand-bys; and his

productions in their turn receive their share of ridicule, like the high school graduate's essay or the mistakes of Mrs. Newliwed. In spite of its regular appearance, this joke does not suffer the fate of most old jokes, but is read with appreciation every time it re-appears. Many people



laugh heartily at it, no matter how many times they have laughed at the same joke before.

Mr. Opulence especially enjoys it. He feels quite in sympathy with the joke-maker, for he really can't understand why the magazines want to bore their readers with the foolish fancies of some half-witted fellow, who goes into silly raptures over violets or anemones or zephyrs. Why doesn't he concern himself with the real things of life—such as making money for his heirs to quarrel over? He enjoys the pictures of the poet, too. For, of course, the jokers know better than to make him look like a rational human being. He is, therefore, represented as lean and long-haired, with a large nose, no forehead, and a hungry look in his eyes. Nothing about the picture suggests that the poet has any of the characteristics of sanity.

Nevertheless, the Spring-poet continues to thrive, for the contempt of this sort of people does not affect him. Nor does the ridicule of his friends trouble him. He boldly writes what he feels; and so proves himself more courageous than they.

For, hasn't each one of them wandered out on a balmy day, glad that winter was gone, and that he was alive, let the breeze blow in his face, or gone into the woods and enjoyed the sights and smells of fresh things? He might even contemplate writing a verse; but not for long, since immediately he would be considered sentimental, or, even worse, be branded a Spring-poet. So he goes home, and perhaps, as a recompense, reads some production of the Spring-poet, and, when a friend asks him what he is reading, says loftily, "Oh, I'm reading one of those inane Spring poems just to see how silly they can get."

Thus the poor Spring-poet goes on his way, his prosy antagonists disdaining him, and his sympathetic friends ashamed to acknowledge him. But he doesn't seem to mind it; as he re-appears every Spring, sings his songs, and finds his consolation in nature, who is always true to him, who always gives him what she refuses his contemptuous friends. For she seems to straighten out the crooked things for him, and to make him realize what is real and true.

'09.



ALUMNAE.

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Mrs. James Young, mother of Miss Lyda Young, is seriously ill.

Miss Willa McNitt, who has been suffering from a painful accident, is improving. She was able to attend the lecture at the College Wednesday, February 26th.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Mary Mackey to Mr. Frederick Bolen.

The Colloquium held an enjoyable meeting at the home of Mrs. Robert W. Jones, Darlington Road.

The Decade II Club will meet at the College on Friday, March 13th.

Mrs. H. Lee Mason has gone South for the rest of the winter.

A host of the friends of the College, together with the Alumnae and Student body, enjoyed Miss Alma Tadema's lecture, Wednesday, February 26th. This was the second of a series of lectures which the Alumnae are so kindly furnishing the College. This lecture especially served a double purpose since it brought together more of the Alumnae than any other of the College affairs has been able to do. The following synopsis of the lecture has

been taken from the Pittsburgh Post:

### The Meaning of Happiness.

"Miss Alma Tadema divides her analysis of happiness into two distinct parts: 'The Making of Happiness' and 'Its Destroyal.' Happiness is never to be found on the surface, she says, but, like most precious jewels, it lies in the depths, and is not easily acquired. It should be ours twice; first, unconsciously in the health and innocence of infancy, and again, consciously, in mature life. Its conquest belongs to maturity. The disillusionment of middle life, she claims, comes from wasted energy and false vision.

In reading her essay before the Pennsylvania College for Women yesterday morning, Miss Tadema dwelt upon the essential elements of happiness, which are faith, love and conscience, supplemented by these minor elements; balance, anchorage and content.

Without faith in one's own destiny and in absolute justice, none can be happy. Faith was represented as the rock on which we build our happiness, and love as the builder. Conscience was placed very close to love and likened to 'a lantern, illuminating the path on which love leads.' It was described as the intuitive light in which we distinguish right from wrong. Our hap-



piness demands a good conscience.

Regarding the secondary elements, Miss Tadema spoke of the necessity of keeping our balance, or equipoise; not to live only for to-day, the brain, the heart, or the soul, but to preserve a well-poised, harmonious whole. By anchorage she referred to living with a well-defined purpose and knowing one's limitations. We should know our haven. If we have no clearly defined purpose in life we shall never reach there.

Having established balance and found anchorage, the next thing is to look for content, or acquiescence

to the inevitable. This, the speaker said, did not bid us fold our hands. As enemies, or destroyers of happiness, the list was headed with hatred and unconquered vice, but these were put aside as less dangerous to the average person than the more insidious foes: self-indulgence, incertitude, apathy, self-pity, dependence and worldliness.

In summing up, Miss Tadema said the object of life is onwardness. Our common duty is to press onward with a valorous joy and faith toward a clearer comprehension and an eternal life. This, she claims, is the meaning of happiness."

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## COLLEGE NOTES.

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### Calendar.

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Mar. 6th—Afternoon Exhibition of Physical Training—Miss Knapp.

7th—Interpretive Recital—"The Rivals," by Dr. Southwick.

11th—Dramatic Club Meeting.

13th—Decade Club II—Afternoon. Glee Club Concert—Evening.

19th—Omega Meeting.

22nd—Class Day and Reception of Dilworth Hall Fourth.

27 to April 7—Spring Vacation.

### Vespers.

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Mar. 1st—Dr. Kelso.

8th—Dr. Campbell.

15th—Miss Coolidge.

22nd—Miss Kerst.

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Y. W. C. A.

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Feb. 26th—The Wisdom of Time. Leader: Vera Lewis.

Mar. 4th—Our Influence. Leader: Margaret Greene.

11th—Missionary Study Class. Miss Green.

18th—Dr. Lindsay.

25th—Anna Sargent.



## OMEGA SOCIETY.

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An Omega meeting was held February 27th, at which the essays of Walter Bagehot and Walter Pater were discussed. The program was as follows:

Paper.....Bessie Johnson, '07

"The Pure, the Ornate, the Grotesque," by Walter Bagehot.

Paper.....Carla Jarecki, '09

"The Child in the House," by Walter Pater.

A Medley .....——, '08

Omega Song.

The following students have become members of the Omega Society: Grace Tatnal, '09; Minerva Hamilton, '11; Rosalie Supplee, '11; Sara Carpenter, '11; and Irma Diescher, '11.

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## DRAMATIC CLUB.

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The College Dramatic Club held its regular monthly meeting Wednesday afternoon, February 12th. A few new amendments to the constitution were made and a committee on initiation of new mem-

bers appointed. Plans were then discussed for the lecture given by Henry Lawrence Southwick, under the management of the Dramatic Club. After the routine business portions of "The Rivals," Mr. Southwick's subject, were read.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, Dean of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, will give a reading of "The Rivals," by Sheridan, in Dilworth Hall, Saturday evening, March 7th. Mr. Southwick is a distinguished teacher, orator, and artist, whose personality instantly commands the interest of his audience. His work possesses attractiveness and force that win the public, together with the literary finish and artistic beauty which command the praise of scholars and thinkers.

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## THE GLEE CLUB.

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The Glee Club is hard at work preparing for the concert to be given Friday evening, March 13. A treat is in store for its friends.

The Glee Club creditably sang at a meeting in the Bingham Street M. E. Church on the afternoon of Sunday, February 16th. Miss Peck rendered a Cornet solo. Even though they had to be ferried across the bridge, their music was waterproof against the flood.



## ATHLETICS.

Miss Knapp and her gymnasium classes gave an exhibition in the "Gym" Friday afternoon, March 6th, at 3 o'clock. Swedish gymnastics, dancing and games were performed.

The College and Dilworth Hall Basket Ball Teams were entertained by Miss Knapp in the College dining room at 6 o'clock, Friday, March 6th. Covers were laid for eighteen.

The school team played a game of Basket-Ball with Central High School with the line-up and score as follows:

H. S.—21.	P. C. W.—7.
Carson.....F...	Hill and Grey
Miller, Clark....F.....	McKibben
Doyle.....C.....	Marshall
Kinnear.....G.....	Lindsay
Johns.....G.....	Foster

In spite of the score our team "did us proud" by their excellent work.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The annual Mid-Year Reception and Dance given by the Faculty to the students, alumnae and their friends was held on Friday evening, February 7th. The brilliant assembly of guests were received by Dr. Lindsay, Miss Coolidge and Mr. McClintock. Dancing was enjoyed by the younger set in Dilworth Hall, after which the dainty refreshments were served in the dining-room. The color-scheme, pink and white, was prettily carried out by means of carnations, which decorated the rooms.

On Tuesday afternoon, February 11th, after the annual election of officers of the Delta Society, Miss Coolidge and Miss Kent entertained the members of that organization. A special feature of the amusements of the afternoon was the illustration of Nursery Rhymes, which brought out no small amount of hidden talent. Impromptu readings were given by Miss Kerst, Miss Mary Foster and Miss Ethel Armstrong. Delicious refreshments completed the program of a most enjoyable afternoon.



## VALENTINE'S DAY.

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The long-looked-for Valentine's Day at last arrived. All day there had been a hurrying and scurrying in the halls. Late in the afternoon boxes began to arrive and girls were returning from shopping tours with mysterious looking packages. Finally at 6 o'clock the dining-room doors were opened and all walked in, each one eagerly seeking her own place. The dining-room had never looked so lovely before. Beautiful red-hearts and festoons of red ribbon hung from chandelier to chandelier. The tables, too, were all bedecked with souvenirs appropriate to the day. And such sentiments of love which were passed along the line, "To the Parson," "Giddy Girl"—all helped to add to the pleasure of the day.

At length the dinner was over and a couple of cupid's assistants distributed love tokens to all present, and so ended our happy Valentine dinner.

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## THE COLONIAL PARTY.

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The Seniors were pleasantly entertained by the collegiates at a Colonial Party, Friday afternoon, February 21. Every one came in colonial costume, powdered hair, and beauty patches. After being re-

ceived in the drawing rooms the guests adjourned to the chapel, where the minuet was danced, followed by the Virginia Reel, and the usual "Home, Sweet Home."

One of the attractive features was the refreshments, which consisted of seed cookies in hatchet-shape, fruit cake, tea and candied ginger.

The memory of the good time will last much longer than the powder in the girls' hair, which has caused so much extra energy to be exerted for its removal.

Miss Margaret Lowry delightfully entertained the Seniors at her home in Wilkinsburg, Saturday, February 22, at a luncheon, celebrating the birthday of the "Father of Our Country." The table was charmingly decorated with the colors of our American flag. In the center stood the cherry tree, which for time immemorial will be linked to the name of George Washington. The favors were the Washington hats filled with candies.

The Seniors and Juniors enjoyed very much the afternoon spent at the Salmagundi party given by Miss Coburn and Miss Estep at the latter's home, Duquesne Heights. The quickness and originality of the guests were put to proof and the college girls were proud to have among their number the winner of the first prize, Miss Lilla Greene.



On their Class Day, Dilworth Hall Fourth will give "The Princess." From all reports it will be a charming play. They expect the College and all their Dilworth Hall friends to be present.

Friday afternoon, Feb. 28th, the Faculty were entertained by the Seniors. Games were played in the drawing-rooms and refreshments served later in the reception room. The "consolation" prize was won by

Mrs. Coolidge, while Miss Collidge received the first prize.

Feb. 29th, some of the Faculty and girls enjoyed a visit to Carnegie Institute. Under the direction of Miss Olcott, head of the Children's Department, they saw the Children's room, the book-stacks, printing-room, boiler-room, Mr. Carnegie's private room, as well as many other interesting places not usually seen by the visitors.

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### PERSONALS.

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Beginning with January 13th, and ending February 10th, Mr. Putnam gave a course of lectures before the Literature Club of Sewickly Valley. The general subject of the course was Nineteenth Century Thought-Forces as Recorded in its Literature. The special subjects were as follows:

1. Introductory.
2. The Religion of Modern Science.
3. The Religion of Socialism.
4. The Religion of New Puritanism.
5. The Religion of Humanism.

During February, Dr. Lindsay was traveling in the South.

On March 3d, Miss Coolidge gave a lecture on Stevenson before the Ladies' Aid Society of the Third Presbyterian Church.

Miss Knapp informally invited the Faculty to tea in the Reception Room Wednesday, Feb. 19th, to meet her aunt, Mrs. William T. Sedgwick, of Boston, Mass.

Miss Kerst and Miss Few were among those entertained at an informal At Home by Madame De Valley at her apartments on Kentucky Avenue, Wednesday evening, Feb. 19th.

Miss Edith Hopkins and Miss Blanche Dulany, former students, visited Miss Siggins and Miss Tassey recently.



## Her Definition of Herself.

A girl of wit and beauty rare,  
 Of Grecian nose and golden hair,  
 With disposition debonaire,  
 Who is this? Why, 'tis Mary.

Miss S. (translating German)—  
 "Vater, bist du es?—" "Father, are  
 you it?" "Friedrick the Great was  
 a liberator in the world of spirits  
 (des Geistes.)"

Myrtle seems to think that  
 "genus" and "genius" are the same  
 —at least such is the case in Logic  
 recitation.

A Freshman's Tribute to Her Case,  
a Junior.

I know a maiden with golden hair,  
 Her eyes are blue and her face is  
     fair,  
 But alas! this maid so fair to see  
 Has never a smile or glance for me.

Each day I gaze on her lovely face,  
 Each night I dream of her witching  
     grace,  
 My lessons forsaken, my brain in a  
     whirl,  
 All for the sake of a blue-eyed girl.

All my sensible class-mates laugh,  
 But my heart is proof against their  
     chaff,  
 And now I vow 'tis no disgrace  
 For a green young Freshie to have  
     a case. 'II.

## MUSIC NOTES.

Professor Morgan is arranging  
 some music for the "Princess," the  
 play to be given shortly in Dilworth  
 Hall.

The Music Department added  
 some new students this semester,  
 and is as busy as in the last semes-  
 ter. We hope to see our present  
 quarters too small for us within the  
 next few years.

Professor Morgan arranged and  
 played a Piano Recital, February

14th, which proved a most enjoyable  
 event to the large number present.  
 The following program was given:  
 F. Bendel—Cascade du Chandron.  
 Wagner—Elisabeth's Prayer.  
 Liszt—Polacca.  
 Schumann—Nocturn.  
 Irwin J. Morgan—

"Good Bye, Sweet Day."  
 Poem, by Cella Thaxter, read by  
 Miss Kerst.  
 Gotschalk—Valse.  
 Chopin—Mazurka, F sharp minor.  
     Valse, E minor.



A Pupils' Concert was given Friday morning, Feb. 17, before a large audience in Dilworth Hall. Very creditable work was shown, given by our students in the following program:

Piano Duet—Valse, in E,  
Moszkowski.

Miss Cora Loudon and Helen Teeters.

"Call Me Back"—Denza.

Soprano Solo—Miss Sargent.

Mazurka—Karganoff.

Miss Norma Hornberger.

Song—"Still as the Night."—Bohm.

Miss Elderkin.

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### EXCHANGES.

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The Agnetian Monthly contains some very good literary material which is highly commendable in a college magazine. A Christmas Vacation Episode, by Mary H. Harlowe is especially good.

The Olio for February contains a very good article on the Advantage of a College Education.

The February number of The Interlude contains several interesting short stories, but a few essays or longer editorials would be a great improvement.

We appreciate the short article on Exchanges under the Exchange column of the High School Gleaner and acknowledge the truth of it. It does indeed give us an opportunity to express our opinions about other papers, and learn their opinions of ours, and to gain useful hints from each other's criticisms.

The article on John Inglesant in the College Folio for February is very well written.

The editorial in the Lesbian Herald on The True Spirit of Athletics should be read by all athletes or would-be athletes. It is undoubtedly true that many enter into athletics with a wrong spirit, and not for the purpose of getting all the pleasure and sport they can out of them. We agree with the author that athletics should be followed for their own sake, and not for personal or selfish reasons.

The Courant contains more sketches than any of the other exchanges. They give the paper a wide-awake appearance and add to its attractiveness.

—o—

Teacher—"What's an archeologist?"

Scholar—"Noah."—Ex.



"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

A small boy whose parents believed in the old proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," ran into the house one day exclaiming, "Oh, grandpa, come out here, quick! Our switch-tree has a peach on it!"

Ikey (to his lawyer)—"Und he said he vould make him t'ree pair of pants and he made none. Vat can you do?"

Lawyer—"We'll get you the money allright. They're breaches of promise."

Teacher (to student translating in Latin)—"Don't you think it's pretty near time you turned the page? You've read the first five lines on the next page already.—Ex.

What is the difference between (1) a gardener, (2) a billiard player, (3) a gentleman, (4) a sexton?"

Answer—"The first minds his peas; the second minds his cues; the third minds his p's and q's; the third minds his keys and pews.

I am dying, mother, dying,  
I can see my harp is dusted,  
But I made the touchdown, mother,  
Just before my left lung busted.

Yes, my liver's on the goal post,  
And my hide is grandly gory;  
Won't the girls applaud like ginger  
When the preacher tells my story?

Bid the undertaker gently,  
Hang my knee-cap on the casket;  
Gather up the missing fragments  
In a little, perfumed basket.

There's some player's false teeth,  
mother,  
In my gizzard—out of use—  
And a fellow's head-gear also—  
Tell him not to pry them loose.  
—Ex.

Teacher—"What is an island?"  
Little Pittsburg Boy—"A body of  
land entirely surrounded by liquid  
mud."

"Why does the professor have all  
those letters tacked on to his name?"  
"That shows that he got there by  
degrees."

She (in a friendly tone)—"By the  
way, are you going to take supper  
anywhere to-morrow evening?"

He (eagerly)—"Why, no, not that  
I know of.

She (serenely)—"My! won't you  
be hungry the next morning!



"Ever been in Siberia?" asked the reporter.

"Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee. "I took a knouting 'there last summer."

"That's a beautiful rug. May I ask how much it cost you?"

"Three hundred dollars worth of furniture to match it."

Pa heard him give the High School yell.

For joy he could not speak.

He murmured, "Mother, listen To our Willie talking Greek."—Ex.

Umpire—"Fowl."

Freshie—"Where are the feathers?"

Senior—"This is a picked team."  
—Ex.

A Philadelphia lawyer maintains an admirable stock-farm on the outskirts of the Quaker City. One day some poor children were permitted to go over this farm, and when their inspection was done each of them was given a glass of milk.

The milk came from a \$25.00 cow.

"How do you like it, boys?" asked an attendant, when the little fellows had drained their glasses.

"Fine! Fine!" said one youngster with a grin of approval. Then, after a pause, he added:

"I wisht our milkman kept a cow."

Doris was learning pretty table manners. Her mother taught her after she had finished her grapes, how to dip the tips of her fingers into the water in her finger-bowl, touch her lips and dry them daintily on her napkin.

"Ears, too, mamma?" whispered Doris.

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**Corrected.**

Visitor—Go to the proprietor and tell him to make my bill out properly and write omelette with two “t’s” and not one.

Waiter (a few minutes later)—It’s all right, now, sir—omelet, 1 shilling; two teas, 2 shillings.

**Their College Boys.**

First Mother (reading letter from son at college)—“Henry’s letters always send me to the dictionary.”

Second Mother (resignedly)—“That’s nothing; Jack’s always send me to the bank.”

**A Clear Cut Warning.**

“Young ladies,” said an absent-minded teacher of Latin to his class in Virgil, “I understand that you count upon my calling on you in alphabetical order and prepare your lessons accordingly. I am surprised and disappointed at such conduct. Hereafter I warn you I shall begin at the other end of the alphabet!”—Ex.

**YOUR ALLOWANCE**

Why not save some portion of your allowance this month and open an account with this bank with it? Think what a snug sum you would have if you saved regularly through your college course. Accounts may be opened with one dollar and upwards.

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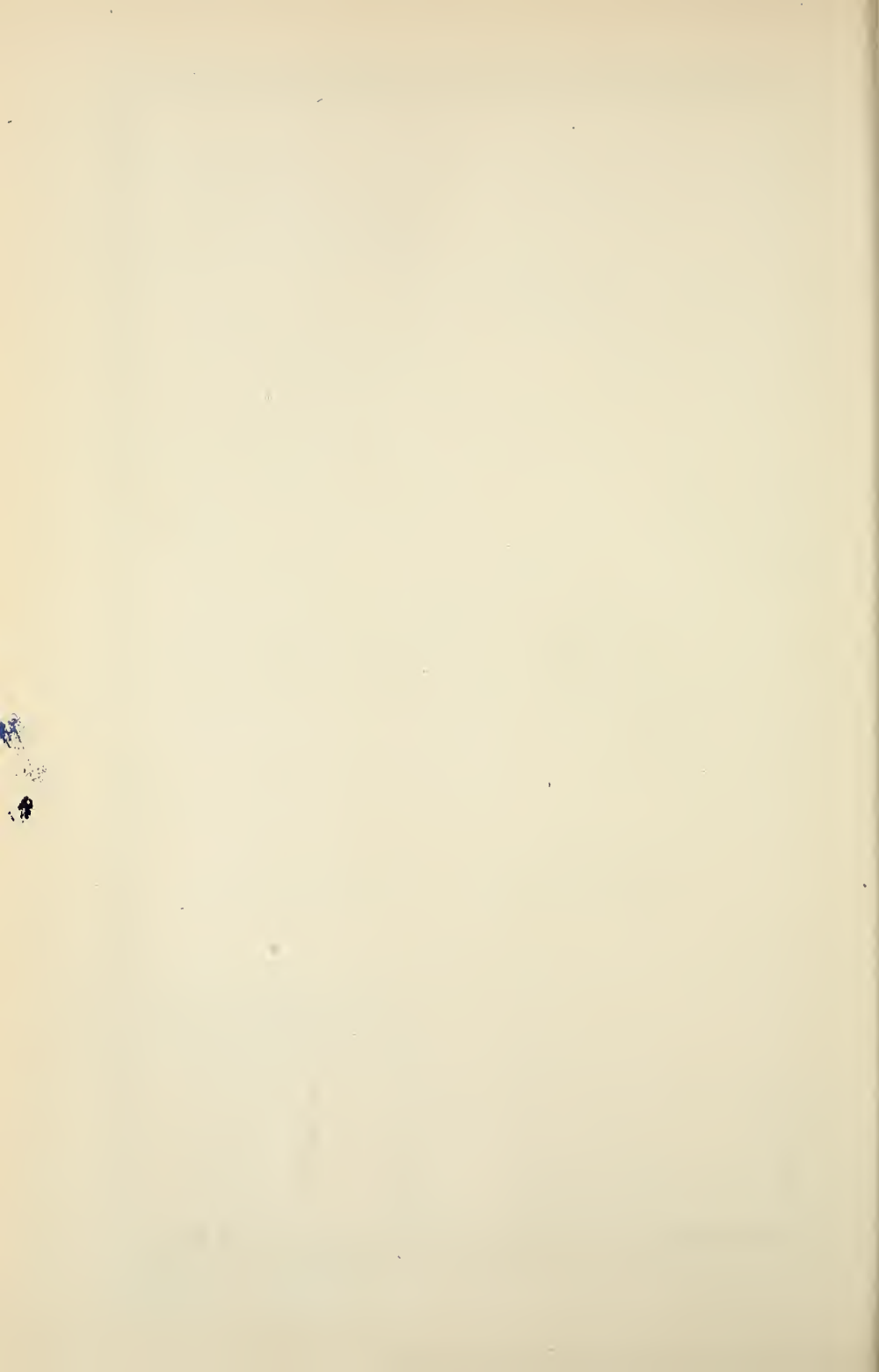
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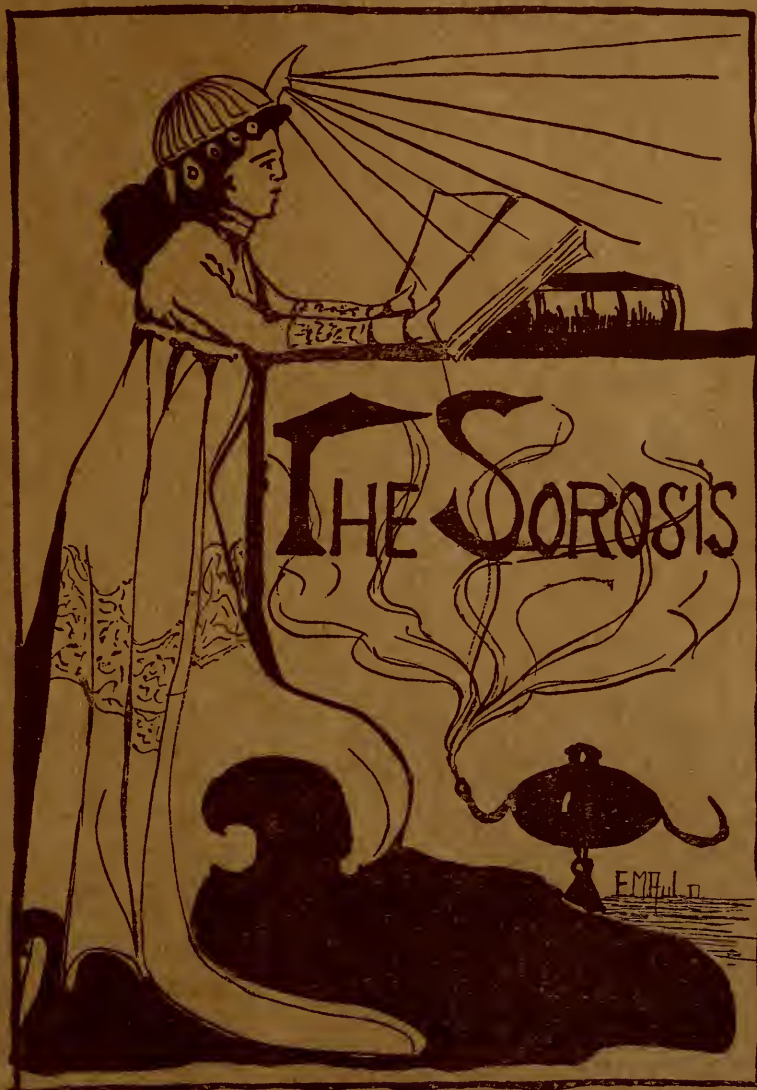
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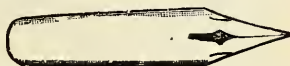
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# THE SOROSIS

VOL. XIV.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 7

P. C. W.

Pennsylvania, from the hilltop, gazing out upon  
the town,

There's a wondrous light about you as you  
stand there looking down.

'Tis the light of pleasant memories, the sun-  
shine of to-day,

And the maples on the campus, rustling softly  
seem to say,

"We are singing day and night  
Of the Purple and the White."

And we all take up the chorus with affection  
at the sight.

"Wave the Purple and the White;  
Let them float out in the light;  
May they ever be as spotless,  
May they ever be as bright."

Pennsylvania, Alma Mater, how we love your  
dear old halls,

And your campus with its maples and your  
ivy-covered walls.

You possess a store of beauties which we all  
have learned to know,

And the purple violets murmur as on campus  
slope they grow.

"We are blooming fresh and bright  
For the Purple and the White."

Let us, too, take up the chorus, let us sing it  
with our might,

"Wave the Purple and the White;  
Let them float out in the light;  
May they ever be as spotless,  
May they ever be as bright."

Pennsylvania, in the future, when your daugh-  
ters greet the world,

May they bear your banner with them, living  
in their hearts, unfurled;

And in tempest or in sunshine may they each  
fulfill their part;

Faithful still to Pennsylvania, may they still  
sing in their heart,

"Let us all stand for the right,  
For the Purple and the White."  
While the echoes from the past days,  
Still repeat in memories bright.

"Wave the Purple and the White;  
Let them float out in the light;  
May they ever be as spotless,  
May they ever be as bright."



## THE MUCH-CHARACTERED HAMLET.

No other hero in Shakespeare's works has occupied as important or as large a place in the thoughts of both critics and readers as Hamlet. He has been defended and condemned; called wicked and good; sane and insane; strong and weak.

There are those who say that he is a man weak in action but strong in imagination; one incapable of taking revenge upon his uncle because of his own temperamental limitations. These same critics are convinced that his mind is unbalanced by the dreadful message of the ghost and that Hamlet is really insane. According to this first and oldest theory, called the subjective theory, his delay, inaction and failure are due wholly to his peculiar temperament, a temperament wherein idle dreaming and insane melancholy prevent action.

On the other hand there are those who say that Hamlet is not a man, weak in action, but strong, one who is hindered from activity entirely by outward circumstances; that he does all any man could do in his difficult position. His hindrances are entirely objective, they say, difficulties which have to be overcome by patience and cunning. To accomplish their end, they hold that Hamlet assumes madness. This second and most recent theory is called the objective theory.

It will be seen, then, that there are two questions involved, closely bound up with each other. Was Hamlet insane or did he merely feign insanity? Was Hamlet temperamentally incapable of acting or did the force and limitations of outward circumstances restrain him?

When the importance of Hamlet in the play is considered it is strange that the question of his sanity has ever been raised. It is for him that all the other characters exist. His mind and soul are what Shakespeare was interested in portraying, therefore he must morally and intellectually be worthy of treatment. If he were insane he would not be worthy to hold the place in the play around which all the other characters center, and he would not have remained in the thoughts and hearts of men for almost three hundred years.

Boswell attacks the subjective theory by saying that Shakespeare would never have had two mad persons in one play; that with his artistic ability he had Hamlet feign madness as a contrast to Ophelia's real madness; just as in *Lear* there is the contrast between the real and assumed madness. George Farren in 1829 attempted to prove that Hamlet was really insane by quoting largely from medical authorities; and comparing insane cases which seemed similar to Hamlet's condi-



tion. He says that Hamlet's sorrow for the death of his father and the sinful marriage of his mother makes him melancholy, but by thinking constantly about the secret of the ghost "he nourishes a malady which at first he intended to feign." He also says that before Hamlet has any suspicion of his father's murder, he is planning suicide; is tired and discouraged, indeed, weary of life—a condition which is a sure indication of mental disease. This melancholy increases day by day until Hamlet has no control over himself and betrays his lack of mental balance in his soliloquies. In selecting Hamlet's soliloquies as a proof of his insanity, Mr. Farren was most unfortunate, for if there is any place in the drama where Hamlet is sane, it is in these master-pieces of expression which are full of wisdom and reasoning. The soliloquy which he utters after the players have gone out is full of self-rebuke, and that does not form part of a madman's speech. It belongs to a man who thinks and feels and who has a plan in view which he is powerless to accomplish hastily. The absolute proof that he has a definite purpose in mind is contained in his soliloquy in which he says:

"I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a  
play  
Have by the very cunning of the  
scene

Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaimed their malefactors."

Nothing could be plainer. It is the true expression of what he is hoping from his plan. A madman whose only power is cunning, could not have reasoned so rationally. This soliloquy, however, does not show Hamlet's reasoning power as well as the one in which he meditates upon death. Here is the real Hamlet which Shakespeare so artistically contrasts with the assumed Hamlet in the dialogue with Ophelia immediately following. In the soliloquy he is the logical thinker, in the dialogue he is merely saying words for a purpose. It has been reasoned from this dialogue that Hamlet is without doubt insane; that had he been sane he would never have spoken to Ophelia so harshly and cruelly. On the contrary, the defenders of the objective theory say, it is a convincing proof of his sanity. He knows that Ophelia cannot be trusted with his secrets and real thoughts, consequently he has to be doubly careful to carry out his feigned madness. To do this he speaks to her rudely and harshly, to cover up his real feelings. Then, too, he is weary when she comes upon him unawares. At first he forgets his part and is tender and courteous until suddenly he begins to suspect that she, too, is playing a



part; and immediately his manner changes.

Some one has said that the interviews between Horatio and Hamlet are all that we need to consider to know that Hamlet is sane. Here he is uniformly rational and at no time does Horatio suspect that there is any mental aberration. More than that, Hamlet before his death gives Horatio definite instructions to defend his action to the world. It is clear in the last of the play that he is not insane. Simply to judge him in the midst of his troubles and to make him insane because he is cautious, is not creditable either to the defenders of the subjective theory, or to the theory itself.

It was Goethe who did so much for this theory. Until 1878, his interpretation of Hamlet was never questioned. From the very beginning of the drama Goethe reads indecision and weakness into Hamlet's character. After the Ghost disappears, he says that instead of Hamlet's panting for revenge upon the usurper of his crown and forming a plan then and there to bring death to his uncle, he is simply amazed and overwhelmed with sorrow. But, Werder says, why should Hamlet pant for revenge upon the "usurper" of his crown? Was the king the usurper of his crown? Not at all. Shakespeare does not say so. It is assumed by critics and readers at large that Hamlet after his father's death should have had the throne,

while it is a legal fact that the king, Claudius, was rightfully ruling as far as the technicality of succession is concerned. But, the defender of the subjective theory will say, if Hamlet does not pant for vengeance upon the usurper of his crown, why not upon the murderer of his father! It would have been a very unfortunate thing for the play if Hamlet had been so blinded by passion as to kill his uncle; for only this could have happened—the play would have ended with the first act. There would have been no reason for continuing it, none at all. There would be only one thing for Hamlet to do:—call the court together and be crowned, a simple thing in theory, but a most difficult one in reality. His only justification would be the revelation made by the Ghost. He could prove, it is true, that the ghost really appeared but could he prove anything else! No, for he was alone when the Ghost revealed the secret to him. It is possible that the people might have believed his story, but not probable. It has even been suggested that Hamlet, if he were not insane, ought to have spent his time in winning the people to his side instead of pretending insanity. He could have accomplished this in only one way, by proving to them that the king had really murdered his father and this he could not do so he does the only rational thing he can do: waits and watches an opportunity to prove the Ghost's story.



If Hamlet had killed Claudius and had won the consent of the people to reign, it is most doubtful if the nobles would have upheld him. It is possible that they would have risen against him for daring to assume that they were such weak and harmless men as to believe a ghost story without a proof.

Again Goethe says that Hamlet reveals the keynote of his character when he says:

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!"

"The impossible is required of him, not the impossible in itself but the impossible to him." Goethe is certain that Shakespeare meant to depict a "great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it." In defending Hamlet against this charge a recent writer had advanced a most absurd theory. He says that all Hamlet's difficulties are due to his physical condition: "he is too fat and scant of breath" to be active. The writer laboriously tries to prove this by speeches of Hamlet, himself, and by those of other characters. When the ghost says, "Remember me," Hamlet replies, "Remember thee! Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe." This physical impediment is shown also, according to this writer's interpretation, in Ophelia's speech:

"He raised a sigh so piteous and profound

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk."

A footnote adds that medical men regard frequent sighing as a sign of heart disease, caused by superfluous fat. The king drinks "to Hamlet's better **breath**" and Hamlet's mother says plainly: "He's fat and scant of breath," and tells him to rub his brows, and also, "Come, let me wipe thy face." Finally the writer says: "The fine spirit, the clear insight, the keen reader of other men's thoughts is imprisoned in walls of adipose, and the desire for action dies out with the utterance of wise maxims, philosophic doubts, and morbid upbraidings of his own inertness." So in addition to being called wicked and weak, poor Hamlet has to bear the additional insult of being called inactive because he is scant of breath.

It is not necessary to defend Hamlet by any such theory for his speech does not need to be explained. It is clear that he does not mean that he is incapable of doing the Ghost's bidding because of any flaw in himself but because he recognizes that difficulty outside of himself. He, better than anyone else, knows that he must first have definite proof that the Ghost is an honest one. To make certain of this, he is clearly justified in acting slowly. Moreover the Ghost himself does not demand



haste. "However thou pursuest the act," he says. Even when the Ghost returns the second time he does not reproach Hamlet. He understands the situation thoroughly. Another critic says that "according to our feelings Hamlet could without further circumstance make short work with the king." As far as the "feeling" is concerned he is right, but that is because we are in the secret and the Danes are not.

Schlegel has much the same opinion of Hamlet as Goethe. He says that Hamlet does himself perfect justice when he says that there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and Hercules, "for in the resolutions which he so often embraces and always leaves unexecuted, the weakness of his volition is evident." It is true that he makes resolutions but outward difficulties

make it impossible to carry them out immediately, but in the end how is it? Does he not send Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to certain death on a hostile ship when he sees his FOUR—Soros

opportunity? Does he himself not bring the king to his end "by his hits and his misses, by the play and killing of Polonius?" Yes, he himself accomplishes what he sets out to do, not in the way his critics would have him do, but in the way in which seems best to him; and surely a man is the best judge of his own actions. Hamlet, the much characterized Hamlet, loses nothing by these adverse criticisms, but holds his own in spite of them and wins the sympathy and admiration of all who realize the difficulties of his position.

Grace Tatnal, '09.

---

### JENNY BROWN.

---

"No, Jenny isn't pretty," Mrs. Brown remarked to her sister one day. "All the rest of my children aren't bad looking, but Jenny always was homely."

"Perhaps she will outgrow it," her sister said.

"Well, I hope so," the mother sighed.

But Jenny did not outgrow it. She remained for the rest of her life as she had been up to that time, ugly

and unprepossessing. She was five years old, a thin and scrawny-looking child. Her stiff red hair was never arranged neatly. Her face was covered with freckles. The small light blue eyes, turned-up nose and large mouth did not make her attractive. Besides this, Jenny's mental faculties were not exceptional. She never said nor did bright things like other small children. Her mother was never very anxious to



show her off. Sometimes her parents even became exasperated with her because she refused to become brilliant. Nevertheless, she was always what her mother termed "a good child." She never banged her head against the floor in a fit of anger, and seldom cried for anything that she wanted but couldn't have.

She rarely had a chance to play with other children, for the task of "minding the baby" was generally hers, because she did it better than her older sisters, and grumbled less. When she did play, she was often imposed upon. In tag or hide-and-seek, she was generally "it." She vaguely wondered how this happened, but never dared protest against it.

School was a great trial for her. Teachers, impatient with her stupidity, scolded and frowned until she became so frightened that she forgot the little she had learned. With dumb dismay, she saw her younger sisters gradually rise above her. Finally, when she was seventeen, she left school, knowing as much as the average child of twelve. Jenny was not popular in school. Her school-mates invited her to places when they could not get anyone else. Sometimes they teased her, and called her "Jenny Red." It hurt her feelings. She wished that she were pretty and bright like other girls, but she decided that she could not be, and so lived on in the same way.

It seemed to be second nature with her to be helpful and obliging. If any matrons of the town wished errands done, Jenny could always be depended upon. Often she took care of their children while they went pleasuring. Many of the women, thus accommodated, intended to reward Jenny for her services, but as Jenny never expected returns, they seemed to forget about it until they needed her again.

"I shall surely have her invited to the girls' party next week," said one of them, a Mrs. Leavenworth, after Jenny had stayed with her somewhat fussy children all day. But just then the cook came in to ask about some directions for dinner, and Jenny was forgotten. When the invitations came out for the party, Jenny did not get one, but worked all afternoon, helping her other sisters get ready for it. Jenny cried a little after her sisters had departed gaily, for she wanted to be among the pretty things, and have a good time like the rest of girls. However, she thought of her stupidity and ugliness, and decided that she would have been more wretched there than at home.

If little interest was shown in Jenny by her companions while in school, she was almost forgotten by them when she left. Once in a while some one whom she had especially benefited, paid some attention to her. But as there was nothing attractive about her, they soon



became tired of her, and she was cast aside for some one more entertaining. At the village church which she attended, she was always faithful, doing the tasks appointed for her. They were frequently not pleasant, often drudgery, which the "active members" did not care to do. She did it so quietly that scarcely any one realized how hard she had worked. They accepted the fact that things were done as a matter of course.

When she was thirty years old, Jenny Brown was treated and regarded in the village where she lived somewhat like the old town pump. She was useful, but not beautiful, always ready in times of need, receiving the gratitude of the people while she was being used, and straightway being forgotten when the necessity for her service was over; finally, on holidays or festal occasions, left out as the pump on picnic days was left for the springs on the hillside.

A little girl, whose mother had once teased Jenny when in school, contracted diphtheria. Some one was needed to go immediately into the neighboring city for medicine. The only doctor of the village could not leave his patient for so long a time. No one else seemed able to go, and Jenny was sent, although she had never been to the city and dreaded it more than she had any-

thing in her life. Notwithstanding explicit directions, she became terribly confused, and was the butt of many jokes on the part of street urchins. When in the streets, her peculiar appearance and lack of self-confidence, caused some of the passers to laugh covertly. One youth, who seemed to have used up all the gray matter that he possessed in his effort to be stylishly dressed, remarked to his three lady companions, "She's just from the back woods; a typical specimen." His admirers burst into a laugh in which he himself joined heartily. Jenny heard it, but she persevered nevertheless, and succeeded in obtaining the medicine, and in getting home again. She helped nurse the child until she herself caught the disease, and died from the effects of it.

Her funeral was not large nor stately. There was not an abundance of flowers; neither were there beautiful anthems, nor eloquent eulogies. It was even less pretentious than the average village funeral; for on the same day a grand parade was held in the neighboring city. Nearly all of the village people went. It was the one chance of a life-time and must not be missed. Hence few were at Jenny's funeral besides her relatives, several destitute children whom she had befriended and some old men and women to whom she had often brought comfort and cheer.



## FAIRIES OF IRELAND.

To the Irish the fairies were not trivial folk by any means. They were powerful champions and wizards who lived in great state inside hills with houses and hounds, banquets and retinues like very noblemen. There were fairy princesses, too, who always had an affection for mortal heroes and lured them into their palaces for a year and a day. Indeed it seems at one time to have been the custom to couple the name of a fairy with each hero or great chief.

Many tales are told of these mystical, far-away times.

Finntan is said to be the only man who survived the deluge. He lived in the shape of a fish through the flood and passed through many other disguises. He is said to be also the fabled Salmon of Knowledge, who appears in one of the best known myths.

Fion, the hero of this tale, came to the river Boyne in search of a teacher of poetry. During his youth Fion had been very unfortunate, for his father was killed while he was hidden and reared by a Druidess.

In this river Boyne a magical creature called the Salmon of Knowledge, was supposed to live. One day while Fion was fishing he caught the wonderful object and was immediately ordered to prepare it for the table. But when cooking it

he burned his hand, put his finger into his mouth and thereupon received the gift the master intended for himself. Immediately he knew the past and future and understood the speech of animals.

He was a great hero and leader of the Fiana, an ancient tribe. When these people were disturbed by portents or did not recognize some giant or goblin coming towards them their captain just put his thumb into his mouth and prophesied.

Fion's harper and jester was a dwarf of the fairy stock. These pigmies were very powerful little folk. They could perform great labors, stop the path of a hero or could even rebuke the mighty wizards.

Irish literature is full of numberless other singular fancies. Magic horses carry off men like whirlwinds; nymphs who become the wives of heroes; archers so skilled that they knock enchanted pins from the hair and save people from magic; wizards who cast men into a deep sleep to force them to reveal the truth; runners who have to bind one leg for ordinary occasions lest they go too fast; wonderful boars or elk that only talking weapons can slay and swords that execute vengeance of their own power.

Such are a few of the fairy folk and fancies of Ireland. They bear resemblances to those of a few other peoples, yet they are distinctly Irish



—a resultant of the mingling of the ancient tribes who were the very

early settlers of the island.

Mabel Crowe, '11.

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“AUNT SIS.”

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“Good-by, child!”

“Good-by, Aunt Sis,” and after a last look at the lonely figure in the old gray coat and plain bonnet, Phoebe hurried into the car to hide her face from Aunt Sis. She found a seat and sat down. She knew Aunt Sis did not want her to go, but would never let her know because she thought it her duty to send her and a Prout always obeyed duty. Of course Uncle Tom was very kind to offer her the advantages of city life and a fashionable education, but in Aunt Sis’ old-fashioned home and with the minister for a teacher, she had been happy. She blinked back the tears and gazed forlornly out upon the flying landscape while the train rushed on.

Aunt Sis slowly put away the untouched supper dishes and sank into a chair by the sitting room fire. The room was very quiet. An old walnut book-case stood at one end of it. People with primly folded hands looked down at Aunt Sis reprovingly from their quaint, black, oval frames. A square clock ticked its loneliness on the mantelpiece and the “calico” cat stretched up its paws to her as though seeking company.

Aunt Sis’ usually resolute shoulders were slightly drooped. A

strange sadness had come over her of late. Phoebe had been away two weeks and still Aunt Sis could not get used to it. As she gazed into the fire she seemed to see a little blue ginghamed figure with eager face and two little dancing pigtailed, running to meet her, down the walk between the holly-hocks. Then she was watching a tall girl of sixteen setting the supper table by the lamp light. Aunt Sis had always been stern and undemonstrative, but Phoebe had understood her, and now she was very lonely.

As she sat there her mouth trembled and her eyes grew moist. Was she, Cynthia Prout, crying? With a jerk she drew herself together and jumped up so quickly that the “calico” cat drew back and then stared at her understandingly as she stalked towards the door with determined step and sternly set mouth.

Phoebe rushed upstairs into her own room, flopped upon the window seat and tore open the white envelope. The letter was from Aunt Sis, and in her usual brief style, “Dear Child:

“Was glad to hear Tom is good to you. You must attend your studies well and do all you can to repay him. Never stay up later than ten, though, and be careful of your eyes.



Don't forget to take the syrup drops when you feel the least chill. Always wear your rubbers when you go out. The rose in the south window is blooming. Write when you can without neglecting your duties.

Your aff. Aunt,

Cynthia Prout."

"Dear Aunt Sis," thought Phoebe, "she's remembered my rose. But that "Cynthia Prout" looks like a whole regiment of soldiers with bayonets set. I wonder if she misses me. If she does she'd never let me know it, she'd die first. Oh, I wish I was home with Aunt Sis."

Phoebe had been here for two whole weeks, and now thought she just couldn't stand it any longer. Outside it was raining, a dreary, drizzling, homesick rain. A few dripping umbrellas passed along the sidewalk and carriages hurried along the broad avenue. The houses on either side were graystone. How Phoebe hated graystone! She longed for the low white frame house with the broad porch and old-fashioned garden in front.

With a mournful wail she buried her face in the silk cushions and sobbed as she had never done since she was a wee tot and her pet rooster had died. Suddenly she jumped up with the determination of generations of Prouts in her face and dried her eyes. She put on her coat and hat, snatched a pair of gloves from a table, and (alas for the rubbers), slipped quietly out into the street unnoticed.

As she was rushing madly through the gate at the depot, bang! She bumped right into something. She looked up. It was a gray coat. It was Aunt Sis' gray coat and Aunt Sis was in it. Phoebe just hugged that gray coat laughing and crying, while Aunt Sis recovered her dazed senses and her dignity.

"Phoebe, Phoebe, child," she gasped, "I was just coming after you. I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Nor I. I was just going back," and as they waited for the next train to carry them home Phoebe laughed, "I didn't have a cent in my pocket, Aunt Sis."

M. H., '11.



# SKETCHES.

## A DREARY NIGHT.

On a night all dark and dreary  
 When the wild winds spent and  
 weary  
 Were dying with a moan before my  
 door,  
 I sat and pondered sadly  
 Writing poems very badly,—  
 Many written sheets lay pale upon  
 the floor.

The dark dim candle wavered  
 As in dismal gloom I labored;  
 The lonely quiet was broken by the  
 clock.  
 One, two, three,—it struck and quiv-  
 ered,  
 Stopped suddenly and shivered,—  
 The very air was trembling with  
 its shock.

Then a wailing voice and mourning  
 Shrieked and groaned a weary warn-  
 ing.

A cold wind stirred the papers on  
 the floor.

The candles flamed up high,  
 Turned blue and sank to die.  
 A ghastly figure crept in at the door.

Three times it mouthed its cry,  
 Raising black veiled hands on  
 high,—

Echoed words that over all my  
 dreams shall hover.

As it vanished from the door  
 It hoarsely moaned once more,  
 "Don't wipe your pen upon the table  
 cover!"

Irma J. Diercker, '11.

## THE COLLEGE STUDENT.

I am a college student,  
 Dignified—sedate,  
 My actions always prudent,  
 My heart as cold as slate.

My teachers all adore me,  
 I am so very bright,  
 Not one of them can "floor" me—  
 I study day and night.

I'm very fond of Latin—  
 When I put my books away—  
 And I love to get up early  
 To go to school each day.

This song may sound conceited,  
 And void of common sense,  
 But is 't not oft repeated  
 You must have self-confidence?

Florence K. Wilson, '11.



## THE CONVERSATION OF THE BOOKS.

I had been studying, but the lesson was hard, and I was sleepy, so I had pushed the book aside and was staring before me at my book-shelf, although unconscious of observing it. Suddenly there was a stir and "Hamlet" sighed impatiently. He shoved "Betty Alden," who was next him, and muttered something about plebian company. But Betty was quick and remarked that she had helped found America. Pray, what had he done? This quenched him and he sank into gloomy silence. "Livy" began a long recital of Roman history, but midway was rudely stopped by "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," who remarked, "Who wants to hear about such long forgotten stuff? Just pay attention to me. The fact that  $\sin^2 a + \cos^2 a = 1$  is always new and interesting. I can—." "Stuff and nonsense!" the Latin dictionary suddenly exclaimed,

"Livy" is an interesting companion while you are so dry and dull and unsympathetic that you damp the spirits of any company of gentlemen!" The dictionary ceased as suddenly as he had begun and again silence reigned. But a storm was brewing and soon all the books burst out in a passion of anger against each other. I should say all but one. "The Bird's Christmas Carol" stepped gently forward and with her winning ways quickly made peace. The striking of a clock roused me and I stared at my book-shelf with renewed interest. Nothing was happening. Hamlet and Betty Alden stood quietly side by side looking straight before them. I regarded the dictionary with admiration because he was so sensible and determined henceforth to keep my ears wide open and perchance the books might speak in my hearing again.

Sara R. Carpenter, '11.

## THE STORY OF THE HORSE.

Once there was a little horse  
That always was the joy  
Of a lovely little girl  
And a lively little boy.  
But now that little horse  
No longer is the joy  
Of that lovely little girl  
And that lively little boy.

They could not think alike  
About the horse one morn;  
One wished to feed him sugar  
And one to feed him corn.  
Then pulled that little girl,  
Then pulled that little boy  
And soon their darling horse  
Was just a broken toy.

May McCollough, '11.



## WINTER EXTRAVAGANCIES.

I live on a street with a barn-roof slope, and while there are some disadvantages for many, for others there are many amusing incidents. The other day I saw a man give a free gymnastic exhibition. He lives near the bottom of the street, and when he came home one evening near dark, during the recent icy weather, he found the entire street covered with ice.

As the sidewalk had a glassy appearance and felt like the inside of a banana peel, he started to walk down the street. He was about twenty feet on his way before he knew that he had started, and during the latter part of it his feet were not always the lowest part of him. Not liking this manner of locomotion and his back becoming abnormally warm by reason of the excessive friction, he endeavored to get upon his feet again, and in so doing he turned a complete somersault. Before turning entirely over, however, he slid some distance on his bump of intellect, but while the bump became the more pronounced, he apparently did not improve intellectually, for the language he used was shocking.

After having covered some distance in this manner, and thinking that at last he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion, he managed to stop his progress by grasping a foreign bump of ice that had

frozen to the original mass. He stopped here a moment and thought the matter over. A fence nearby attracted his attention. He thought it a good plan to go to that fence; it might help him in his navigation; at least it ran in the direction he wanted to go.

After much work and profanity he managed partly to crawl and partly to walk across the gutter and sidewalk. He grasped a paling of the fence like he would the hand of a long lost friend, but here again was fate against him. Just then two dogs came out of a yard and barked at him. This was too much for suffering humanity. Grasping the paling firmly, he heaved a mighty kick at the foremost dog. As he did so his other foot slipped from under him, the paling gave way and he slid down the rest of the street in a burst of profanity, the paling raised on high and the dogs yelping behind him.

As he passed his own house, his little children greeted him with yells of applause, while the neighbors startled by the noise, grinned at him from every available window.

Eventually he wound up at the bottom of the street with a thud and much the worse for wear, and from there continued to crawl to the steps of his own house.

A "To Let" sign is now nailed to that house. Sue Dysart, '11.



## BOBBIE.

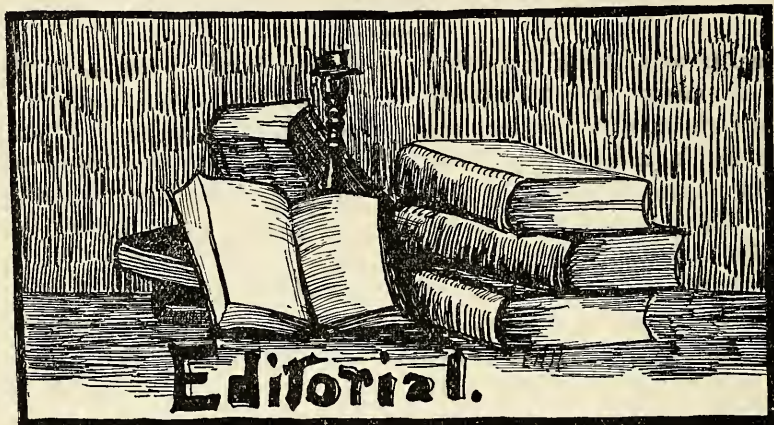
Captain Bill was carefully shining his brass fire engine. It was already bright enough to easily reflect the image of his face, but he kept on rubbing in hopes of getting it still brighter. The engine was almost a part of the Captain himself. Suddenly the bell beside him began to clang; there was a fire at Box 14. Quick as a wink the polishing materials vanished, the horses were rushed into place, the straps let loose from the suspended harness, and engine, firemen and captain were on their way to the fire. As the big engine turned the corner, one of the men in the gathering crowd was struck, and thrown down. Bill and his men went on to Box 14 and found that the flames had not made much headway. They soon extinguished the fire, and returned to the engine house. The captain had a kind heart, and often wondered who had been hurt, and whether or not he was killed. To avoid a similar accident, he never again allowed anyone to stand by the door of the engine house. One day a little boy came up. As soon as Captain Bill saw him, he shouted, "Clear out there, kid," and Bobbie scampered off as quickly as possible. The next day, however, he came back, and stood watching the Captain polishing the engine; instead of "running on" as the captain told him to do, he looked up and said: "Ain't she a

dandy, Cap? This won the Captain's heart, and he became interested in Bobbie, and asked him who he was, and who his father was. To the last question, Bobbie replied, "Why, I have no father, you killed him." "I killed him!" said the astonished Captain." "Yes!" said the boy, "don't you remember two years ago you were going to a fire, and the engine hit him and killed him." From this time on a friendship grew up between Captain Bill and Bobbie. One evening the Captain went home with him for dinner. When he reached the house, and saw Bobbie's mother, he recognized in her an old schoolmate of his. As time sped on his visits became quite frequent. When Christmas time came near, he asked Bobbie what he would like most to have. Bobbie replied, "A fire engine and a father." The Captain smiled slightly, but set to thinking. He soon found a suitable fire engine, but "fathers" were not so easily selected.

Finally, the night before Christmas, Captain Bill went up to Bobbie's house with the engine. Sleepily the little fellow opened his eyes and looked at his mother, then at the engine, then at the Captain, and exclaimed: "Oh! 'Cap!' you've brought me the fire engine—and—and—the father."

Captain Bill smiled and said "Yes." Margaret Holliday, '11.





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#### LITTLE RULES FOR COLLEGE LIVING.

It is springtime; the birds come from the sunny south, the trees are budding, the atmosphere is filled with an indescribable something which makes the blood run faster and intoxicates with the joy of life. It is the time of change; everything seems to alter and be filled with an awakening spirit.

This season of the year invariably arouses happiness in everything. All nature is happy and reflects a joy in the ever-present sense of the new life. We find our exalting mood in the freshness and brightness about us. Hope fills the heart and optimism is in the breath and soul of things.



"Two men look over the same bars,  
One sees the mud, the other the  
stars."

Through the winter one is inclined to see the mud and the spirit of life sleeps, then life and energy are often dormant. It is full of the petty worries and occupations which with the advent of spring vanish. When the stronger season comes we live and work for the mere love of it. We know that there is some value in daily struggle and are confident that we will reap its benefits. Even now our stars shine brightly in the distance. The new vigor of awakened life, abundant in its wealth, makes mere struggle a joy. Our optimism cannot be dimmed.

In spring optimism wears a gayety that quite captivates. The sounds from the hand-organ, the city's har-binger of spring, come in through the open window. The "spring fever" attacks one with all its restless ardor, a sign that life is pleasing. All out of doors is gay; the newness everywhere attracts and at the same time distracts. It becomes difficult to work; it is delightful walking or the tennis court invites. One is not to be blamed for feeling impatient of studies. It is then that the note of pessimism sounds. The open air is so gay that the inside and labor are gloomy. Study grows disagreeable and there is an impatient longing for every hour to pass until work can be cast aside. There are two ways of

meeting such an attack of spring fever. Folly says yield to self-indulgence and give up duty for immediate pleasure. Wisdom advises harder application and increased vigor for quickened life and labor so that the necessary duties may be out of the way and time gained for pleasure.

This joyous, gay, optimistic mood awakened by the new growth of spring is the atmosphere of life which suggests the deeper development of the individual. It leads the thoughtful person to consider the little rules which bring about an awakened interest and growth. Socrates says in that often-quoted phrase: "Know thyself." It does no harm to quote it again, for it is a corner-stone in self-development. A few more rules may be added which apply more directly to our college-living:—

"Be true to the best you know always. An hour of untruth often means a life-bitterness."

"Don't think of yourself. Self-consciousness is a blight to any life."

"Do all you can for the other fellow. The service of others is the joy and the beauty of life."

These few short sentences, taken from a letter to a student upon her entrance to college, are full of meaning. Volumes might be written on the truth that they contain, but all that they say would be made no more impressive thereby. They are



suggestions for one's conduct through college, for one's duty to the best in self, which must not be mistaken for self-consciousness.

College is the place where many life-long habits are formed; the mind and body are still plastic. While in college, life seems to have many paths opening from its doors, but when these doors are left, one or at the most two paths of deep interest are chosen. Sophocles says: "The end of man is an action and not a thought." In college thought and mind-training are of most importance but afterward life is an action, yet not a worthy one unless right habits and thoughts form the foundation.

Closely connected with this is the suggestion that one should also seek to know one's own possibilities and capabilities. Carlyle lays down the following rule: "Know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules." Some definite aim

around which to group college studies furnishes a purpose in life; it gives something satisfying to work for.

The side-lights of college-life are the joyousness, the gayness, the optimism which form the atmosphere of one's being. The deeper development is mental—the growth in knowing one's self and of being true to self. These tend toward self-consciousness, but all thought of that will be lost if one remembers that "service of others is the joy and the beauty of life."

By heeding such little rules character is developed and good habits formed that lead one to prepare for the future activity of life by finding out what one can do, and by doing that with a definite purpose. By paying attention to the little rules life, instead of being self-centered, becomes broad and cultured, the aim of a college education.

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### ALUMNÆ NOTES.

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Mr. David C. Aiken, brother of Miss Clara C. Aiken, died at his home in California on February 28th.

Miss Eleanor Fitzgibbon has gone to California for the spring months.

Mrs. J. H. Young, mother of Miss Lyda Young, continues to be in a serious condition.

### Calendar.

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- April 9th—Omega meeting.  
 10th—Open meeting of Decade Club: Stevenson Programme.  
 10th—Y. W. C. A. Reception.  
 11th—Afternoon—Miss Few entertains Dilworth Hall Second.



15th—Dramatic Club meeting.

24th—Party of Dilworth Hall Fourth.

### Vespers.

April 12th—Miss Kerst.

19th—Easter Musical—Miss Few.

26th—Dr. Lindsay.

### Y. W. C. A.

April 9th—Miss Dyer.

15th—Annual meeting.

22d — Missionary meeting, Miss Greene.

Miss Cora E. Dyer, State Student Secretary of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, visited the college from April ninth to thirteenth. On Thursday evening Miss Dyer spoke before the Y. W. C. A. on the subject of the aims of the Y. W. C. A. and of the conference to be held at Mountain Lake Park. On Friday evening the Y. W. C. A. gave a Salamagundi party in the drawing-room in honor of Miss Dyer. Miss Elma McKibben was awarded the first prize and Mrs. Coolidge the consolation prize.

After light refreshments had been served in the reception room, charades and several pleasing selections by Miss Kerst completed the entertainment of the evening.

Miss Dyer led the Vesper services on Sunday evening and gave a very interesting talk on "The Secret Joy of Life."

The Decade Club II, met in the Drawing-room of the college, Friday afternoon, March 13th. Parts of Hamlet were read. The April meeting will be held in the same place on the 10th of the month. Miss Coolidge is to address the society.

A very fine addition has lately been made to the College Library in the way of thirty volumes, Russian bound, of the World's Classics. We are indebted for this gift to the generosity and loyalty of Miss Edna McKee, '04, one of the most devoted of our Alumnæ.

Two of the Girls' Clubs connected with the Lawrenceville branch of the Pittsburgh Y. W. C. A., were represented by special invitation at the Glee Club Concert.

Many of our students and Faculty attended the different sessions of the First International Convention in Exposition Hall during the second week in March. The convention was under the direction of the Young People's Missionary Movement which has been arousing Christian people all over the world. A large number of noted men and women were among the speakers and delegates present.



## OMEGA SOCIETY.

Did you hear about our initiation? Well, it took place Thursday afternoon, March the twelfth, and the uninitiated surely did keep us amused for an hour or so. Ask them about it. I am sure they would just love to tell you what they did and how they looked while doing it. We made the discovery that we had some great "artists" in our midst but—well, they'll tell you about that, too. All that was lacking to our proper enjoyment on that day was a camera so that we could keep a memento of such a picturesque occasion.

After our "novices" had passed safely through the fire and had signed the constitution, they stood forth among us as full-fledged Omegas. Then the Omega Song was sung, refreshments were served, and we adjourned feeling that we had been amused sufficiently to pay for our time.

On Thursday afternoon, March twenty-sixth, the Omega Society held its annual open meeting for the faculty and students of the college in the college drawing rooms. The program for the afternoon was as follows:

Piano Solo—Romance, op. 44, No. 1  
Rubenstein  
Miss Lilla A. Greene, '08.

Paper... "The Fiction of the Year"

Miss Marian Knight of  
Carnegie Library of Pittsburg  
Vocal Solos—

Snowflakes ..... Carvan  
Absent ..... Metcalf

Miss Edith Allison, '07.  
Accompanist, Miss Clara Drais.

After the program, refreshments were served representing the society color, yellow. The Omega Society takes this opportunity of again expressing its thanks to those who were kind enough to take part in the program.

After the open meeting, Miss Coolidge and Mr. Putnam, the honorary members of the Society, entertained Miss Knight and the Omega at dinner. The table was made very pretty with daffodils, hyacinths, and ferns. A splendid dinner was served and after this games were played. Then the guests departed feeling that they had a very pleasant time.

The following was written on the inspiration of the moment at the initiation of the new members:

O would this initiation were o'er!  
My nerves can not stand, I fear, any  
more;

Everyone has so faithfully done her  
best;

Girls, have pity and give us a rest  
And all will be thankful the rest of  
our days



Since we've joined the Omega and learned its ways.

The regular meeting of the Omega Society was held April 9th. The program was as follows:

Sketch .....Eva Cohen, '09  
Life of Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse.

Paper .....Irma Beard, '09  
"Letters on Literature" by Andrew Lang.

Paper .....Clara Niebaum, '07  
"Alphone Daudet," by Edmund Gosse.

Omega Song.

### DRAMATIC CLUB.

A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the "Dean" Southwick reading of "The Rivals," by Sheridan Saturday evening, March 7th. The best proof of the financial success of the affair is the new red velour curtain which adorns our formerly rather crude-looking stage. Though the proceeds of the Southwick reading was not quite sufficient for the entire purchase of the curtain, the

amount was raised through the kindness of the graduating class of Dilworth Hall in giving the second performance of Tennyson's "Princess," Saturday evening, March 21st.

The April meeting of the Dramatic Club will be held on the 15th of the month in the reception room of the College. "Marlowe," a drama by Josephine Peabody, will be discussed.

### GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club of the Pennsylvania College for Women gave a delightful "Sing-Song" in Dilworth Hall, Friday evening, March 13th. The newly organized Mandolin Club assisted.

#### Program.

1. Graben-Hoffman .... Dragonflies  
Glee Club.
2. Denza .....Sing On  
Miss Sargent.

3. Planquette..Selections Chimes of  
Normandy.  
Mandolin Club.
4. Logé....Across the Still Lagoon  
Misses Marshall and Aronson.
5. Barnby...Voices of the Western  
Wind.
6. Liefeld .....March  
Verdi....Cavatina from Ernani  
Mandolin Club.



7. Foote.....Irish Folk Song  
Miss Kerr.
8. Kjerulf-Rees.....Last Night  
Glee Club.
9. Farcette..The Professor's Dilemma.

- Misses Donovan, Weiss, Marshall, Sands, Kerr, Aronson, Goedeke, Crouse, Godwin, Crowe and Elderkin.
10. Trot re .....Roses Everywhere  
Misses Elvidge and Ensemble..  
At the Piano—Miss Drais and Miss Todd.

---

### ATHLETICS.

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Among other pleasing features of Miss Knapp's very successful Gymnastic Demonstration, Friday afternoon, March 6th, was the basketball game between the College and Dilworth Hall. This was the fourth game of a series played by the two teams. Line-up:

P. C. W.—7.	D. H.—14
Frances Grey....F.....	Jean Grey
Elma McKibben, F.	Helen Kirkwood
	Jane Hill
Julia Officer.....C.	Jean Kirkpatrick

M. Hamilton,...G.....Helen Blair  
Jean McClay...G.Noeline Hickson

The 5th game of the same series was played Tuesday afternoon, Mar. 24th, with the following line-up:

P. C. W.—13.	D. H.—27.
Frances Grey....F.....	Jean Grey
Elma McKibben .F.....	Jane Hill
Virg'a Marshall.C.....	Mary Foster
Jean McClay....G.....	Helen Blair
Minerva Hamilton..	} G.N. Hickson
Margaret Greene...	

---

### MISCELLANEOUS.

---

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of March 17th, the sons and daughters of Erin arrived at Patrick O'Berry's place in Woodland Road to commemorate the memory of St. Patrick. To be sure all was gay and merry, for on this occasion Biddy O'Flaherty and Mary Ann O'Grady, the hostesses of the day, introduced

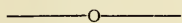
four of their old friends just landed from the old country, Mike McGinnis (policeman), Mollie Maloney (pie woman), Pat O'Connor (alderman and multi-millionaire), and Nora O'Shannessy (Heiress.) When the guests of honor had arrived, the cook lady's union loomed in sight. It so appeared that a big strike was on among this union and it was with difficulty that the sedate



guests at times were able to hear themselves think. No doubt if Mike McGinnis had not been on his good behavior he would have put a stop to all these disturbances.

And what true Irish heart did not go pit-a-pat when two of the guests engaged in a real old Irish jig, — it was strange that all did not join in.

Next came the old songs dear to every Irishman. Then upon partaking of a delicious lunch, we thanked our hostesses, all vowing that it was just like being in old Ireland again.



### THE FORTY AND THREE.

There were once three young and unsophisticated girls who had spent four years in an uninterrupted search for knowledge. They had been successful in this quest and really knew quite a good deal.

They were very logical: they were well versed in the brain processes of the mind—ordinary and extraordinary. They could discuss at length Kant's Categorical Imperative. In fact, as you may not have discovered by this very inadequate description, they were very well educated girls.

What was still better, they had the rare and attractive quality of being able to conceal their intellectual ability to such an extent that to meet and talk casually with them, you would never imagine that they knew

a particle more than the average young woman of their years.

They were all rather nice looking girls, too, though modesty forbids me saying more in this connection.

But one thing was lacking, or so they imagined. They had not seen a man for four years. Not that they considered this in itself a lack, but at the end of college would they be so out of practice as to be behind all the other girls? This is what they feared, though it wasn't causing them much worry at the time.

But lo, as if to complete their education they received one day an invitation to meet some young preachers. Disconcerting? Just a little, and if, perchance, you think ministers not good material for practice, I can only say, "You do not know them." Like lambs to the slaughter the unsuspecting young things were lead north sideward.

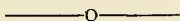
But alas, instead of finding a respectable number of men prepared to divide themselves among twice as many girls as is usually the case they found forty men and not another girl. They were overwhelmed, abashed, completely overcome. But trying to look as if this were a daily occurrence to them they heroically rose to the occasion and talked. They don't know what about; they just talked.

They lived through it as one does live through all the trying ordeals of life—lived to tell the tale many times to the appreciative audience



of other girls. But to this day they don't know what they talked about or how or just where.

(The above was written by one of the Seniors who attended the party given by Dr. and Mrs. Kelso for the Senior and Junior classes of the Presbyterian Seminary.)



### "THE PRINCESS."

The annual Class Day of the graduating class of Dilworth Hall was observed Friday evening, March 20th, when a dramatization of Tennyson's "Princess" was presented.

This was the first time a play has been given on Class Day and the experiment was a most successful one. The girls did credit to the school and themselves as well, and their efforts were very warmly and enthusiastically received by a large and appreciative audience.

The play is exceptionally well suited to a caste of girls and was very effectively and forcefully portrayed by the twenty-two young ladies included in the caste. Each girl was well adapted to the part taken and in the interpretation of the different characters showed more than ordinary talent.

The staging of the play was well managed. The costumes were exceedingly beautiful and becoming, the stage settings, though simple, were appropriate, and with the different colored lights the effect of the

whole was a very beautiful and artistic one.

After the play a reception was given in the drawing rooms to the guests of the evening. The play was repeated on Saturday night for the public.

The program was as follows:

#### Act I.

Scene I—A Presence-room in the King's Palace.

Scene II—Before Gama's Palace.

Scene III—A College-hall in the Palace of the Princess.

I. Interlude—"Sweet and Low."

#### Act II.

Scene I—A Court of the Princess's Palace.

Scene II—A Park Adjoining the Palace.

Scene III—Before the Palace.

II. Interlude—"The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls."

#### Act III.

Scene I—A Pavilion in the Park.

Scene II—Before the Palace.

Scene III—A Council-chamber in the Palace.

#### Act IV.

Scene I—A Camp in the King's Army.

Scene II—Open Field Between the Camps.

Interlude—"Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead."\*

---

\*Music for this and for Cyril's Song composed by Prof. I. J. Morgan.



## Act V.

Scene I—A Hall of State in the Princess's Palace.

## Dramatis Personæ.

Gama, Father of the Princess—Alice Mabel Sankey.

Arac—Twin Brothers—Sons of Gama—Helen McCune Kimball, Mary Raiden Gray, Eleanor Davis.

The King, Father of the Prince—Hazel Fay Hickson.

The Prince, Lover of the Princess—Anna Gill Todd.

Florian—Cyril—Friends of the Prince—Vera Vesta Lewis, Lillie Arndt Lindsay.

Ida—The Princess, and head of the College of Maidens—Florence Emma Bickel.

Blanche—Psyche—Ladies of the Court and Tutors in the College—Catherine Thompson, Martha Josephine Sands.

Melissa, Daughter of Lady Blanche—Mary Rebecca Hardy.

Heralds—Margaret Lutts Peck, Anna Margaret Barron.

Girl Students—Carrie Mathiot Longanecker, Elsie Dean Wehling, Juanita Marie Husband, Daisy Cochrane Sharp, Anna Finklestein, Louisa Minor Boughner, Jean Lucille Hughes, Reta Clarissa Blakesley.

College Portress.

Woman Post. Woman Guards.

## OPEN MEETING OF DECADE CLUB II.

On the 10th of April the open meeting of Decade Club II was held. An afternoon with Robert Louis Stevenson was enjoyed.

## Program.

Piano—

To a Wild Rose.....MacDowell  
Bird as Prophet.....Schumann  
Humoresque ..... Dvorak  
Miss Drais.

Address—

Robert Louis Stevenson.....—  
Miss Coolidge.

Songs—

From "Child's Garden of Verses"  
..... Nevin  
Swing Song ..... Lehman  
Miss Few.

Readings—

In Memoriam .....—  
Crabbed Age and Youth ....—  
Poems ..... —  
Miss Coolidge.

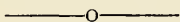
Songs—

Eventide ..... Homer  
Requiem ..... Homer  
Miss Few.

On Thursday, April 2nd, the Seniors and Juniors had an indoor picnic, for which Miss Cohen very kindly offered her home. All kinds of games were indulged in. The



principal feature of the "eats" was Miss Mellon's potato salad; everybody is clamoring for the recipe.



### HOUSE GIRLS WIN (?)

On Friday evening, March 13th, the faculty and house girls did not assemble for the scheduled game of basket-ball. Although there was a great deal of betting, and expectation ran high, somehow our worthy opponents got frightened and so the

faculty lost by default. As experience is a good teacher, we think the little bit of practice will not be unbecoming. M. P. (Muver's Pets.)

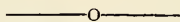
The line up:

Faculty.

House Girls.

A. Montgomery..C.....M. Foster  
M. Knapp.....F...E. McKibben  
D. Lovejoy.....F.....J. Hill  
L. Green.....G.....N. Hickson  
L. Few.....G.....M. Greene

Neel substitute for Foster and  
Roening for Hickson.



### PERSONALS.

Miss Campbell enjoyed a short visit from her brother of St. Louis.

\* Miss Sarver of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days with her nieces, the Misses Jane and Jeannette Roening, of Dilworth Hall.

Miss Dyer, the Students' Secretary for Pennsylvania and Maryland, was the guest of Miss Coolidge during the second week in March.

Miss Bertha Kuldell attended the Dilworth Hall fourth class day exercises and reception as the guest of Miss Alice Darrah.

Miss Martha Coen of Homestead, has been enrolled as a new Dilworth Hall House-student.

Miss MacLaren, a delegate to the Young People's Missionary Convention, gave an interesting talk in Chapel on March the twelfth, on Foreign Missions.

On March 19th, Miss Coolidge gave her Stevenson lecture at the Shadyside Presbyterian Church. On the 7th of April, Miss Coolidge lectured before the Woman's Club in Wilkinsburg.

A Senior telling about a letter she had written in regard to Dr. Southwick's recital: "I wrote and asked him to be a patroness."

A Junior: "Oh, that World's Best Literature! I don't see how the world could ever get along without the World's Best Literature."



During the vacation, Dr. Lindsay was East. On the twenty-eighth he preached in Bryn Mawr and on the following Sunday he delivered the graduation sermon at Lincoln University. During the week he visited the School of Philanthropy in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hickson of Muncie, Indiana, who are visiting in Butler, Pa., spent Friday, March 20, with their daughters, Misses Hazel and Noeline, at the College.

Heard in the German class room: "I will hang my heart to no man." Let us hope not.

Query in Bible: "Do people have a special call to marriage?" A chosen few.

Miss C. in speaking German uses the word "oder" (or).

Miss G. interrupting her: "I didn't catch that "odor."

Am I all here this morning? was the question asked by one of our professors as he entered the class room. The Freshmen are doubtful. They say this without hesitation, because he is fond of them.

Mr. P. in Freshman Rhetoric: "Spontaneity is speaking freely, extemporaneously from your feet."

Miss B. in Horace: "Faunus was the son of Heracleia and the daughter of Priam."

A syllogism worked out by the Logic class:

Major: Premise: "We of the Logic class go to college to improve our faculties."

Minor Premise: "Mr. Wheeler is a member of the faculties of P. C. W. and Dilworth Hall.

Conclusion: "We of the Logic class go to college to improve Mr. Wheeler."

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### MUSIC NOTES.

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Prof. Morgan went East during the Spring holiday. He is planning new work for next season, for the Music Course at the College. A course in music is being prepared for the college girl busy with other studies, also a course for both will be thorough and up-to-date

in every respect, and will include the best possible instruction to be had.

Miss Lilla Greene and Miss Virginia Marshall have the honor of being the first students in Harmony, and have it count toward a college degree, at the Pennsylvania College



for Women. Both of these young ladies are to be congratulated upon gaining the reward of their hard labor for this distinction.

The Students' Recitals will be resumed after the Spring vacation. A number of our students are prepared to contribute both piano and vocal solos.

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—o—

### EXCHANGES.

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The Journal shows good school spirit, but is lacking in literary material.

The Cornell Era, more than any other of our Exchanges, deals with all sides of college life. It contains also some good, sensible articles, short but to the point. The Cornell Era is certainly to be congratulated upon its management.

All the late Exchanges contain more short stories than usual, and most of them are of a good grade. Short stories give life and interest to any college magazine, and offer a good opportunity for the younger collegians to try their hands at literary work.

Several very good biographical sketches of Maryland poets are found in the March number of the Agnetian Monthly. This number is composed mostly of articles on Maryland commemorating Maryland Day.

The season has proved that Music has become a very strong factor in our College life. It figures in our College services, in our concerts and "plays," in our studies and in our pleasures, and in all these, aims at a high standard of perfection, which all appreciate.

The Pharetra of Wilson College contains several good stories. The plots are good and are worked out in a clear and interesting manner.

John and Pat were two friendly workmen who were constantly tilting each other, one trying to outwit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat quickly.

"Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked John.

"Sure," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you got into."

"To-morrow," announced five-year-old Sidney proudly to his kindergarten teacher, "is my birthday."

"Why," returned she, "it is mine, too."

The boy's face clouded with perplexity, and after a brief silence he exclaimed: "How did you get so much bigger'n me?"



A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago, was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house; and the voice of the mistress called out:

"Leave an extra quart this morning, please."

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a hypocrite?"

Johnny—"A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face."

Dusty Dan—"Sometimes I wish I could stop riding fast freights and ride in a first class passenger coach."

Wintry Walter—"Well, you don't know when you are well off, pard. Why, in each passenger coach der is an ax and saw to remind you of a wood-pile."

A teacher in one of the Chicago schools called an incorrigible to her desk, and grasping his arm firmly, said:

"Young man! The devil certainly has hold of you!"

"Guess yer right, mum."

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Bobby looked askance at the piece of cake given him at supper.

"What is it, son?" asked the father.

"Taint fair," said Bobby, "for grandma to cut my slice, 'cause everything looks bigger through her spectacles."

### Signs.

A darkened room,  
No end of gloom,  
Face down upon the bed;  
A figure there,  
With rumpled hair;  
And eyes that're very red.  
A letter near  
Splashed by a tear,  
A pain no doctor can cure  
A pillow wet  
(Or I miss my bet)—  
A homesick Freshman, sure.—Ex.

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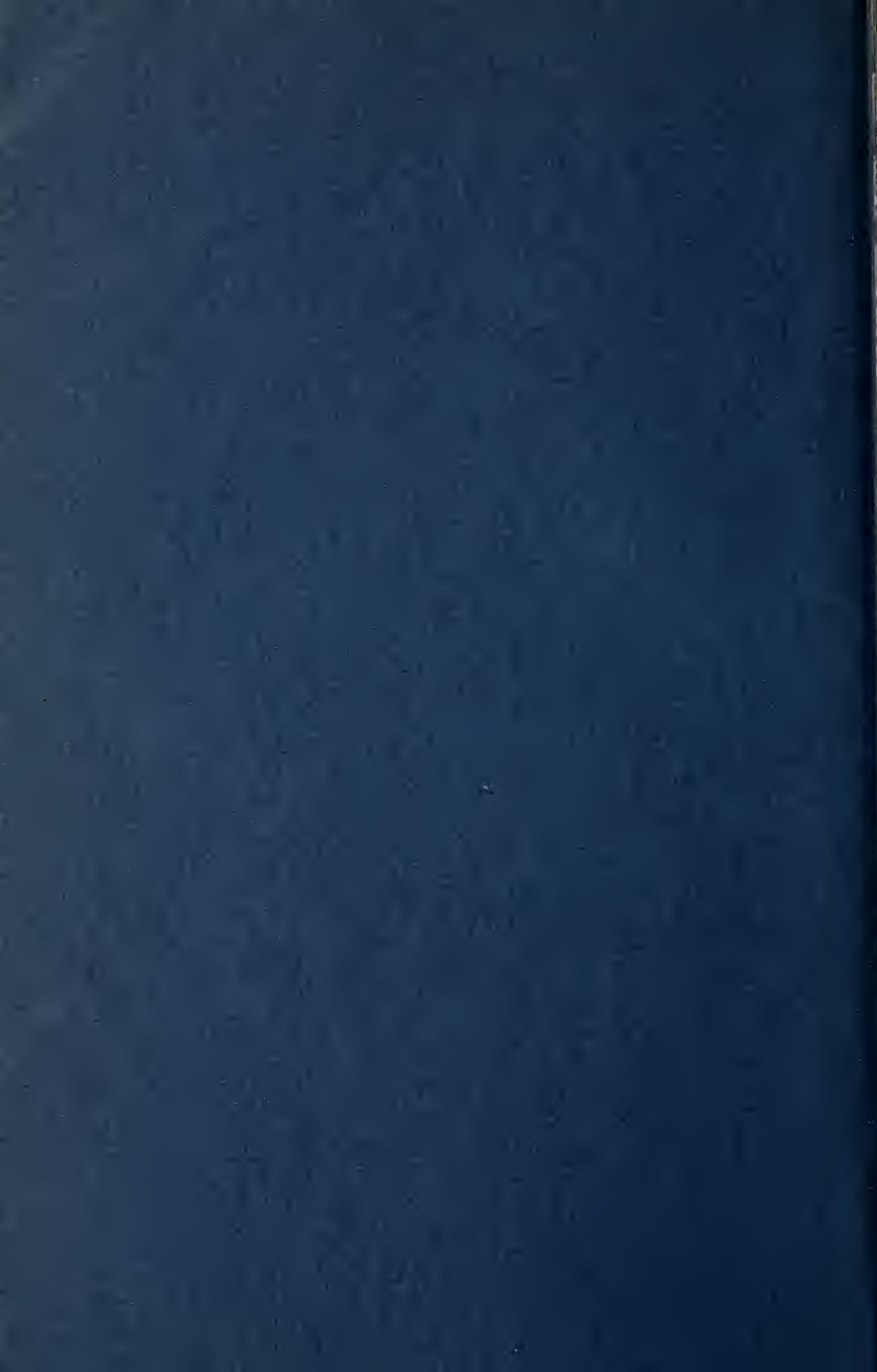
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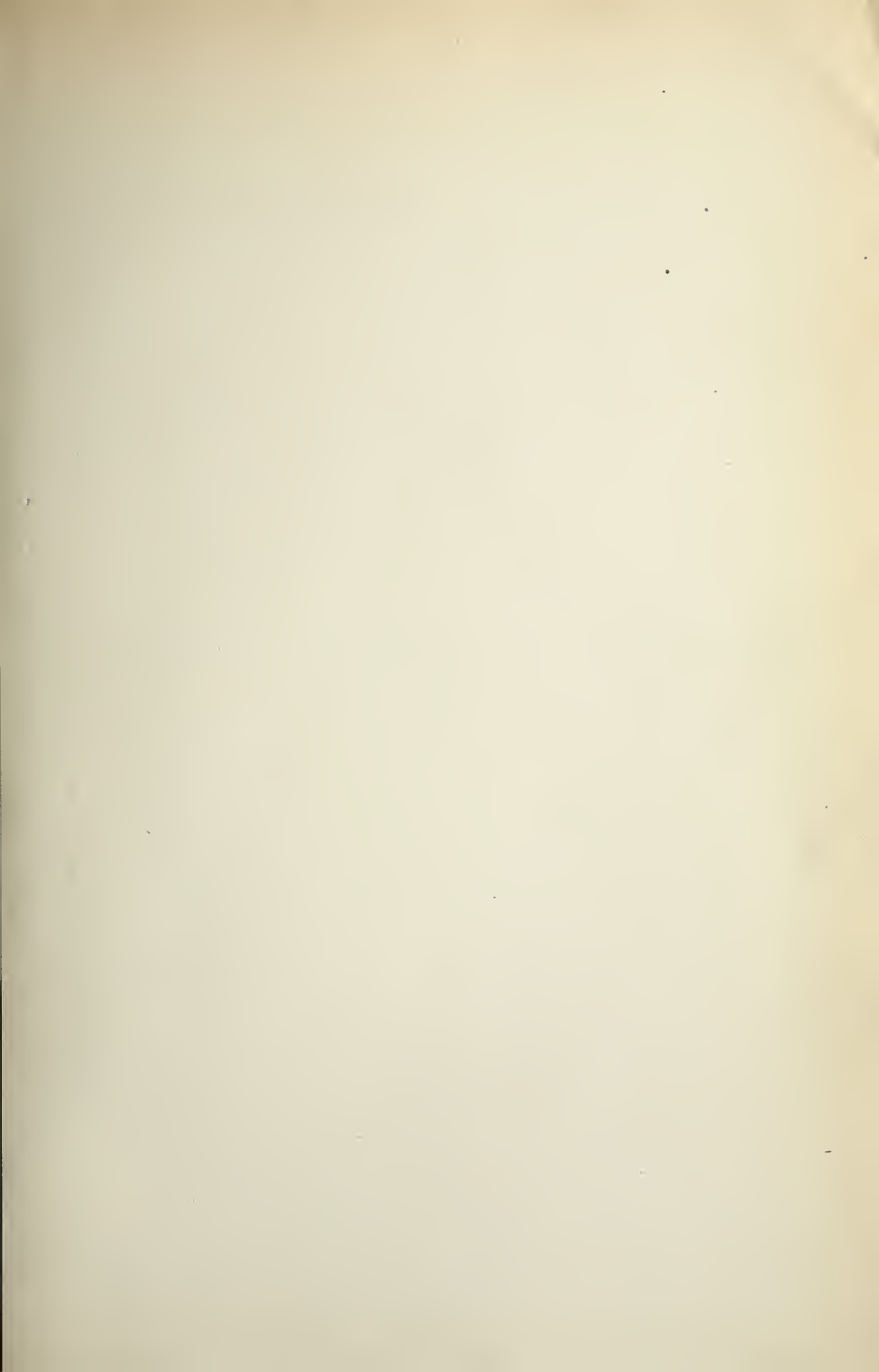
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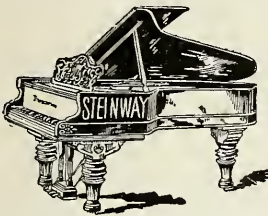
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# THE SOROSIS

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## THE CONGO QUESTION.

In considering the Congo Question as it stands to-day it seems necessary to turn back in the history of that region to the period when it was first invaded by the white man.

As early as 1854 Livingston visited the portion of the Congo drained by the Kasai River, and in his final journey he followed its course to Nyaugne, not suspecting at the time, however, that it had any connection with the Congo, but believing it formed the upper part of the Nile.

A little later came Stanley exploring the country in two different expeditions. During the intervening interval, interest in the "Dark Continent" had been rapidly increasing in Europe, but in Belgium alone did it culminate in action. Upon the invitation of Leopold II., some of the most notable explorers of Africa, namely, the presidents of the great geographical societies, politicians and philanthropists interested in the progress and development of Africa, assembled in a geographic conference, held at Brussels. This took place at the King's palace in September, 1876. Germany, Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and Belgium were represented.

From this conference developed the International African Association. A series of local national associations were formed, through which the different countries interested should conduct explorations in Africa upon a uniform basis. A governing international commission was chosen, of which the King of Belgium was president. The committee made out a definite outline of exploration, its plans including the discovery of the best routes into the interior of Africa and the establishment of posts where investigators and explorers could make their headquarters and from whence they might draw supplies needed for their journeys. The expeditions themselves were left to the direction of the local national committees and were therefore national in character. The Association existed from 1876 to 1884, and during that time, six expeditions were sent out by Belgium, one by Germany, and two by France.

The explorations of Stanley in 1877 created great excitement in Europe. It was discovered that Central Africa had a vast and remarkable system of waterways—a powerful instrument of civilization



from every point of view. This newly discovered factor put an entirely new aspect on the problem and was to the King of Belgium a great revelation.

Upon the invitation of His Majesty, Stanley conferred with Leopold in 1878, accepting the plans which he proposed. A society was thereupon organized under the title of the "Committee of Studies of the High Congo", with the King as honorary President. This was purely a Belgian enterprise. Its purpose was the exploitation of the whole Congo District. The basis of a stable political system was to be established on new territory; and that end was to be gained either by federating the more powerful chiefs, or by some other organization better suited to conditions. The work of this Association was destined rapidly to eclipse the feeble attempts of the International Association.

Accordingly in February, 1879, Stanley, with his staff of thirteen agents, went to Zanzibar. Arriving at Viri, which was the limit of the European occupation, he established a central station. By February, 1880, Tsanghila was established and on May first, 1881, Manyanga was occupied. By December, 1881, the expedition arrived at Stanley Pool. Reconnoitering parties were sent out in every direction, stations established and steamers running between them. Several treaties were con-

cluded with the chiefs of the independent tribes, to protect the territory already acquired against later competition.

All this was done in great haste for France was pressing the work of exploration and Portugal was renewing her interest and activity.

The "Committee of Studies of the High Congo" now possessed a vast area by treaty and governmental powers over a great multitude of people; it had adopted a flag but was not yet a government, and was in constant danger of difficulties with other powers.

At this time the committee appropriately changed its name to the International Association of the Congo. Administrative and Police services were organized as the first essential of a regular government.

In the meantime, Portugal began to assert her old claims and proposed to organize the territory at the mouth of the Congo into a governmental district, and to assume its administration. And in her claims, England supported her. England, on the other hand, had never been very enthusiastic over the scheme of Leopold II., and especially over these later movements. Although she was represented in the international conference, she had made no undertaking, had sent out no expedition. Now, if she should ally herself with Portugal, she would render the whole Congo organization, as



developed by the united action of the powers, practically worthless.

But France and Germany sided with Leopold. Germany entered vigorous protests against the action of England and Portugal, and in consequence the proposed treaty came to naught.

Bismark favored Leopold's plans in Africa, and on November 3, 1884, officially recognized the Association as a sovereign power, and invited representatives of the powers to Berlin for the purpose of establishing an international agreement based on the following points:

(1) Commercial freedom in the basin of the Congo and its tributaries; (2) Application to the Congo and the Nigii of the principle of freedom of navigation; (3) the definition of the formalities to be observed in order that new occupation of African shores should be considered as effective.

And so one by one, in the years 1884-5, the different powers were induced formally to recognize the newly created State, but not wholly unconditionally.

At the Berlin Conference, all agreed that all the powers exercising sovereign rights or influence in the basin of the Congo "pledged themselves to watch over the preservation of the native populations and the improvement of their moral and material conditions of existence," and also "that none shall be allowed

to grant therein either monopoly or privilege of any kind in commercial matters"—and, "the trade of all nations shall enjoy complete freedom." To all these, the Representatives of Leopold who were admitted to the last sessions of the Conference, set their signatures.

The Conference then broke up, feeling assured that it had amply provided for the future well-being of the natives by entrusting their rule to the King of Belgium—a sovereign from whom a written pledge was rendered wholly needless by the oft-declared benevolence of his intentions. Indeed, Prince Bismark, the President of the Conference, said at its close, "I pay homage to the noble efforts of His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, the founder of a work now recognized by nearly all the Powers, the consolidation of which should confer precious services on "the causes of humanity," and Leopold himself declared, "Our only programme is the work of moral and material regeneration."

It is little wonder then that the world was horrified when, a short time after the state was firmly established, all his Majesty's high flown professions were cast to the winds and the guarantees given at Berlin openly violated. By royal decree he claimed all the 900,000 square miles included within the boundaries of the State, excepting a small portion at the mouth of the



Congo and the actual sites of the native villages, to be the property of the Government, or in other words, the property of the King. For the people of Belgium know little if anything of the conditions and rulings of the Congo.

The Congo State was never a national undertaking but a personal speculation, carried out with international elements. The few have become the official mouth-piece of the Congo State. And this vast area is held as personal property by one individual and administered in much the same manner as a landlord administers his private estate. As a Sovereign then, of the Congo and uncontrolled by Parliament, Leopold is too powerful to pay the slightest attention to the murmurings of the unorganized and unarmed millions he rules.

In the greater part of the territory the right to purchase is granted to a number of concessionaire companies, and in these purchases the State (King) usually holds one-half of the shares and receives a corresponding amount of the profits. At the Berlin Conference, it will be remembered, the Government had pledged itself not to grant, "Either monopoly or privilege of any kind in commercial matters." In spite of this fact the private companies declared that "anyone other than the agents of concessionaire companies or the State, who bought from the natives,

rubber or ivory, or other product of the forest, was a receiver of stolen goods." Thus the natives were not only debarred from the privilege of selling their goods to the highest bidder, but were compelled to bring their produce in specified quantities to the agents of the State or the monopoly companies. In addition to this a condition of forced labor was established by law. The commercial agents fixed the amount of rubber, timber, or food stuffs that each village was to bring every two weeks to the trading posts. Sometimes a nominal payment was given and sometimes the goods were received as taxes and no payment made whatever. "The natives", said M. Linet de Naeger, a Belgian Premier, "are not entitled to anything, what is given them is a price gratuity."

In the central station of each district an agent was placed, and as was not infrequently the case, these men were inferior in character and wholly incapable to rule over an uncivilized people. In each village were one or two sentries, usually chosen from the natives themselves, whose duty it was to see that the fortnightly quota of produce was brought in. These sentries, savages in themselves, often practiced the most terrible oppression imaginable. If the demands of the agents were not satisfied, the victims were flogged in many cases most cruelly, or to vary the mode of punishment, the wives



of the village were seized and kept as hostages until satisfaction had been made, and in other cases, some of the culprits were shot for an example to the rest. And all this was done for the native, for whose sake it was declared the State had come into being.

By these methods the private companies flourished amazingly; one of them with a capital of £40,000, made, in four years, a profit of £600,000, a half of which goes to the King.

In the meantime all Europe was being aroused with a start at the graphic stories of cruel oppression brought back by travelers and missionaries. England was the first to take action and in May, 1903, a resolution was presented in the House of Commons with a view to the abatement of the evils prevalent in the Congo. It was accepted and unanimously passed. Diplomatic correspondence was then carried on between the two countries and the British Consul of the Lower Congo was sent on a tour of investigation. Finally the King of Belgium yielded to the storm of public opinion enough to authorize further inquiry into the charges that had been made and in consequence a Commission of three were chosen for this purpose. They were all, however, men of his own selection, for he would accept no others.

In October, 1904, the Committee

reached the Congo, where they stayed five months, making an extended journey into the interior. The inquiry was a painstaking one in which the case was fairly tried and the judgment rendered, an honest one. And being honest, says an English writer, it is necessarily a condemnation. In regard to the demands for produce made upon natives their report says: "A considerable number of agents thought only of obtaining the greatest quantity in the shortest time and their exactions were often excessive; payment to the natives was insufficient, not seldom they were even paid in goods which were valueless in the district."

"The industrious section of the village finds the greater part of their time absorbed by the demands of the taxgatherers and in providing for their own subsistence; they are unable, even if they desire, to undertake any other work; and from this cause comes the abandonment of native industries and the impoverishment, which is indisputable, of the native villages." "In some places the requisition upon the natives is for wood as fuel for the steamers, and villages with only seven or eight men are compelled to furnish the same quantity as villages with from forty to one hundred." "But most often it is rubber which is demanded and it is beyond question, that the rubber must after some years of exploitation, be exhausted in the parts



neighboring the native villages. In making his journey for the rubber, the native leads a most miserable existence. He must build himself an improvised shelter, which is no proper substitute for his own hut, he cannot obtain the food to which he is accustomed, for he is deprived of the help of his wife; he is exposed to the hardships of the weather and to the attack of wild beasts. He must bring what he has collected to the station of the State, and it is only then he can return to the village; there he can stay for barely two or three days, for the next demand is upon him." The consequence is that the native, however industrious he may be in the rubber forest, through the many journeys imposed upon him, finds the greatest part of his time absorbed in gathering rubber."

The sentry system, the Commission also condemns generously. They believe that the native chiefs should naturally be the ones with whom the whites should mediate, but they say they have been used merely as scapegoats "for all the shortcomings, all the faults of their people without being recognized to possess any authority or any rights."

Added to all this is the wretched practice of keeping men who have been recruited as soldiers, and forcing them to work for the State. Sometimes this seizure took place when they brought in their fortnightly produce. The sanitary con-

ditions of their camps were most wretched, and for slight offenses they were often flogged with a severity far beyond the limits of the law, and if the rubber supply was short they were imprisoned for this "offense against the State."

But the report was not all condemnatory. The good points in the service were assiduously searched out and carefully emphasized but probably not beyond their due. They point out the fact the European domination has made the country safe for the traveler and the skillful development of the mighty waterways, together with the building of railroads, has rendered communication easy. Geographical explorations have been carried on without cessation, thus profoundly increasing the world's knowledge of African geography. During the period of eight years of the "African International Association," Belgium sent out six expeditions, while France maintained but two, Germany one, and England none, proving beyond doubt that Belgium has done more for scientific research than any other country. The Government has put an end to intertribal wars, to the execution of slaves, and to cannibalism in all those districts to which the government authority extends. It has developed the native army and "the soldiery has been the object of every solicitude on the part of the State,"—"a fact," say the critics,



"that we can well believe, for they constitute the basis on which the whole regime has been built." Mutilation of the living has never been with the consent of the white man. The flogging of women, they say, is now very rare. And more important than all, the Arab slave trade has been suppressed and the importation of alcohol for sale to the natives has been forbidden.

The whole report seems fair and well balanced throughout, but in spite of all the detrimental consequences of forced labor they detailed, they still uphold that system as the only possible means of developing the natural resources of the country. The natives, they argue, "by heredity and owing to the conditions of life in the country, have no inclination to work, it is only by force that labor can be obtained, which is necessary to develop the country, to exploit its natural riches, to draw profit, in short, from its resources." They would modify the system, indeed, by a number of detailed reforms, to soften the harshness of its application. They would limit the number of working hours to forty in a month and would take away from the private companies, but not from the State, the rights of using force to exact it. And they would give to the natives themselves property rights in the land surrounding their huts, and its produce.

But if their argument shall hold

and forced labor is the only possible basis of government in the Congo, then just so long will it continue to be what all the world has condemned, an avowed Slave State.

A parallel situation is found in South Africa,—there it was not forced but voluntary labor of the negro that developed the country, worked its farms, built its railroads, and excavated its mines, and developed the profitable external trade, in the western African possessions of the other Powers. The results obtained in other parts of Africa, where kindly treatment and sufficient security has been given, have proven that the negro is not an idler.

In years past every possible effort has been made to conceal the existence of abuses and the complaints of missionaries and travelers have not been sympathetically investigated by the administration, but were rather considered the attacks of interested enemies. It is only fair to suppose that if the Belgian public were fully informed as to the existing conditions in the Congo, they like the rest of the world would be struck with its horrors. But the Belgians know practically nothing of the administration, for the secret press bureau which is under Leopold's immediate control, form their opinions for them and they have nothing left to do but to accept them.



To these various criticisms King Leopold answers: "The law of the Congo State is as clear on points of murder, cruelty, cannibalism, and mutilation as the law of any civilized government, whether British or continental. The government is to be judged by its code." If then we judge by the code only, then little criticism could be made, for the laws in many respects are admirable as they stand. The whole fault lies in the failure of those in power to execute them, in other words, in the spirit which permeates the government. The results of such a system reveal the fact that at the bottom the administration exists not for the benefit of the country ruled, but for the enrichment of the rulers.

And this brings us up to the question as it stands today, which briefly stated, is this—whether the personal influence of Leopold II. shall continue paramount even after the proposed annexation of the State by Belgium, or whether the new regime shall be one of parliamentary control in fact as well as in name. The agitation of public opinion everywhere and chiefly in England and the United States has done much toward bringing the King to terms. According to the annexation treaty of March 5, the Crown Domain and the Crown Foundation, which the King maintained was private property, are to be transferred to Belgium and the

government to be given full control over the finances of the Congo, but must also carry out the obligations of the Free State amounting to \$21,000,000. During his lifetime, the King will retain the use of Congo revenues. The sum of \$600,000 is to be provided annually for fifteen years for hospitals, schools and scientific research in Africa, and all the public works planned by the King of Belgium are to be carried out. It is now probable that this treaty will pass the Belgian Parliament with little alteration.

Baron Deschamps, Minister of State, says of the King's action in regard to this question:

"The King presents to the nation as a gift a colony twenty-three times as big as Belgium, which he created and organized: Of the Crown Domain, which is larger than France and of extraordinary richness, he retains nothing. More important still, he grants to the Belgian Parliament both the administrative and budgetary control of the colony, which should satisfy the foreign critics. In return, he simply exacts an obligation that Belgium complete the works undertaken by him in this country and a sum of money necessary to carry out his philanthropic and scientific projects in the Congo Independent State."

Anna Sargent, '09.





### MERE EXISTENCE.

Philius and Hermes walked in silence through the avenue of tall trees. The Grecian atmosphere, the dim light, the shading trees, the soft breath of the breeze, the evening stillness, all reflected the spirit of the two youths.

As they passed from the avenue Philius pointed to the one lone star, "Do you know what that reminds me of? A few days ago I heard Saint Gregory speak here in Corinth on his way to Rome. He taught the people great things that I had never heard before, of a Nazarene, a man whose like, the world has never seen, far greater than any of our Grecian deities."

"Philius, you are a dreamer. You attempt to follow each new philosophy."

"No, not a dreamer, Hermes, although at times I am inclined that way. Life is too real and intense for that. I am tired of pleasure, I am weary of games and contests, I have had enough of love and maidens; yes, too much of this exciting existence. Gregory told of peace and quietness."

"There is no quietness. Everywhere there is commotion," answered Hermes.

"No, you are mistaken. This evening air is calm. Those Corinthian pillars and that temple are quiet. Yes, Gregory told of a peace, which is gained from communion with nature. The hermits have found it. Those who live near the deserts of Africa, among the caves



and hills, have found it. And I am sure that I shall."

"You never will, Philius."

"Yes, but I shall—and to-morrow I leave this old-life. It will not be so much trouble to live where there is no disturbance from the unsatisfying pleasures of this life."

"Philius, this evening stillness is deceiving you. To-morrow you will awake to the life of endless gaity," so prophesied Hermes.

But the next day true to his word, Philius left his gay and wealthy home and went to the bishop of his city, who directed him to a hermit in the wilderness. So he turned his steps from the city and entered a new life. But can a man change his nature? Philius thought so, for he promised to be an ascetic for three years, spending his time in quiet communion and thoughtful study.

A year dragged on and the enthusiasm, which a year before had been awakened in Philius, lessened. He found himself longing for conversation of a lighter nature. But he again became deeply interested in his studies.

He learned of God and the doctrines of the orthodox church. Questions concerning right and wrong arose; doubt as to whether men understood what they taught concerning the Holy One; more doubt as to whether a man's life should be spent in seclusion, where one could not help his fellow-beings. Was it

right for a man to live this way? Had Christ lived so? No, his had been a life of devoted self-sacrifice. Such questions disturbed Philius. He tried to reason them out by himself but always became deeper and deeper involved in puzzling thoughts. He found that in trying to avoid the troubles of living he was meeting at every point the more perplexing questions of the manner of living.

The three years drew to a close. Life was not less trouble but more. The free meditation tormented him.

One day Philius was sent with a message to the bishop of Corinth. His heart was light as he began his journey. He was happy as he thought that he was returning to the home of his youth. He reached the city and delivered his message without meeting any of his former friends.

After leaving the bishop's dwelling he walked through the streets and out towards the theatre. Philius heard the sound of music and entered the building. The music fascinated him and he listened, overcome with joy. The old desire for pleasure seized him. He forgot the wilderness and thought only of the beautiful Greek ideas embodied in the play. When it was over he left the theatre.

As Philius was turning down a street he met his friend, Hermes.



Greetings were exchanged and they walked on together.

"Where are you going?" Philius inquired.

"To a gathering at Timotheus. Will you come along?"

"Yes. It seems good to breathe the air of Corinth again and feel the stir of life," Philius joyously exclaimed.

So they went to the home of Timotheus where the pleasures of good fellowship were enjoyed. Philius forgot the life of the desert. As they were returning home Her-

mes whispered, after observing his friend's silence:

"The least trouble is to live where we have been placed by the gods. A man cannot change his nature."

"Perhaps not," mused Philius.

"Will you return to the desert?"

What Philius answered is not recorded in the manuscripts; perhaps the reader knows the reply of this Greek youth who was brought up in the highest intellectual surroundings which were not conducive to sympathetic self-sacrifice.

L. A. G., '08.

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### SOME OLD ENGLISH PLACES.

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Rural England has a beauty and charm for the sympathetic visitor, equal to if not surpassing the attractive power of any other part of the world. The rich, velvety green of the English meadows, set off as it so often is by the blaze of countless scarlet poppies; the streams which twist and turn in graceful convolutions as they wend their way across the landscape; the groups of thatched or red-tiled houses clustered about the church whose spire stands out against the sky,—all these things combine to satisfy the vision and bring a sense of restfulness to the mind. Yet there is something more than quiet beauty in English country scenes, and one finds them not only restful but in-

spiring; for this is historic ground, and almost every hill-top and fertile plain, hamlet and great house has witnessed or shared in the struggles through which Father Time upon the anvil of the ages has beaten out the Britain that we twentieth century people know.

The hurried traveler who spends four or five days in London, a day in Oxford, a day in Stratford, and then hastens on to Liverpool that he may sail for home, sees much of interest, undoubtedly, and is well repaid for his expenditure of time and effort; but he cannot know the intense enjoyment of a leisurely pilgrimage, which permits the abandonment of the railway, and the turning aside for short journeys



by carriage, or better still by foot, to secluded nooks in which history was made centuries ago. It is my desire to record in very simple fashion the experiences of one day's excursion to a group of places closely associated with the great Civil War of 1642.

A party of summer students at the famous old university of Oxford started on Wednesday, August fourteenth, 1907, for a visit to Banbury, Edgehill, Compton-Wyngates and Broughton Castle. We were a cosmopolitan company, numbering in our ranks representatives from France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Russia and Japan, as well as Canada and the United States; but we were all one in our interest in these memorials of a great past. We traveled by train to Banbury, twenty-three miles north of Oxford, and from that point on had heavy tourist wagons to convey us where we desired to go.

Banbury is now a thriving market town of five or six thousand inhabitants which returns one member to Parliament. It is the second town in rank for the County of Oxford, and its inhabitants are keenly resentful of the perversity of a world which ignores its modern spirit, and remembers it solely for its famous cakes, its Cross and its nursery rhyme. Be that as it may, tradition is still too strong for practical everyday life, and we, like all travelers to the spot, make our way at once

to the Cross, and ask where we may test the virtue of the cakes. What is called "the original cake shop" stands in the High Street, and its title deeds may be seen there, dating from 1616. The cakes are said to be made from the original recipe, and taste extremely good to a hungry tourist, though I was told there that old residents shake their heads and declare that they are not what they used to be.

Every properly trained child in England or America can of course recite the celebrated rhyme, which probably commemorates the Horse Fair held throughout the Middle Ages in Banbury.

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury  
Cross,  
To see a fair lady ride on a white  
horse.  
Rings on her fingers and bells on  
her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she  
goes."

Banbury Cross is a modern structure, erected in 1861 on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal to Crown-Prince Frederic William of Prussia. But it stands upon the site and preserves the memory of the original Cross which was set up by Edward III in honor of his wife. Queen Philippa died in Lincoln, and her body was brought in slow and stately proces-



sion to London. At every spot where a stay was made upon the journey the king erected a cross, Charing Cross in the capital city being the last of the series. The Cross of Banbury stood until 1602, when it fell a victim to the zeal of Puritan reformers.

During the Civil War, Banbury was strongly Parliamentary in its sympathies. But the castle was a royalist stronghold, gallantly defended during two or three unsuccessful sieges. It remained with the Cavaliers until 1646, when it was taken by the enemy. Two years later it was completely destroyed by order of the Parliament.

Seven miles northwest of Banbury we find the long line of the Edge-hills, "forming the Warwickshire side of the boundary of the great central plain of the Midlands." One comes to it from the east or south by so gradual a climb that he is thoroughly surprised to find himself suddenly on the verge of a descent to which may very properly be applied the term precipitous. Here, on the crest, stands a round tower erected as a memorial in 1750 to mark the spot where King Charles planted his standard just before the disastrous first battle of the Civil War.

All students of English History know the main facts of this battle; yet possibly some of them may bear another mention. Certainly, the ac-

count possesses a new and very vivid interest for one who stands to-day overlooking the scene.

Charles was making his way south-east from Shrewsbury, across Staffordshire and Warwickshire, toward London. Essex was at Worcester, considerably nearer the capital, and he made a hurried march to the east that he might intercept the Royalists. The armies had drawn close together without knowing it, and had marched for miles in almost parallel lines. It was Rupert who finally discovered the proximity of the foe, and sent word to Charles that the Puritan camp-fires had been seen in the valley below. By noon of the next day, Sunday, October twenty-third, 1642, Charles had concentrated his troops on the summit of the range.

But the military wisdom of the Parliamentary commander enabled him to see that although King Charles occupied the stronger position he would be unable to retain it in a region hostile to him, and that if no move were made against him, he would himself be forced to offer battle. The Roundheads therefore waited on the plain, and, as Essex had expected, Charles ordered the advance. Rupert, with the left wing, broke through the Parliamentary right by one of his brilliant charges, but the fiery pursuit of retreating foes, also characteristic of him, swept his horsemen far out of the



way, and so practically ended their participation in the fray. The Royalist right wing also drove back its opposers; but it became so entangled in the lines of ditches and hedgerows extending across the plain, that it lost all its advantage and was forced to retreat in disorder. The main force of the struggle and the greatest slaughter of the Royalists occurred at the center, where Charles was in command. Night put an end to the fighting, and both armies drew off, each side claiming the victory. The villagers who assisted in the burying of the slain, however, say that by far the heavier loss was sustained by the Royalists, the majority of the four thousand bodies being those of Cavaliers.

Nine miles east of Banbury is the great house of Compton-Wyngates, the home of the Earl of Northampton. The family goes back to the time of Edward I, but the house was built during the reign of Henry VIII by Sir William Compton. It was the second William, his son, who was raised to the rank of Earl by James I.

The first and most striking impression made upon a visitor to Compton-Wyngates is that of its seclusion. It lies deep down in a little rift between the hills, that opens only toward the northwest—"so sheltered a situation," says an observer, "as to appeal strongly to

the builder of four centuries ago." I confess that this was an entirely new thought to me. I have seen many castles perched upon almost inaccessible cliffs, and have understood thoroughly the strength of such a commanding position. It was a novelty to find security obtained for a fortress by hiding it away at the bottom of a deep ravine. Yet I began presently to appreciate the adaptation of the means to the end. We approached the place by coming over the crest of the hills and descending by a long, steep, winding road, so difficult a stretch that because of the danger of the overturning of our vehicle, it was thought best for us to walk. And it was not until we were at the foot that we had our first glimpse of Compton-Wyngates. Since my own visit, I have found on record one or two impressions which corroborate mine. One writer asserts that a person unacquainted with its location might pass within fifty yards of the house without observing a trace of its existence. William Howitt says that he wandered all over the adjoining country looking for Compton-Wyngates, and making inquiries of villagers, who seemed to know so little about it as to be at a loss about giving clear directions; and at last he stumbled upon it, almost by accident.

It is a great irregular pile of buildings, made of red brick, with many



gables, towers and twisted chimneys. It is not a fortress in the old sense, for we miss the narrow slits of windows which were the only breaks in the wall thought safe by castle builders. This house rejoices in an abundance of large windows, in consequence of which the rooms are light and airy.

The Comptons were high in royal favor under both the Tudors and the Stuarts, and remembrance of the fact is impressed upon us by the constant reappearance of the rose and the thistle in wall and window ornamentation. It is said that Compton-Wyngates was built of brick from a castle near Warwick, which Henry VIII gave to his friend, Sir William Compton, and which the new owner tore down in order to use its material in this way. Tradition states, though I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that the solidity of parts of the older castle was so great that Sir William transported the chimneys bodily across the hills and set them up in his new building.

Two chapels are found in the house. One is a large room on the ground floor which has on its walls the Decalogue and certain Psalms, thus marking it as a Protestant place of worship. But high up in the oldest wing of the castle, right under the roof, is another chapel, with no fewer than seven secret passages leading from it, so that a congrega-

tion might escape if surprised by foes, while a trap-door provides a last box-like retreat, in case all these passages were by any calamity shut off. The discovery of this second worshipping place startled students of history; for the Comptons had always been conspicuous members of the Protestant party in England. One of Sir William's sons was made Bishop of London; and he was actually suspended from his episcopal dignity by James II because of the zeal he showed in opposing Catholicism. But thorough exploration of this wing of the building seems to put the matter beyond a doubt; and we must believe that somebody of position here, the lord perhaps or his lady, was secretly a Catholic, and in spite of Puritan ascendancy obeyed the dictates of conscience at the risk of liberty and possibly of life.

The stairways by which we went up to these rooms are corkscrew windings of stone around a central pillar, the steps so worn and uneven that in the semi-darkness it was all I could do to keep my feet. I asked the attendant who guided us how these passages were lighted in the old days. "Not at all," he answered; "except by rush lights carried by those who went up or down. We have no lights at Compton-Wyngates now, but oil lamps and candles."

As he spoke, my imagination sud-



denly ran riot, and I saw myself as I might have been if I had lived four centuries ago,—racing up these stairs, round and round, flying for my life from Cromwell's men, panting breathlessly, dropping my rushlight, stumbling, scrambling up and rushing on. It was so real to me for a moment that it must have been expressed in my face, for my next neighbor said to me, as we emerged into daylight: "What is the matter? You look actually frightened."

"I am," I answered promptly. "I am remembering my last incarnation; and it's enough to make one's blood run cold!"

Compton-Wyngates was faithful to its sovereign in the Civil War, and the second Earl of Northampton died in battle for King Charles in 1643. The castle was taken the next year, and converted into a Parliamentary garrison; and it remained in Puritan hands until the end of the war, in spite of several gallant attempts on the part of the Comptons to effect its recapture.

The last place visited during the day was Broughton Castle, about six or eight miles from Banbury, the seat of the family of Fiennes. It came into their possession by marriage about the middle of the fifteenth century, when William Fiennes, the second Baron Saye and Sele, was the head of the house.

The castle is an immense and very stately stone structure, surrounded

by a moat which is still filled with water. We entered by crossing the bridge over the moat and passing through the massive gateway, which must have been a very efficient protection in the troubled days of the seventeenth century. The owner is still a Lord Saye and Sele, but he is an impoverished lord, who ten years ago rented his castle to Lord Algonon Gordon-Lennox, a brother-in-law of the Earl of Warwick.

Lord Lennox himself received us, gave us a most cordial welcome, and personally conducted us over the ground floor of the castle,—great hall, drawing room, dining hall, chapel,—out into the grounds, and over to the church. He told us many interesting things about the house, and about its former owners. He seemed to look with especial kindness upon the Americans of the party,—this trace of partiality being accounted for, as he pointed to a buffalo's head on the wall of the great hall and said: "You see I brought away some of your big game from America. A great country you have there!"

A great deal of money must have been spent upon the castle of late years, for Lord Lennox said it was sadly in need of repair when he took it, and it is in beautiful order now. I was glad to see an English gentleman in his own home, and to note that he resembles exactly the best type of American manhood. No one



could have been more genuinely unaffected and cordial in manner than he was, and he really took considerable trouble to have us see and understand the house and its historic past.

We were here not upon Royalist but upon Parliamentary ground. The lord of the castle in Civil War time, also a William Fiennes, eighth Baron and first Viscount Saye and Sele, stood with Hampden on the question of ship money, and had suffered six months' imprisonment for opposing royal forced loans, and for saying openly that he knew no power other than that of Parliament which could make men give away their own goods.

He was the leader of the malcontents before war actually began, and Broughton Castle was their meeting place. Pym, Hampden, to come there by night and hold consultations in the secret chamber made in the thickness of the massive walls. When war was declared, Lord Saye and Sele raised a regiment from among his own tenants which was familiarly called "Lord Saye's Bluecoats"; and he quartered them in a long gallery at the top of the house, extending over its entire length and still known as "The Barracks." Antony Wood, the gossip old chronicler of Oxford history, himself an ardent Royalist and therefore out of sympathy with Lord Saye, says of him: "being ill-

natured, choleric, severe and rigid, and withal highly conceited of his own worth, he did expect great matters at Court; but they failing, he sided therefore with the discontented party, the Puritans, and took all occasions cunningly to promote a rebellion."

But immediately following the battle of Edgehill came the siege of Broughton Castle by the Royalists; and after a short resistance it quietly surrendered to the king. Lord Lennox, in referring to this event, remarked to us that a siege of twenty-four hours was sufficient to convince Lord Saye, for the time at least, of his political errors, and he saved his castle by timely submission. "Did well for himself, at almost every turn of the wheel," our narrator concluded; "remarkably prudent man he was."

We find Lord Saye back in the Parliamentary councils in later years, but hedging in his policy, and throwing his influence on the side of peace with the king. Lord Clarendon says of him: "He had not the least thought of dissolving the monarchy, and less of leveling the ranks and distinctions of other men. . . . He was as proud of his quality, and of being distinguished from other men by his title as any man alive; and he well foresaw what would become of his peerage, if the army should make their own model of the government." But "Old Subtlety,"



as his enemies called him, was not able to control the turbulent forces of the Parliament, and he went into retirement at Broughton. He did not take his seat again until the Restoration, when he was made a member of the Privy Council and Keeper of the Seal. He died at Broughton in 1662; and his tomb with its stately effigy in Alabaster is one of the conspicuous objects in the castle church.

We ended our day with the feeling that this sort of history reading from brick and stone source-books was emphatically worth while; and the pleasure and profit

derived from it have not passed away with the progress of the year. I shall indeed count myself happy if I have been able to make others see even a faint reflection of the glowing charm which possessed me. And it is my fervent wish that the close of college life might bring to every earnest student the opportunity to study history and literature amid the scenes which gave them birth, and so to know personally,—

"The touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is  
still."

Mary W. Brownson.

### THE INNOCENT.

The breeze puffing the little white curtains blew cool over the breakfast table, and the whistling of the hired man out in the barn came on the breeze, piercing the silence. The three friends were busy with fresh eggs and pancakes. They had come to the country on two weeks' vacation from their duties as salesmen in "Smith's Clothing Emporium."

One was a tall sandy-haired young man, with a pleasant, ordinary face, and much given to tan shoes. The next was a much-starched, well-groomed fellow with sleek plastered hair. The third was the "Innocent",—slim, with large watery blue eyes peering timidly through eye-glasses,

and a pale face that matched his hair in color. They were friends, working together, and spending their hard-earned vacations together.

They were still at their breakfast, and the land-lady was telling again, for the seventh time, the harrowing details of her first husband's death, when the sound of wheels scraping the curbstone before the house rasped on their ears, and immediately, the door burst open, and a large bouncing young woman rushed in and threw her arms around the land-lady's neck.

"Hello, Aunt," she cried, "I've come down to stay a week."



"Land, sakes!" gasped the landlady, "Ef it ain't Katy!"

After many questions and replies, and much excitement, Katy was introduced to the young men, and all sat down again to breakfast. The Innocent kept his eyes fastened on his plate, but his two friends looked with admiration at the girl, above whose red cheeks, great scarlet poppies waved about on a black straw hat. She talked constantly and sent many alluring glances at the poor Innocent, who blushed, and dropped his fork, and salted his coffee. The other two made the best of their opportunity, and were already offering to take Katy walking or fishing at any time she should like to go.

"I would be charmed to go with all three of you," said Katy, and she smiled seductively over the popovers at the Innocent, but he only grunted and fished his eye-glasses out of his coffee.

When they rose from the table, Katy went to her room to unpack her trunk, and the three men went out into the orchard to smoke. The two elder vied with one another in their praises of Katy—she was a "peach" and a "loidy"—and each was convinced that she preferred him to the other. Upon her appearance at the back door of the house, they hastened to place themselves at her service, and the poor Innocent was deserted.

For three days it went on in this way, the two elder men escorting the "loidy" on walks and fishing trips, and the Innocent remaining at home to sulk and to reflect bitterly on women in general. It seemed bitter to him that a mere woman should separate and estrange him from his two good friends. After seeing the others depart, forgetful of him, he would go on gloomy walks alone, always trying to avoid meeting the others.

One hot afternoon he walked moodily through a field and thought of his sorrows. Far away it was thundering. Suddenly behind him he heard a sound louder than thunder. He looked around. It was a bull, with horns almost scraping the ground, as it came tearing over the field after him.

He lost no time, but ran as hard as he could toward a tree near the fence. He had just succeeded in scrambling up the trunk, when the bull was there, pawing up the ground and snorting. He had no breath left to call for help, but clung panting to the tree. As he looked down he could see the fierce eyes and gleaming teeth. The tree was very small and slender, and it bent and swayed, threatening to drop him, like a ripe plum, into the very jaws of the bull.

"Shoo! Go way!" he gasped, kicking at the bull with his foot. It only



came closer and he could feel its hot breath as it looked up at him.

Just then some one screamed, and the Innocent saw Katy climbing the fence. She was waving her bright red parasol at him. The bull saw it and made a rush for it. In her fright Katy dropped the parasol into the field. The bull tossed it with his horns and worried it, forgetting all about the man in the tree.

Seeing his opportunity, the Innocent slid down the trunk and succeeded in climbing over the fence. Katy had fallen into the grass in her terror and sat there dazedly. When she saw the Innocent scramble over the fence, she jumped up and ran to him squealing in her joy.

"You are a hero!" she cried, "You have saved my life!"

She began to weep on his shoulder. He was too excited to blush,—besides, he had left his glasses behind with the bull, and could not see her very well anyhow. At last she became more calm, and after wiping her eyes on his purple necktie, she took her hero by the hand, and led him home.

The others listened in awed silence while Katy told how the Innocent had saved her from the fierce bull,—the Innocent listened also in awed silence. For the rest of the week Katy devoted herself to the Innocent. The other two went arm in arm on long mournful walks, and their sighs floated back on the breeze.

Irma Diescher, '11.

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## SKETCHES.

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### A QUESTION.

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Little Robin Red-Breast  
Sat upon a tree  
Singing, "What on earth is this?  
What can it really be?"

It's large and round and green and  
blue,

Dear me, there're flowers on it too!

And it has wings and other things  
That never in any garden grew.

It seems to me to be quite round  
And yet, indeed, it's flat.  
Land sakes! The answer now I've  
found,  
It's just a new spring hat!"

I. D., '11.



## REBELLION.

A little girl in a blue calico dress and sunbonnet sat pensively on the bars of the orchard fence. Every few minutes she kicked the second bar thoughtfully with her rough shoe.

"Jane! Ja-a-ne?" The voice came faintly to the little girl on the fence. A scowl darkened her face.

"There now! They want me to wash those old dishes again. I just won't. It's wash dishes all the time."

Jane kicked the fence impatiently and gave her faded sunbonnet a wrathful jerk. A cool breath of air brought the fresh smell of lilacs. Again the shrill voice called.

"Yes, call all you want. I'm not coming. It's too hot in that old kitchen any way. I'm going to the meadow."

She jumped down and ran up the lane and across the dusty road into the cool, green meadow. There she sat down on her favorite stump and prepared for a cry. The air was soothing and the shade of the chestnut shielded her from the hot sun. Jane threw her sunbonnet on the ground. How she hated to wash dishes. But instead of crying she only pouted.

Just then a pet sheep appeared upon the rising ground behind her. He raised his head and gazed wonderingly at the drooping little figure on the stump. Who could this be

who was trespassing in his own meadow and had not even brought him a lump of salt. He must investigate this thoroughly.

Slowly he lowered his head and rushed swiftly down upon the mourner beneath the chestnut. With a sudden bump Jane landed on the soft grass. Slowly she regained an upright position and stared with amazement. Then the look of amazement changed to a smile and the smile became a merry laugh.

"Why Snowball! Oh you little villian. Were you trying to punish me for being a cross-patch? Guess I'd better go wash the old dishes after all."

Snowball watched her as she ran toward the bars then he turned musingly to his grazing again.

M. H., '11.

## A WISH.

I wish I were a poet and  
Could write with graceful ease  
Of babbling brooks and warbling  
birds

In wondrous melodies.

I'd write a charming ditty of  
Sweet summertime or spring,  
Of Nature's winsome vagaries  
And skylarks on the wing.

I'd write my little poem then  
Would sit me down and "dig"  
And wear my weary brain away  
On that old stubborn Trig.

M. H., '11.





Lilla A. Greene, '08.....Editor-in-Chief  
Virginia G. Marshall, '08.....Business Manager

Assistant Editors.

Irma Beard, '09.....Literary  
Ethel Tassey, '10.....Personals, Alumnae, College Notes  
Margaret Greene, '11.....Exchange  
Eva Cohen, '09.....Assistant Business Manager

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EDITORIAL.

The college days of the class of 1908 are almost over. It will be but a short time now when books are laid away not for the summer vacation only but for a longer time. Perhaps it is with a sigh of relief that we think that we shall no more climb

the steps or take our places in the class-rooms. Doubtless we are glad that the gloomy days of logarithms, English "poems", lists of useless dates, and long Livy lessons—the trials of Freshman year—belong to the dim past. Also it is with no sigh



of regret that we look back to days spent in the Chemistry laboratory, (explosions were about the only interesting incidents), or to the history outlines of our sophomore year. If my memory is not at fault, although it seems a long time ago, Junior year was marked by no prominent bugbear—still we wrestled with Bible, German, or some other elective, taken because a Senior said it was easy, but which proved to twist our gray matter. It was then one learned the minute anatomy of the frog or permanently fixed in her vocabulary the suggestive term, “super-oesophygeal ganglion,” expressive of so much, especially when used in the wrong sense. Then Senior year—that is almost too near to be judged. Yet, it seems that we did study Logic one semestre. Logic! will it ever suggest anything else to the Class of 1908 beyond the almost meaningless terms (at least to us at first) of epistemological and methodological, in “in Dewey’s teleological pragmatic logic”? Our readers lift their hands in amazement and exclaim “Spare us!”

Perhaps we will have a relieved feeling to think that these are all past history after June 9th. However when September comes and we are rested from our strenuous Senior duties, there may be a restless feeling in our hearts and a longing for P. C. W. At any rate we will look back with pleasure on those college days. We love every class-room, the chapel, the gymnasium, the tennis-court; we treasure every memory of our campus with its trees and its violets. Even if we often did complain of lessons being too long and difficult, nevertheless we know that we are greatly indebted to our President and Faculty for what they have given us. The friendships formed with the members of other classes, our many delightful social affairs, our athletic games, all have a favorite corner in our memory.

The members of the Class of 1908 bid farewell to their collegiate life but they hope that their interest in the welfare of P. C. W. will ever be a sign that they are still her students at heart.

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### COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

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Commencement week is always a busy one, but yet it is filled with interest for all. The Seniors can almost breath freely again because their last examinations are over.

However there are a few more ordeals to be passed through. On the 5th of June at 3 p. m. is the time for the Alumnæ Meeting when the Seniors are received into this august



assemblage. At six the Alumnae meet at dinner for a social hour when toasts are given. Miss Myrtle Grow will respond for the Class of 1908.

June 6th is Class Day, when in the after-noon at 3 p. m. the Senior play is presented. The play to be given is "The Lady of Lyons" by Bulwer-Lytton. The cast is as follows:

Claude Melnotte.....	Myrtle Grow
Colonel Damas....	Gladwin Coburn
Beauseant.....	Lilla Greene
Glavis.....	Leila Estep
Mons. Deschappelles,	
	Gertrude Wayne
Landlord.....	Elma McKibben
Gasper.....	Mabel Crowe
Captain Gervais (1st Officer),	
	Grace Tatnal
Captain Dupont (2nd Officer),	
	Florence Wilson
Major Desmoulins (3d Officer),	
	Carla Jarecki
Notary.....	Eva Cohen
Servant.....	Helen Duff
Pauline.....	Mary Mellon
Madame Deschappelles,	
	Virginia Marshall
Widow Melnotte.....	Jean Maclay
Janet.....	Corinne Bray
Marian.....	Martha Graeper

The play is under the supervision of Miss Kerst to whom the Class are extremely grateful for her untir-

ing zeal in conducting rehearsals and general management.

After the play the concluding Class Day exercises are held when the Freshmen plant the ivy. Miss Mary Mellon, '08, addresses the Freshmen and presents to them the pick,—the Senior mascot which helped them to dig their knowledge out of books. Miss Sara Carpenter replies and accepts the pick for the Freshmen. The exercises are concluded by the singing of the class song. The words and melody were written by Miss Lilla Greene; the melody was harmonized by Mr. Morgan.

The Baccalaureate sermon is preached by Dr. Lindsay in the Third Presbyterian Church on Sunday, the 7th at 11 a. m.

On the 8th at 8 p. m. the friends of the Graduation Class and of the college are invited to the President's Reception.

The final ordeal to be undergone by the Class of 1908 occurs on the 9th at 8 p. m. when in Carnegie Hall they receive their diplomas. Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., of Brooklyn will give the Commencement Address, his famous lecture on "The Pilgrims."

The President, Faculty, and Class of 1908 unite in inviting their friends to all of the Commencement week exercises.



## NEW COURSES.

The new College Catalogue came out in April and also the beautiful book of illustrations which presents the charms of P. C. W. from a very picturesque standpoint. There are several new courses offered in the catalogue which will be briefly noted. Miss Brownson offers two courses which show that College History is quite up-to-date, and which emphasize the Social and International aspects of history: **Modern European Social History.** Studies in local institutions and organizations, the relations of classes, manners and customs, social development, trade relations of European States.

- (a) England under the Tudors and Stuarts.  
Offered in 1908-09.
- (b) Russia under the Romanoffs to Alexander I.  
Offered in 1909-10.
- (c) France under the later Valois and the Bourbons.  
Offered in 1910-11.

Also a course on

**MODERN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.** Studies in present day political problems.

- (a) The United States as a World Power.  
Offered in 1908-10.

- (b) The Latin-American Republics.

Offered in 1909-10.

- (c) Europe in Africa.

Offered in 1910-11.

The English Literature and Rhetoric courses under Mr. Putnam are comprehensive; however, there is one new course in English under Miss Coolidge. This course on the poetry and philosophy of Robert Browning has been given this last semester for the first time, and has been so interesting that it is recommended highly by those who have enjoyed it.

This last year a course on the History of Mathematics has been given by Mr. Wheeler. Next year he offers a course on the History of Higher Mathematics.

The new department in Expression, under Miss Kerst, was added to the Curriculum this past year. Several courses are offered as well as private instruction. An outcome of this department is the Dramatic Club, which has given opportunity for several plays, which have added greatly to the delight of our college year.

The courses in Harmony, History of Music, and Musical Application, under the direction of Professor Morgan, offer a broad scope for musical education.



The last course to be mentioned is the Professional Course in Practical Philanthropy, for which Pittsburgh affords exceptional opportunities. The course to be opened during the coming year combines scientific and practical training.

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With the departure of the Class of 1908, the Sorosis Board makes a few changes; others will undertake the running of the college paper. The editor has endeavored to do two definite things this past year, first to interest the Alumnae in the students and in the undergraduate work, and second, to make the college paper reflect more intimately the every-day matters of interest to the college student. Some success has been attained in both lines. As to the former, the Alumnae have responded to our requests for subscriptions and material. In nearly every number there has been an article by one of their number, which has served to unite the college and Alumnae interests.

There has also been much satisfaction in regard to the second purpose. The students have been zealous in supporting the paper by literary contributions and by generous criticism. The Freshman class, especially, has taken a prominent part in supplying the needs of the Soro-

sis. The assistant editors have united in their energies and have responded most agreeably to every demand. The editor-in-chief fully knows that all has not been accomplished that was planned and desired yet whatever the board of editors has accomplished was done willingly and gladly for the interests of our college paper and for the college interests.

The present board extends its gratitude to the Faculty, the Alumnae, and the students for every response which they have kindly made. To Miss Brownson and Mr. Putnam, special thanks are due; the former has corrected and supplied us with "leaders" and also contributed two of her own articles. Mr. Putnam has been the mine from which we have drawn our other literary material.

The Sorosis Board of 1907-1908 extends a cordial welcome to the editors who will enter upon their new duties in September:

Irma Beard, '09....Editor-in-Chief  
Eva Cohen, '09...Business Manager

#### Assistant Editors.

Ethel Tassey, '10.....Literary  
Minerva Hamilton, '11,  
Personals, Alumnae, College Notes  
Elma McKibben, '10,  
Assistant Business Manager



## ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The engagement of Miss Mary Maxwell, sister of Miss Hanna Maxwell, to Mr. Oliver Scaise, has been announced.

Mrs. Davis, '75, recently sailed on the Nauretania for Europe.

Miss Anna Hunter, '03, gave a luncheon at the Hotel Lincoln in honor of Miss Allen, the fiancée of her brother, Dr. Paul Hunter, of Denver, Col.

Miss Eleanor Fitzgibbon has returned from San Francisco, where she met her uncle on his arrival from Japan.

Miss Willa McNitt, after spending several weeks with friends in Pittsburgh and vicinity, has returned to her home in Mifflin, Pa.

Mr. Trimble, father-in-law of Mrs. Maurice Trimble, '92, died recently.

Mrs. J. S. Lacock, with her two children, enjoyed the winter in Southern California.

Caroline Montgomery Young, infant daughter of Anne Montgomery, '02, of Grant Wood, New Jersey, died March 26th.

On May 8th the Decade Club II met at Miss Carrie Kim's, Forbes street. The June meeting will be held on the twelfth at Mrs. Phillips.

The Class of 1907 spent the afternoon of May fifteenth at Miss Edith Allison's in Wilkinsburg.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

## Calendar.

May 1st—House Party. New Girls entertain.

8th—Dance—Athletic Association.

13th—Dramatic Club.

16th—May Day Fete.

21st—Omega Meeting.

22nd — Complimentary Recital of Enoch Arden, Tenny-

son, Music — Strauss, given by Miss Kerst and Miss Draiss.

June 1st—Final Examinations begin.

5th—3 P. M., Alumnae Meeting.

5th—8 P. M., Annual Concert.

6th—3 P. M., Class Day:

Senior Dramatics: The Lady of Lyons;

Campus Exercises.



7th—11 A. M., Baccalaureate  
Sermon, Third Presby-  
terian Church.

8th—8 P. M., President's Re-  
ception.

9th—8 P. M., Commencement,  
Carnegie Hall; Speaker,  
Rev. S. Parks Cadman,  
D. D.

10th—Senior Dance.

### Vespers.

May 3rd—Mrs. Roberts.

10th—Dr. Lindsay.

17th—Musical—Miss Drais.

24th—Miss Coolidge.

### Y. W. C. A.

May 6th—Leader: Jean Hughes.

Subject, "Being a Chris-  
tian."

13th—Leader: Juanita Hus-  
band.

20th—Missionary Meeting.  
Leader, Miss Green.

27th—Leader, Miss Mary Hull.

June 3rd—Leader, Miss Helen Tee-  
ters.

In March the annual election of  
officers was held. The elections  
were as follows:

President.....Frances Neel

Vice President.....Helen Teeters

Treasurer .....Carla Jarecki

Ass't Treasurer.....Mary Foster

Secretary ..... Jeannette Roenigk

The following chairmen of com-  
mittees were also chosen:

Bible Committee..Juanita Husband

Membership .....Helen Teeters

Religious Meetings, Martha Graeper

Finance .....Carla Jarecki

Missionary .....Hazel Hickson

Social .....Elma McKibben

Intercollegiate..... Jane Hill

### OMEGA SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the Society  
was held April 30th, in the Recep-  
tion Room. The program was as  
follows;

Sketch .....Carla Jarecki, '09  
Dr. Van Dyke and Thomas Went-  
worth Higginson.

Paper .....Grace Tatnall, '09  
"Literature as an Art,"

by T. W. Higginson.

Paper .....Irma Diescher, '11

"Notions on Novels" and

"The Art of Leaving Off"  
by Dr. Van Dyke.

Paper .....Minerva Hamilton, '11  
"Fishing in Books,"

By Dr. Van Dyke.

Omega Song.

The final meeting of the year was  
held May 21st. Miss Coolidge and  
Mr. Putnam were both present at  
this meeting. Mark Twain was the  
essayist discussed.



## Program.

Sketch.....Irma Beard, '09  
 Life of Mark Twain.  
 Paper.....Sara Carpenter, '11  
 Essay on "James Fenimore Cooper"  
 Paper.....Rosalie Supplee, '11

Extracts from "Christian Science"  
 Readings.....Besse Johnson, '07  
 From "Editorial Wild Oats"  
 Reading.....Lilla Greene, '08  
 The Death-Disk.  
 Omega Song.

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 DRAMATIC CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the College Dramatic Club was held on April 15th. Josephine Preston Peabody's play entitled "Marlowe," was the subject under discussion. A paper on the plot of the play was

read and also several sketches of the characters in "Marlowe."

A social meeting was held May 13th when chafing dishes were very much in evidence.

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 ATHLETICS.

On April 16th a basket-ball game was played between the Allegheny Preparatory School and Dilworth Hall. The score was 10—11 in favor of Dilworth Hall.

The Athletic Association planned to have a hay-ride the night of the 8th. The uncertain weather caused them to change their plans so that

a dance was given which proved delightful to all present.

Mr. David McK. Lloyd, one of the trustees of the College, presented the Athletic Association with a beautiful cup. Dilworth Hall and P. C. W. are now engaged in a tennis tournament. The girl winning the cup will be allowed to keep it for a year.

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 MISCELLANEOUS.

Saturday morning, April 11th, a large party from the school visited the "Nixon." The fairy-land idea of the stage was greatly damaged for some by the "peep" behind the

scenes, but for the more practical the marvels of the lights and mechanical workings were fascinating. The curious crowd of sight-seers had no lack of equally curious guides.



After the visit to the "Nixon" a party of Juniors and Seniors took lunch at McCreery's.

Mrs. Armstrong gave a delightful party for the Juniors and Seniors on the afternoon of Monday, April 20th. Great amusement was afforded by a clever game of guessing "famous men and women who are living," especially since the famous ones were all found to be represented by the guests. The decorations were yellow daisies, while the refreshments also carried out the class colors, brown and gold. Mr. Putnam won the first prize, while Miss Green received the consolation prize.

The Class of 1910 very pleasantly entertained the College on Friday evening, April 24th. Dancing in Dilworth Hall was the amusement of the evening.

The Seniors were delightfully entertained by the Juniors at their own home, the Senior Parlor, Wednesday afternoon, April 29th. Their artistic ability was first tested and strange and weird were the beings concocted by their clever imaginations plus the library paste. Later everyone made tissue paper hats. As usual, in a case of the artistic, Miss Mellon won the prize. After refreshments, consisting of pressed chicken, sandwiches, charlotte russe, and other delicacies, the guests

bade adieu to their hostesses and went out into the hall, and then returned to their happy home, guests no more.

The cover this month represents the Senior Class colors, blue and gold.

On Friday evening, May 1st, merry sounds were heard issuing from the gymnasium. The occasion was the roller skating party given by the New House Girls for the Old Girls. A good time was reported by everybody. At the close of the evening one girl was heard to say she had had a "cracking time," while another declared that the party was a "howling success." Both statements were certainly true in more ways than one, for the crowd was about equally divided between experienced skaters and those who were novices at the sport. Every little while some one would quietly sit down on the floor to rest, meanwhile furnishing a lot of amusement for the others. From all standpoints it was a success. The "Old Girls" fully appreciate the fun afforded them by this novel party.

A very entertaining program was given for the benefit of house-faculty and students May 7th after dinner. Those taking part represented the courses in vocal and instrumental music, and expression.



The students enjoyed a visit to the H. J. Heinz Co. May 9th.

The May Day Fete was scheduled for May 16th, but Nature interposed so it was postponed until the 19th but again it rained. The 21st began beautifully and remained clear while the procession formed and half of the program was carried out. A storm interrupted the exercises which were finished in Dilworth Hall.

Queen.....Miss Virginia Marshall  
Maids of Honor,  
Miss Lilla Greene  
Miss Myrtle Grow  
Miss Mary Mellon  
Miss Marguritte Herron

Program.

Grand March led by Glee Club,  
Queen and her Court.

Song, Voices of the Woods,  
Rubenstein  
Glee Club.

Greek Dance.

Song.....Hail Lovely Month  
College and Dilworth Hall.

Dance of the Violets around Col-  
lege May Pole.

Dance of English Milk Maids  
around Dilworth Hall May  
Pole.

Dance of the Fairies.

Spanish Dance, with vocal accom-  
paniment by Glee Club.

Highland Fling, by Scotch Lassies.

Alsatian Dance, with vocal accom-  
paniment by Glee Club.

American Girls March.

Singing **America**, by Audience and  
School.

## PERSONALS.

The Sorosis and the friends of Miss Eleanor Elcessor, '11, extend their sympathy in the recent loss of her father.

Mrs. Meade, President of the Women's Peace Conference, spoke in Chapel, April 24th, on "International Peace." Mrs. Meade was present at the great Peace Conference at The Hague and has since been taking an active interest in the peace movement, the aim of which

is to do away entirely with war by substituting arbitration and neutralization.

Miss Bole has had charge of Study Hall in Miss Duff's absence.

Miss Coolidge combined business and pleasure on a trip to Philadelphia, Bryn Mawr, and Washington, D. C. She visited several fine schools and colleges and was much interested in the different regulations and customs.



A young Professor's opinion of his students at P. C. W.—He is never at all embarrassed because he considers girls as machines to absorb knowledge.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Marshall have announced the engagement of their daughter, Virginia Gilmour, to Mr. Walter Melville Dann. The marriage will take place in September.

Miss S. (in German)—“The unborn icebergs (Geschlechter) are destroyed.”

Five girls had ordered “Sundaes,” four chocolate-nut and one peach. When they were brought in the clerk inquired, “Who is the peach?” Alice blushing replied, “I am.”

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Helen Blanche Dulany to Mr. Ralph Furlong, of McKeesport.

### In the reign of Big Hats.

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Yes, they have actually reached the 48-inch mark. Isn't that the limit? Perhaps.

It certainly was a wonder in beauty as well as in size, but as it filled the doorway of the car, a voice in a stage whisper, was heard to say “Let's get off.”

He felt the sharp rim of her “Merry Widow” above the top of his collar, she, dimly conscious of the fact, quickly turned to beg his pardon, but, alas! she had cut off his head. (True?)

The illustration for “Mere Existence” is from the pen of Miss Irma Diescher, while Miss Eva Ald drew the Editorial heading.

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### MUSIC NOTES.

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During April Grand Opera visited Pittsburg. It was well attended by the Faculty and students.

April 27th—Faust (in French.)

28th—La Boheme (in Italian.)

29th—Afternoon: Il Trovatore

(in Italian.)

Evening: Die Walküre  
(in German.)

A Music Students' Recital was given Friday, May 1st, immediately after the chapel exercises. All taking part showed excellent progress.



**Program.**

Piano Solo—Song of the Brook,  
Jensen

Miss Annie Smith.

Piano Solo—Novellette. . . Schumann  
Miss Helen Rothrock.

Song—The Pilgrim.

Miss Gertrude Godwin.

Piano Duet—Second Hungarian  
Rhapsodie. . . Liszt

Miss Loudon and Miss Teeters.

Song—Gae to Sleep. . . Wm. A. Fisher  
Miss Emma Aronson.

Prof. Morgan is composing a new March, for the Commencement, to be dedicated to The Pennsylvania College for Women, and played by him on the large organ in Carnegie Music Hall, the evening of the commencement, June 9th.

Mr. Wissner, of the Wissner Piano Co., New York, paid the college a visit last month. Any of the seventeen new pianos needing attention received it personally from Mr. Wissner while he was here. These new Wissner pianos have given excellent satisfaction and have required little tuning for new pianos.

The Glee Club, The Mandolin Club, and a number of the vocal and instrumental students are now preparing their compositions for the Annual Concert, June 5th, at eight o'clock P. M., to be given in Dilworth Hall. This concert is well attended and is one of the events of our school year.

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**EXCHANGES.**

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In several of the late exchanges very good articles are found pertaining to the college girl, her duties, the use of her time, and the value of her college life. The Smith College Monthly for April contains two excellent articles on this subject. In the April number of The Kalends we find a very practical editorial entitled The College Girls' Time. Miss Daisy Griggs, State Secretary of Y. W. C. A., contributed a fine article upon Relative Value in the Student's Life, to the March number of

The Albert Lea College, Minn. She very briefly considers five kinds of development that every student wants. The first is mental development; the second is social development; the third is physical development; the fourth is moral development, and the last is spiritual development. We advise all who can possibly do so, to read this short article by Miss Griggs.

Several good short stories are found in the April number of The



College Folio. The Vision is especially sweet and entertaining.

The Beaver for April contains an interesting essay, "The Pope in the Nineteenth Century."

Ghosts That I Have Met, found in the Holcad for April, is a clever, amusing little sketch. The Holcad also contains a very good column entitled the College World.

The following short poem from The Smith College Monthly, is well worth reprinting:

### **Twilight.**

When the soft cloudland falls  
Close to the city walls,  
And the rough buildings mass and  
fade away;

When lights begin to peep,  
And the arched branches sweep  
In deepened outline on the bound-  
less gray,

Then Heaven, warm and near,  
Nestles about us here,  
Folding us to her breast in perfect  
peace;

The sweetest thoughts that come,  
All unexpressed and dumb,  
Are straying down to us when day-  
sounds cease.

Virginia Coryell Craven.

Father—"Every time you are bad  
I get another gray hair."

Son—"Gee! You must have been  
a corker. Look at grandpa."

What pupil is always to be pitied?  
The pupil of the eye.

Why?

Because it is, always under the  
lash.

A law of Physics—The depart-  
ment of the pupil varies inversely  
as the square of the distance from  
the teacher's eye.

Teacher—Why is procrastination  
called the thief of time?

Dunoe—Because it takes a person  
so long to say it.

"My instructor in English told me  
not to say 'haircut.'"

"How's that?"

"He said it was a barberism."

Turn failure into victory,  
Don't let your courage fade;  
And if you get a lemon, why  
Just make the lemon aid.—Ex.

I dreamed a vivid, pleasant dream;  
I dreamed that I was dead.

The cause thereof? Why it would  
seem

That study split my head.

My disembodied soul then flew

In search of that fine place,  
Where all you're called upon to do  
Is sit and look at space.



I came unto fair portals wide,  
That shone like burnished gold,  
And then I stood and loudly cried;  
"Saint Peter, I am cold.

Direct me to that blessed spot,  
Be it high or low;  
The place where hard exams. are  
not,  
And where no teachers go."

"My child," Saint Peter did command,  
Advance, you need not fear.  
This is the bright and heavenly  
land,  
There are no teachers here.—Ex.

She (on the Atlantic liner)—"Did  
you observe the great appetite of  
that stout man at dinner?"

He—"Yes, he must be what they  
call a stowaway."

Teacher—"You have named all  
domestic animals save one. It has  
bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt,  
and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?"

Tom (shamefacedly)—"That's  
me."

"My husband is particularly liable  
to seasickness, captain," remarked  
a lady passenger. "Could you tell  
him what to do in case of an at-  
tack?"

"'Tain't necessary, mum," replied  
the captain. "He'll do it."

A forlorn young student most  
frantic  
Screamed out in his best Esper-  
antic:

"Caj nohelj maj puj  
Y von sluj mi vol tuj."—  
Now isn't that simply romatic?

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He failed in Latin, flunked in Chem,  
 They heard him softly hiss,  
 I'd like to find the man who said  
 "Ignorance is bliss."

—Ex.

Senior—"I dreamed last night my  
 watch was gone and I got up to see."

Fresher—"Was it?"

Senior—"No, it was going."

—Ex.

Ashes to ashes,

Dust to dust,

If Latin doesn't kill us,

Geometry must.

—Ex.

Mistress (astonished)—"You can't  
 read, Norah? Good gracious! How  
 did you ever learn to cook so well?"

New Cook—"Shure, mum, oi lay  
 it t' not bein' able to rade th' cook-  
 books."

"My!" said little Carey H., waking  
 up one morn,

"My watch ticks nine and a quar-  
 ter.

I find that if I would rise with the  
 sun,

I mustn't sit up with the daugh-  
 ter."

Evolution, quoth the monkey,  
 Makes all mankind our kin;  
 There's no chance at all about it,  
 Tails we lose and heads we win.

Hallo, Bilkins! Who are you  
 working for now?

"Same people—a wife and five  
 children."

Waitress—"I'm sorry, but the cof-  
 fee's given out."

Student—"I am not surprised, it  
 has been so weak lately."—Ex.

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